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THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE AND ITS LESSONS FOR US.*

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It is a question which has been often discussed, and to which men's minds have often turned of late, whether States and nations have, like individual men, their necessary periods of infancy, childhood, adolescence, and old age, to be followed, in the one case as in the other, by death, which is the end of all.

The analogy between the State and the man at once suggests itself; but analogy is not in itself proof: on the contrary, it is sometimes one of our most misleading guides. That many great and strong empires have faded and vanished away is obvious.

"Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?"

But are we therefore forced to conclude that all States must die? Is it incumbent on the wise statesman to look forward to his country's death and to make provision for that event, as it is incumbent on each one of us individually to "consider our latter end," and so to order our affairs that those who come after us shall not have occasion to curse either our improvidence or our over-caution?

I suggest the question without pre-

suming fully to answer it. Only I may hint that it does seem as if, for some reason or other, there were a greater tenacity of life among the nations of modern Europe than there was in most of the nations of antiquity; and that I do not see why, for practical purposes and for its influence upon conduct, we need look forward to an inevitable death of our country any more than to that death of the physical universe which, as philosophers tell us, is probable, perhaps inevitable, in some incalculably distant future age.

But if death is not the inevitable doom of a State, it is quite certain that States are liable to something which we may without any strained analogy call disease. Looking back over the pages of history we can easily recall instances of States which have had their energies wasted by fierce attacks of fever; States which have suffered from raving madness; States which have overtasked their powers by undertaking labors beyond their strength and have died of overwork; States which have dropt noiselessly out of the ranks, the victims of senile decay. Since, then, there is such a thing as national disease, and since it threatens primarily the happiness and eventually the life of the State, a serious student of history will be ever on the alert to discover the symptoms of disease in the

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past life of nations, and to trace the manner of its working, in order that he may combat its first manifestations in his own country. In fact, I think we may say that this work, the study of political health and disease, is emphatically *the business and the raison d'être* of all history.

It is with this view that I propose to describe some of the symptoms which marked the sickness and death of the most illustrious patient that was ever brought into the hospital of the nations. I mean the Roman Empire. And in applying the stethoscope, and feeling the pulse of that august sufferer, I shall sometimes consider whether there is anything in the symptoms of that political organization which should suggest to us alarm or anxiety on behalf of our own scarcely less magnificent Empire.

Rome may be said to have lived for about twelve centuries; and we may divide this life of hers approximately into eight centuries of growth (750 B.C.-50 A.D.); two centuries of maturity (50-250 A.D.); and two centuries of old age and death (250-450 A.D.). Of course this division is of the most general kind, and it would be easy to show that the lines do not precisely correspond with the actual stages of her history, but as a mere approximation it will suffice for the present purpose.

For the first 240 years under the Kings the city by the Tiber seems to have steadily grown in riches and strength. After the expulsion of the Kings self-government was at first a dangerous, an almost fatal, privilege. The struggles of Patricians and Plebeians distracted the mind and weakened the energies of the State, and for sixty years she seemed to be sinking rather than rising in power and influence among the cities of Italy. Then came sixty years of steady though not rapid progress (450-390 B.C.), and then, after she had emerged from the terrible avalanche of the Gaulish invasion, which destroyed some of her rivals, and after the long feud between the Fathers and the Commons had been settled in a manner honorable to both by the enactment of the Licinian Laws (367 B.C.), she entered upon that

full career of conquest which was not stayed till the whole civilized world except Persia, India, and China, and much of the uncivilized world too, owned the dominion of the Senate and People of Rome.

Let us pause for a moment to think what the territory subject to this one city by the Tiber included at the birth of Christ. Italy, of course, and all the islands of the Mediterranean, Spain, France (not yet any part of England: that was not to be conquered till half a century later), Holland, Belgium, all the left bank of the Rhine, Switzerland, some of the fairest regions of Bavaria and Austria (in fact, all that lay south of the Danube); nearly the whole of that big debatable land which it is now the fashion to call the Balkan Peninsula, since we can no longer speak of it as "Turkey in Europe;" Greece; the whole of Asia Minor, which was then incomparably richer and more populous than it is now; Syria and Palestine; some strips on the frontiers of Arabia; Egypt, teeming with an industrious population, full of wealth, culture, civilization, the product of untold centuries; and the whole northern shore of Africa right up to the Straits of Gibraltar, a land which was then the granary of the world, a land in which the traveller, now encamping in the wilderness under the shadow of Mount Atlas, marvels at the vast and solitary remains of Roman cities, which show how populous was then the country which is now all but a desert.

Reflect for a moment on what this means. Even now a sovereign who should thus hold all the lands round the Mediterranean Sea, and whose borders should be the Rhine, the Danube, and the Euphrates, would be incomparably the strongest ruler in the world; yet now America and Australia are in the scale altering the balance of power, the great Slavonic Empire of the North rules over territories practically unknown to the Roman, and China and Japan have come forth from the seclusion of centuries. As has been often pointed out, when Rome ruled she was not only the greatest but practically the only Power of which the statesman and the philosopher took

any cognizance; the only enemy that could venture to stand up against her—the Parthian or Persian monarchy—being too remote, too Oriental, and too inapt for distant warfare to appeal powerfully to the fears or to the imagination of Europe.

But I have used the word "Empire," and have glided almost unconsciously out of Republican into Imperial times. What was it that made the Romans, who had so long abhorred the very name of King, bow their necks to an autocratic Emperor? Primarily and essentially the proved unfitness of the Senate and People of Rome to govern those vast territories which they had been so wonderfully successful in acquiring. It was a splendid series of aristocratic statesmen—those consuls, prætors, and *legati* who had led the Roman legions to victory in so many widely sundered lands. Yet nobler were the qualities of the private soldiers who served in those legions, the brave and patient Italian peasants who fought the battles of the Republic, who faced the elephants of Hannibal and hewed down the gigantic Cimbri and Teutones. But it was one thing to conquer and quite another thing to rule. There was always, even in the best days of the Republic, this hateful thought in the mind of the Roman citizen—it is true that other nations had the same idea—that the power of the sword was to be used in order to exempt the warrior from the necessity of toil.

"In antiquity, conquest meant essentially the power to impose a tribute upon the conquered. To get your taxes paid for you was the sufficient reason for the previous expenditure of blood and treasure. . . . Athens had previously yielded to the fascinations of this advantage of the stronger, and the Romans, perhaps consciously, put it before themselves as the end of conquest."*

Acting on these hateful principles, and carrying them to their logical, but infamous, conclusion, the Romans in the course of a century had made their government of the provinces the scandal of the world. It cannot be said that any class of the dominant people were exempt from a share in the na-

tional crime. Guilty assuredly were the great and powerful Senators who, after wasting their substance by all kinds of vicious extravagance at Rome, set forth for a province, Achaia or Cilicia or Sicily, with the avowed object of restoring their fortunes by the plunder of the provincials. Not less guilty were the middle-class men, the *publicani*, or farmers of the public revenue, the *negotiatores*, or money-lenders, who bled the provincials to death by their unjust exaction of taxes, by the ruinous rate of usury which they demanded for their loans. Nor assuredly were the so-called "people of Rome" innocent, the idle, unprincipled, unpatriotic mob who lounged about the Forum ready to sell their votes to the highest bidder, who lived not on the proceeds of honest work, but on the corn-largesses, the outdoor relief administered at the expense of the provinces, whose wretched minds seemed capable of holding but two thoughts, *panem et circenses*—"bread and wild beast shows"—and who, if only a young nobleman had exhibited a sufficient number of lions and panthers, or, above all, some new and strange beast like a crocodile or hippopotamus, in the combats of the amphitheatre, were ready at once to entrust the lives and fortunes of millions of their subjects to his keeping.

So soon had the misgovernment of the provinces begun, and so glaring were the instances of that misgovernment, that already, in the year 149 B.C., there had been passed the Calpurnian Law, *De Repetundis*, for the restitution of money unjustly extorted from the provincials. It seems to have been a well-intended law, but—as Horace says—

"What is the use of empty laws
If Virtue's not behind them?"

The trial of these cases of extortion was necessarily left in the hands of men who either had been or hoped to be governors of provinces themselves, and most of whom, for a sufficient bribe, were ready to acquit the most outrageous offender. One notorious criminal* boasted that the profits—in

* I quote from Arnold's "Roman Provincial Administration," p. 26.

* Verres.

other words, the plunder—of his first year of office would be for himself; those of the second year for his patrons and backers at Rome; but that he should want all the profits of his third year for the judges on his extortion trial. Thus even the law which was intended for the salvation of the provincials became another drop in their cup of misery, and it is said that there was even some talk of a petition for its abrogation on the ground that it caused more extortion than it cured.

It is a dismal picture this that is presented to us of the misgovernment of the Roman world by the members of the Senate, but it is important to have it well impressed on our minds, since without it we cannot understand the subsequent course of history. I will take one instance from the private letters of a man who loathed injustice and fought against it to the utmost of his power—from the correspondence of Cicero.

It is the year 50 B.C. Cicero is holding the office of Proconsul of Cilicia, an office which has been forced upon him much against his will. He is writing to his friend Atticus, in order to explain his conduct in an affair in which Atticus evidently thinks that he has been too particular, and has, by his over-strained conscientiousness, given needless offence to a powerful young nobleman, whose name, for the present, I will leave undisclosed. Cicero says that when he reached his province he was met by a letter from this nobleman recommending a certain money-lender, named Scaptius, to his good offices. Before long came Scaptius, who explained his need: "A debt, long owing to me, from the citizens of Salamis, the chief town of Cyprus. Just give me an officer's commission and a body of cavalry that I may go and collect my debt." Cicero refuses; he has made up his mind that he will not grant to any one an irregular office of this kind, which is only desired for the purpose of illegal exactions. Besides, when he inquires further into the matter, he finds that Scaptius has already had one such commission granted by Cicero's predecessor, has taken his dragons over to Cyprus, wrought havoc there such as might

have been the work of a band of brigands, and has blockaded the unhappy Senators of Salamis in their Senate-house till five of them died of starvation. So Cicero refuses, and persists in his refusal, but, willing to pleasure Scaptius' powerful friend, says: "When the deputies from Salamis come into my presence I will tell them to pay you that which they owe." Before long the Roman creditor and the Cyprian debtors meet at Tarsus, "a city of Cilicia, and no mean city," as St. Paul truly averred, and stand together in Cicero's judgment-hall. Cicero urges the deputies to discharge the debt, and pleads his own humane government of the province as a reason why they should comply with his request. "Yes," said the deputies, "we will pay, and it will be out of your money, since you refuse to receive the *douceur* [evidently an enormous one] which we have been accustomed to give to the Governor." But then a discussion arises as to the rate of interest due on the debt. Cicero lays down the law that it is to be calculated at 12 per cent. compound interest, that being the legal rate as fixed by his own decree. Most gladly would the deputies pay 12 per cent., but Scaptius insists that 48 per cent. compound interest was the rate named in the instrument of loan, and, like Shylock, he stands upon the letter of his bond. "How can I do this?" says Cicero; "how can I possibly go against my own edict?" "I was horrified," he says to his friend, "for I knew that such a rate would be the ruin of the city." A good deal of wrangling follows as to whether Cicero's edict, fixing 12, or a certain *Senatus Consultum* (as we should say, a private Act of Parliament) fixing 48, should be taken as the legal rate. How this ends we are not exactly told, but the next stage of the trial must be told in Cicero's own words. "While this discussion is going on Scaptius beckons me apart. He says that he will not fight that point, but the deputies think they owe 200 talents (£40,000); he is willing to take that, but perhaps they really owe a little less. He begs me to screw them up to 200. 'Very well,' say I. I call them to me after dismissing Scap-

tius. 'What do you make it?' say I; 'how much do you owe?' They answer 106 talents (£21,200). I call Scaptius back; he makes a disturbance. 'Why don't you compare the accounts?' say I. They bring the accounts, and the amount agrees to a penny with what the deputies said. They press Scaptius to take the amount thus agreed upon; they offer to pay the money in, to be deposited in a temple, so that interest may cease to run; but, on the urgent request of Scaptius, who called me apart again and begged me to leave the matter undecided, I agreed to do so, and refused to let them pay the money into court, though I consider that in doing so I was indulgent to the man's impudent request, for impudent he seems to me, though some people count him a fool for not taking his money with 12 per cent. compound interest."

It is evident that Cicero was too just a Governor for this knavish moneylender, and yet not firm enough to insist on enforcing his own just decree; and that Scaptius preferred to take no decision at all at that time, being quite sure that the next Governor would be less conscientious, and would give him all that he desired.

The modern reader blames Cicero for undue leniency to a rogue. His friend Atticus, as I have said, considers him far too scrupulous. "Would you have allowed me if you had been here," says Cicero, "to give Scaptius horse-soldiers to enforce his unjust claim? How could I read these books on philosophy, how could I write those books which you are so fond of praising, if I had done such a thing?"

Still Atticus was evidently not convinced. He thought that the recommendation of a powerful Roman nobleman should have had more weight with his friend. And who, then, was that powerful Roman nobleman? The reader learns with surprise that it was no less austere a patriot than Marcus Junius Brutus, who a few years later was one of the murderers of Cæsar, the man who "slew his best lover for the good of Rome." Nor is his surprise lessened when he learns, as Cicero did to his great astonishment, that the money after all really belonged to Bru-

tus, that it was he who was pressing these unhappy Cypriotes to despair for the sake of his 48 per cent. interest, that the poor pitiful rogue Scaptius was only the cloak to cover the avarice of a man who bore one of the noblest names in Rome.

For Brutus was a man with a reputation for virtue; one who would undoubtedly have been sore wounded if any man had told him that he was bringing disgrace on the name of Rome by his covetous practices. This is why I have dwelt at what may seem undue length on this single case of extortion, because it is certain that if Brutus suffered five Cypriote Senators to be starved to death in the prosecution of his monstrous claims, other men, who made no profession of righteousness, must have done more dreadful deeds than this. "If they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

Thus, then, we come back by way of Cæsar's murderer to Cæsar himself, and we ask what was the meaning of the great change which he wrought in the Roman State? The transformation of the Republic into an Empire used to be attributed to the ambition of one man, Caius Julius Cæsar, and the historians even of the last century used to bewail this event as the downfall of liberty and the elevation of a tyrant. The more careful and philosophical investigations of recent inquirers have entirely changed our point of view. It is now admitted by nearly all historical students that the Roman Republican forms had proved utterly insufficient to secure decent government for the great countries round the Mediterranean Sea, and that the only alternative lay between a disruption of the Empire into its original atoms—a process by which the world would have sustained great loss—and its subjection to one sovereign ruler. Opinions differ, and probably will differ so long as men care to study Roman history, as to the motives and character of Cæsar. That he was ambitious is undeniable; that he started on his public career with any premeditated design of making himself sole ruler of the Empire is doubtful; that some of his most unconstitutional deeds were done in self-

defence and were the almost necessary replies to the lawless violence of his enemies, may be reasonably contended; but all these are matters for fair discussion. That the Republic as it was administered in his day, and as it had been administered for at least one generation before his birth, had become impossible admits of no question. As has been well said, it was not liberty that fell on the plains of Pharsalia, but the right of three hundred tyrants to enthrall the world. Put at its very worst the substitution of the Empire for the Republic meant the substitution of one tyrant for those three hundred. At its best it meant the rescue of the provinces from the grasp of men whose avarice made them merciless, and the subjection of those provinces to governors whom a wise and patriotic master called to severe account for every act of oppression and injustice.

Thus the establishment of the Roman Empire may be fitly compared to the process by which some of the mediæval kingdoms, especially that of France, became established, in spite of the revolts of the great barons, on the strong foundation of the good-will of the commonalty. Even as Louis le Gros and Philip Augustus set themselves to break down the power of the feudal aristocracy, which well-nigh overshadowed them, by granting charters to their towns, so—only on a far wider scale and by a much more sudden stroke—did Julius Cæsar strike down the power of the senatorial governors in the interest of the cruelly oppressed inhabitants of the provinces. It is true that the Emperor, like the Bourbon King, became at last an upstart, under whose shade no freedom could grow, but this was not his character in the earlier periods of his existence.

That miserable deed, the assassination of Julius Cæsar—a yet bigger blunder than crime—arrested the progress of the world, vainly attempted to avert the inevitable, and finally threw the reorganization of the Roman State into the hands of Augustus, a wonderfully able politician, but not a man who possessed that marvellous insight into the very heart of things which

distinguished the mighty Julius. Had Julius lived; had he carried some of his magnificent schemes into execution; had he been able to make of the Senate a sort of parliament representing the various countries of the Empire; had his descendants been men of the same stamp as some of their successors, who can say if the Roman Empire might not be existing at this day? As it was, none of these things happened. The Senate was never a real parliament, never an effectual counterpoise to the despotic power of the emperors—sometimes petted and pampered by them, more often cowering under their jealous wrath. In the great Julian family there were some men with splendid intellectual gifts, but there was also an element of mental unsoundness which, when a man had reached the dizzy height of master of the civilized world, often broke forth into actual insanity.

Caligula was a raving maniac. Claudius at times seemed actually imbecile. Nero's madness turned him into a man-eating tiger; and the crimes and follies of these men prevented the possibility of a lasting dynasty being established in the Julian line. Yet it is indisputable that, even under the maddest of the Julian emperors, the condition of the provinces was incomparably happier than it had been under the harpy rule of the Senate. Rome might shudder at the cruelties of Nero; the Senate might tremble at the frown of Tiberius; but Gaul rejoiced and Asia was glad by reason of the change in their condition.

A terrible civil war followed the death of the last Julian emperor. After a short interval, filled by the Flavian dynasty, even the worst of whom was not a bad ruler for the provincials, we come to that wonderful series of men whom we sometimes call by the generic name of the Antonines, and whom we must pronounce to have been, on the whole, the finest series of sovereign princes that the world has ever seen.

From the year 96 to 180 A.D., or for nearly a century, these five men ruled the Roman State—Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, of whom not one is a really bad em-

peror, and three are so good that we should have some difficulty in finding their equals in all the ten centuries of Christian Europe.* These men, all but the first, were chosen by a process of selection from above, each emperor choosing out the fittest man in all his dominions and adopting him as his successor, a process which, so long as it lasted, and so long as the right of adoption was exercised by a wise and patriotic prince, combined all the advantages of elective and hereditary monarchy.

Under the reign of these princes, notwithstanding some great natural disasters,

"blight and famine, plague and earthquake,"

which no statesmanship could have averted, the Roman world enjoyed such peace and prosperity as it had not known before and was not to know again for centuries. It was by these men and their Julian and Flavian predecessors that nearly all the great buildings, the very ruins of which make Rome glorious, were reared from the ground. The Colosseum, the temples in the Forum, the Forum and Column of Trajan, the Arch of Titus, the Column of Antoninus, all belong to the early Empire. Under these emperors most of the great roads were made which penetrated into the most distant parts of the Empire, roads which the barbarous Middle Ages used but did not maintain; so that, at any rate in our country, the means of communication between London, Chester, and York were probably better under Marcus Aurelius than they were under any English sovereign before the accession of the House of Hanover. The sea, which in the latter days of the Republic had often swarmed with pirates, was now secure, and from port to port of the Mediterranean plied the busy ships, exchanging the products of the East and West under a system practically of universal Free Trade; for though a moderate Customs duty was levied at the frontiers of the Empire,

and a harbor duty at ports of entry, protective tariffs were unknown. Gradually the boon of Roman citizenship was extended to one class of the provincials after another, till at length, in 215, the Emperor Caracalla made all the free inhabitants of the Empire Roman citizens. It is true that some of the causes of decay, to which allusion will shortly be made, were already at work, true that some of the splendor and appearance of prosperity in the Empire was too dearly purchased. Still, on the whole, the first two centuries after Christ must be deemed to have been a fortunate time for the Mediterranean lands. The great "Roman Peace," with scarcely an interruption, smiled over the world. A work of welding, uniting, incorporating was going on from the Atlantic to the Euphrates. Men of the most widely sundered ethnographical descent, Gauls and Egyptians, Greeks and Numidians, learned to call themselves Romans, and took pride in that one great world-embracing name. The traces of this change are still to be seen in the map of Europe. The Roumania and Roumelia which perplexed some of us when the great split up of the Turkish Empire took place twenty years ago are both different forms of the same name: both look back, as it were, westward from the Danube and the Black Sea to the city by the Tiber; and it is only in the present century that the Greeks have reverted to the classical name Hellenes and divested themselves of the name *Romaioi*, which they were proud to bear all through the Middle Ages.*

I will quote the words of a poet and of a historian, both writing in the later days of the Empire, when its fabric was already falling in ruin, to illustrate this point of the fascination which, with all her crimes, with all her selfishness, the glorious name of Rome possessed for subjects who had not a drop of Roman blood in their veins.

Claudian, a man probably of Greek nationality, born in Egypt toward the

* Possibly Alfred of Wessex, Louis IX. of France, and Joseph II. of Austria may challenge comparison with these three—Trajan, Antoninus, Marcus.

* "Until the commencement of the Greek revolution the name of Hellenes was forgotten, that of *Graikoi* little used, and that of *Romaioi* universal."—Finlay, "History of Greece," v. 5.

end of the fourth century, writes as follows :

"Rome, Rome alone has found the spell to charm
The tribes that bowed beneath her conquering arm,
Has given one name to the whole human race,
And clasped and sheltered them in fond embrace ;
Mother, not mistress, called her foe her son,
And by soft ties made distant countries one.
This to her peaceful sceptre all men owe,
That through the nations, whereso'er we go,
Strangers, we find a fatherland ; our home
We change at will. We count it sport to roam
Through distant Thule, or with sails unfurled
Seek the most drear recesses of the world ;
That we may tread Rhone's or Orontes' shore,
That we are all one nation evermore." *

The historian whose words I would quote to you is Ammianus Marcellinus, an officer in the Roman army, Syrian by birth, Greek by speech, born about the year 330. He served under the Emperor Julian, on whose death, when engaged in a campaign against the Parthians, his successor, Jovian, basely abandoned the Roman provinces beyond the Euphrates to the Eastern foe. One of the chief cities in the surrendered territory was Nisibis, which had been Roman for two centuries. When the citizens of Nisibis heard that the Emperor who had thus abandoned them was brought by the necessity of his line of retreat under the walls of their city, they streamed out to his camp, and, stretching forth their

hands, prayed and besought him not to cut them off from the Empire. They asked for no subsidies from the public chest, for no detachment of soldiers ; they alone, if they had the Emperor's leave to do so, would defend their ancestral homes against the barbarian. The Emperor replied that he was bound by his oath to the Parthians, and could not depart from it. Thereupon all the citizens, with tears and lamentations, poured forth from the city, after taking a last farewell of the homes which were so dear to them, in which their childish years had been passed, where they had known all the joys and sorrows of family life. Indescribably dear as those walls and tombs were to them, they would not remain at Nisibis at the price of severance from the great Empire which had sheltered them and their fathers for centuries.

And yet, in spite of all, notwithstanding all its triumphs of peace as well as of war, notwithstanding the spell which it cast over the hearts and minds of the races which it conquered—a spell which, I fear, England seldom casts over her subjects—the Roman Empire fell. Why was this ? I will only attempt to lay before you a few of the chief causes of her ruin.

1. First and foremost, I think, we must place the fact that the imperial diadem was in the gift of the soldiery. The Emperor, as I have said, had become an absolute necessity to the Roman State, but his name, *Imperator*, meant General, and it was as the master of thirty legions and in defiance of all the maxims of the constitution, that Cæsar had won supreme power. Could this dynasty have settled down into a regular, time-hallowed succession of sovereigns, from father to son, perhaps, as I have said, the Empire might have lasted till modern times. From the causes at which I have already hinted this was impossible. In less than a century after Augustus became sole sovereign the last of his descendants perished by his own hand. In the civil war which followed, the legions discovered that Emperors could be made elsewhere than in Rome, and from that time onward this thought was always more or less in the mind of

* "Hæc est, in gremium victos quæ sola recepit
Humanumque genus communi nomine fovit
Matris non dominæ ritu : civesque vocavit
Quos domuit, nexuque pio longinqua revinxit.
Hujus pacificis debemus moribus omnes,
Quod veluti patriis regionibus utitur hospes,
Quod sedem mutare licet : quod cernere Thulen
Lusus et horrendos quondam penetrare recessus,
Quod bibimus passim Rhodanum, potamus Orontem,
Quod cuncti gens una sumus."

—CLAUDIAN. "In Cons. Stilichonis," II. 150-159.

every ambitious general : " Who knows what may be the turn of Fortune's wheel ? Who knows but I may one day be lord of all ? " For a century, as I have said, this evil was averted by the wisdom and the patriotism of the adopted Emperors ; but after that it burst forth and ravaged without restraint the Roman world.

The third century, the century which really dealt the fatal blow to the life of the State, was one long series of *pronunciamentos*. A general desires to make himself Emperor ; he pampers and flatters his soldiers, he promises them an enormous donative ; the legions acclaim him Imperator and Augustus ; he marches toward Rome, wins or loses a battle, it matters not. In either case he is dealing one more deadly blow at the vitals of the State. If he wins, he sits upon his uneasy throne for two or three years, coins *denarii*, on which he is styled " Pious, Happy, Most Invincible. " In two or three years another general, in some other province, repeats the process ; he, too, is acclaimed August and Invincible ; he marches into Italy ; perhaps he wins, and the short day of the previous Emperor ends in a gory sunset.

That is literally the story of the Roman Empire during almost the whole of the third century : and when so much depended on the vigor and the wisdom of the supreme ruler, you can easily imagine what ruin and disorganization it must have caused, how the whole machine of administration would get hopelessly out of gear, how the old game of the plunder of the provincials would recommence when the strong hand of the Emperor was withdrawn, how all classes of the community would be racked and ravaged in order to provide the promised donative for the soldiers of each successful usurper.

Therefore let the British Empire not lightly prize nor hastily throw away the great gift of an hereditary monarchical succession. It is no small matter that the man or woman who holds the highest place in these realms is able to trace back descent in an undoubted line to Alfred the Great and William the Norman. Hereditary kingship has given us a few excellent

sovereigns, many middling, a few detestable ones ; but even the worst and meanest of the race did at least this service to the State that, by keeping the throne filled, he prevented that scramble for supremacy between general and general, or demagogue and demagogue, or baron and baron, which has so often ended in civil war, and which was one great cause of the ruin of Rome.

2. A second great cause of the decay of the Roman Empire was undoubtedly the fact that it was founded on *slavery*. But so, it may be said, were all the great States of antiquity. Athens, Sparta, Carthage, Rome, all presupposed by their constitution the existence of a large class of bondsmen at the base of the social pyramid ; all accepted this as part of the necessary and eternal order of things ; in all of them, even the most democratic, citizenship, self-government, free speech, all the best part of the blessings of civilization, were for the slave-owner, not for the slave. Precisely, and that is probably one reason why, as already remarked, the modern kingdoms and republics have shown such a far greater tenacity of life than their earlier prototypes. In comparison with most of those ancient States Rome was extraordinarily long lived ; but the cancer of slavery which she shared with them was working all the time, and in the end helped to destroy her. And the wars, the triumphant wars of Rome, helped on this consummation. Every war brought into the hands of the dealers crowds of slaves—Gauls, Germans, Thracians, Syrians—and these men—sold to some wealthy Roman who had perhaps piled up his fortune out of the ruin of their homes—either pandered to his vices as his household slaves, or, if condemned to the life-in-death of the field hand, toiled all day long in chains under the hot sun of Italy, and at night were shut up in the gloomy walls of the dungeon-like *ergastulum*. As has been seen over and over again in the history of the world, slave-labor drove out free labor. The former is, I suppose, if worked by an overseer without conscience or compassion, the cheaper of the two, but at any rate the very fact that labor is per-

formed by slaves makes labor dishonorable. The free man will not stoop to till the ground, to weave, to make a pair of shoes, because all these are the occupations of slaves, and he fears to be confounded with the servile throng. So the delusion is fostered that only war and politics are the fitting business of the free man. The happy life of honorable toil is abandoned, and there are left only a dissolute and turbulent mob in the cities, gangs of miserable, despairing, vengeance-brooding slaves in the country. A society which rested on such a basis as this, at the first rude shock of barbarian invasion might well topple down in hopeless ruin.

3. And this process, the replacement of the noble free population of Italy by gangs of slaves, was powerfully helped by a measure which seemed at first sight fair and reasonable—the distribution of cheap corn to the citizens of Rome. The younger Gracchus proposed and carried a law that every citizen of Rome should be entitled to buy every month a bushel and a quarter of corn for 1s. 5d., which was something less than half the market price. In itself the proposal seems reasonable enough. By the strong arms and stout hearts of the commonalty of Rome, guided by the astute statecraft of the Senate, the great fabric of Roman dominion had been built up. While the Senator was adorning his villa with pictures and statues, the plunder of the conquered provinces, was it not reasonable that the poor plebeian should have the battle of life made a little easier for him by paying seventeen pence instead of three shillings for his monthly flour bill? And yet practically no measure tended more than this to the degradation and ruin of the Roman commonalty, to the destruction of the very class from which had been drawn the stout soldiers of the Punic and Macedonian wars. The cheap purchase was gradually turned into a free gift; the bushels of corn were turned into ready-baked loaves of bread distributed to the mob as they sat upon steps lining the seven hills of Rome. The provinces, especially Egypt and Africa, were put under contribution in order to supply the *annona*

or corn largesse of the Roman people. It came to be recognized as one of the first duties of the ruler, whether he were called Consul, Emperor, or Prætorian Prefect, to keep up this dole of corn to its full amount, if possible to increase it. Thus the fabric of the Roman Empire became a crowned socialism: outdoor relief for the mass of the city dwellers at the bottom of the fabric, absolute irresponsible power and unchecked extravagance at the top. Certainly as far as the experience of the Roman Empire goes, it seems to show that socialism cannot be co-existent with liberty.

All this deluge of cheap corn—nay, of absolutely gratuitous corn—poured into Italy meant ruin to the Italian farmer. What was the use of his growing his wheat in the plains of Latium or Campania when his one great natural market, Rome, was by the action of the State supplied with wheat at nothing a quarter? Thus the petty farmers of Italy as a class rapidly disappeared. Arable land was turned into pasture; the great *latifundia*, as they were called, passed into the hands of Senators and *publicani* enriched by the plunder of the provinces. There where once had been the happy homesteads of men who could wield the *pilum* or drive the plough with equal patient courage, were now vast plains grazed over by flocks of sheep, tilled, as far as tilth was necessary, by gangs of slaves whose chains clanked as they moved, while afar off rose the walls of the *ergastulum*, not their home but their nightly prison.

4. A fourth and most potent cause of the ruin of the Empire was the *financial oppression of the middle classes*. I have said that the State tended more and more to become a crowned socialism. Caesar in his stately house on the Palatine might lord it as he pleased over the lives of the Senators and the treasures of the State, so long as he kept the soldiers in good humor by sufficient donatives, and the mob of Rome and the other big cities happy with bread and beast-shows. But this tacit compact of the highest and lowest meant ruin to all the classes between them. Upon the middle classes all over the Empire was thrown the bur-

den of taxation, a burden which became absolutely crushing as the years rolled on. I fear that even the noble works of the Antoinine period—the roads, the aqueducts, the bridges, the harbors—were somewhat more than the finances of the Empire, especially with the unscientific method of dealing with State debts which then prevailed, could well afford. At any rate it is in the second century after Christ that we first begin to see signs of that exhaustion of the taxpayer which is such a fatal symptom of the third and fourth centuries. I cannot, of course, here go into the details of Imperial finance, but I may state that for the land-tax, which was the largest source of revenue, and for some other taxes also, the principle was adopted of holding the *Curia* responsible. The *Curia* was the unit of local self-government; we may call it perhaps the county council or the municipal corporation of each district. Admission to the *Curia* in the earlier days of the Republic and Empire had been a coveted honor; the letters *DEC* for *Decurio* on many a tombstone in Italy tell of the self-satisfaction of the provincial farmer or merchant who was proud of this mark of the confidence of his fellow-citizens. But as time went on and the burden of taxation became heavier, and one decurion after another found it difficult to meet his obligations to the tax-gatherer, the State began to hold the members of the *Curia* jointly and severally liable for the taxes of the whole community. If A cannot pay his taxes, and says he would rather throw up his lands than attempt to pay his *tributum*, very well, let him do so; but B and C and all the other letters of the alphabet will have to make good the deficiency. Such was, in fact, the language of the Emperors through their representatives in the provinces; and now, instead of a coveted honor, the title *Decurio* became a brand of hated slavery. The principle of hereditary obligation was enforced. If a man's father had been a decurion he must be a decurion too. Did he try to escape from this obligation by becoming a soldier or a priest, even from the army and from the church he was drawn back by the officers of the revenue and

“bound over to the duties of the *Curia*.” It is, perhaps, only by toiling through the long and dreary section of the Theodosian Code which is concerned with this subject that one can get an adequate idea of the hopeless misery of the decurion, the middle classes, or what should have been the middle classes of the Empire, in the fourth and fifth centuries, under Constantine and Theodosius and their successors. Bankrupt members of bankrupt corporations, unwilling citizens of a dying Empire—upon them more than upon any other classes of the community fell the agony and the shame of her prolonged death-throes.

5. Fifth and last among the causes of the fatal collapse of Rome I place that which superficial observers were wont to place the first—namely, the incursions of the Barbarians. I do not undervalue the force and fury of the barbaric wave which, after it had been resisted with more or less success for upward of a century, finally burst the dykes in the year 378, and thenceforward rolled almost unhindered over the Mediterranean lands. The men whom we call Barbarians belonged for the most part to the Teutonic race, a race which has ever been strong, courageous, and persistent. They were goaded into a passion of alarm by the appearance of the uncouth Asiatic hordes of innumerable Huns in their old dwellings, and, moreover, the wealth and delightsomeness of the lands under Roman rule had long attracted their hungry eyes. Still, for all this, I think we may assert that the Teutonic invaders would have had neither the will nor the power to effect the overthrow of the Roman Empire had that Empire itself been in a condition of political health.

Not the *will*, for it is evident that plunder rather than a well-concerted scheme of conquest was at first the object of Goths, Vandals, and Heruli; and that even after their first successes they stood at gaze in the midst of the desolation which they had caused, like a French revolutionary mob in the palace of their kings, half awed by the sight of all that old-world splendor, willing indeed to lay their hands on anything that they could carry away,

but almost reluctant to apply the irrevocable flame to a building so far-famed and so magnificent.

Nor ought the Barbarians to have had the *power* to deal a smashing blow to the Roman fabric. The superiority of the Imperial troops in the temper of their arms and in the scientific discipline of their soldiers was evinced on many a battle-field in the third and fourth centuries, and showed that the Barbarians fighting against Rome were at a disadvantage almost as great as that of Asiatics to-day in warring against the regular troops of England or of France. But there was also this fatal flaw in the Roman case, that there was no sufficient population to back the efforts and recruit the exhausted ranks of the soldiery. As Seeley has finely said, "In the Roman Empire the human harvest was bad"—the result of those various causes of decay to which I have alluded. Thus when the Barbarians had once broken through the frontier line of the Empire, they found great empty spaces surrounding the cities. In these they settled, and if driven off returned again and again, like vultures to a carcase in the desert, till at last the roman heart was too weak to rouse itself for another effort, and so one more province was lost to the Empire.

The Emperors themselves recognized the fact that the number of their subjects was dwindling, and made continual efforts to increase it. Witness the frequent laws of Augustus and his successors against celibacy, their attempts—which to us seem almost grotesque—to coax the wealthier citizens into marriage and the rearing of a large family. Later on, when the depopulation had made greater strides and could no longer be stayed by remedies like these, we find them settling whole tribes of Barbarians in the border provinces within the frontier of the Empire. There was thus a sort of peaceful conquest going forward, a pacific and gradual Teutonization of the Empire. It has been a good deal discussed whether this policy hastened or delayed the final catastrophe. I am inclined to think that it delayed it. The Barbarians thus peacefully settled on the Roman lands soon, I imagine, began

to take pride in their position as citizens of the great world-empire, and were for the most part ready to defend their own homes, and therefore the provinces farther from the frontier, against the attacks of their late fellow-countrymen. Thus the stream of barbarian invasion, like some river nearing the sea, was in danger of "silted up," and losing all its on-rushing impetus.

Very different, however, was the effect of the late Imperial scheme of recruiting the armies of Rome among these very Barbarians. True, it had always been the policy, and for long the successful policy, of the Republic to lean heavily on her allies for help in war, and even to make the last conquered nation help in subduing the next people that had to be encountered. Thus, in our own island there were Spaniards, Germans, Dacians garrisoning the camps along the line of the Roman Wall, while squadrons of Britons were guarding the banks of the Rhine and the Danube. But in the great conquering days of the Roman State there was always in the legions a nucleus of brave, well-disciplined Italian peasants, round whom these "auxiliary" troops could cluster. In the third and fourth centuries the Italian peasant had vanished: the allies, many of them soft Orientals inapt for war, made up the mass of the army. Sturdy Goths, Alans, and Vandals, enlisted in the service of the Empire, were taken sufficiently behind the scenes to see the weakness of their masters, and often returned to tell the tale to their fellow-countrymen. At the same time, they had received from the Roman centuries just that drill and discipline which were needed to give point and piercing power to the iron of their stolid courage.

Alaric the Visigoth, who was the first Barbarian to stand within the walls of Rome a conqueror, had served for years as an auxiliary in the Imperial army, and in his campaign under Theodosius, in 394, learned the way to Rome. The rulers of the nearly bankrupt State tried to reduce his allowances and those of his Gothic followers. There were complaints and re- criminations. As the Gothic historian

says : " Fearing lest their own valor should be relaxed by a long peace, the Goths ordained over themselves a king named Alaric, who, being thus crowned, and consulting on the matter with his people, persuaded them to seek kingdoms for themselves by their own labors, rather than quietly to lie down in subjection to others, and therefore, gathering together an army, he marched against the Empire." Foiled once and again, he still struggled on, persuaded that he heard an inward voice saying, "*Penetrabis ad Urbem.*" He did penetrate at last to the City, he held it to ransom, he blockaded, he finally sacked it. That capture and sack of the great City, on August 24, 410, marked more than any other single event the crisis of that long and memorable tragedy which we call the Fall of Rome.

And now, having glanced over some of the chief causes which led to the disruption and ruin of the Roman Empire, we may ask ourselves in conclusion how many of the same symptoms are to be found in our own. Not, certainly, a dwindling population. Our legislators have no need to resort to expedients like the *jus trium liberorum* in order to foster the growth of large families. Not the decrease, but the rapid rate of increase of our population, nearly a million in every three years, causes searchings of heart to an English patriot. Long may the surplus of our people find their way across the seas to such magnificent new homes as Canada and Australia, and more and more may it be the business of our statesmen to guide and regulate that fertilizing stream ! But meanwhile we may, perhaps, take comfort from the thought that even the superabundance of our population is an evidence of vigor rather than of decay.

Nor can it be said that Britain is exhausting the resources of her distant possessions for her own benefit. Her relation toward most of her colonies is that of a liberal, almost too indulgent parent. Till a very few years ago the whole cost of the defence of the Empire, with one exception, has fallen on the inhabitants of these two little islands. Now the colonies are beginning to come forward to take their

share of the burden ; but there is no fear that we shall have either the desire or the power to drain of their wealth those great self-governing communities as Rome drained Asia Minor and Achaia.

I said, however, with one exception. India, as we all know, pays heavily for the army which we maintain there, and there are some who say that British rule in India reproduces the worst features of Roman rule in the provinces. I do not think this charge can be maintained. In the early days of the East India Company's Raj there were undoubtedly officials and money-lenders who plundered the defenceless Hindoo almost as Verres plundered the Sicilians. But Parliament and the awakened conscience of the nation soon remedied that abuse. In the whole of our national history I do not think we have done any nobler work than that which has been done by that splendid body of men, the Commissioners and the Collectors, the civil and military officials of India. The cost of the government of India, though large, has not, I venture to think, been too large for the priceless blessings of good order and peace which it has bestowed on that vast region ; nor are there many nobler figures in political life than those of the men who have exercised almost royal power in some Indian district as large as France or Germany, and who, after a life spent in the service of their country, return home almost as poor as they went out, to spend their declining years in the obscurity of a little English country town. But for all this, the whole effect of our policy, civil and military alike, is to impose a heavy burden on the finances of the country. The masses of the people of India are poor. Are we giving them, in defence, in civilization, and in government, a more costly article than they can afford ? I think that any one who traces the effect of financial exhaustion in bringing about the fall of the Roman Empire must look with some anxiety on the narrow margin of subsistence which is often left to the Indian taxpayer. Possibly that Indian Budget which is generally laid before an exhausted House of Commons at the fag end of the Session on

some afternoon in late July is the document above all others over which a far-seeing British patriot ought to ponder with anxious thought.

In connection with this subject we may also consider the policy of the employment of the soldiers of other races in our armies. I have said that in Rome's great days she leant upon her allies, but that when she leant upon them alone she fell. From a military point of view there is something very striking in the faithful service rendered to the English Queen by the wiry little Ghoorkas, in the transformation which English officers have effected in the once cowed and demoralized Egyptian troops. But it is essential to the safety of the State that there should be, as there now is, comradeship and some sort of healthy rivalry between the British and the native soldier: that they should share the same hardships and the same dangers. If ever the day came when Englishmen thought that they could "sit at home at ease," leaving Asiatics and Africans to do the fighting for them and take all the hard knocks that were going, they would lose, and would deserve to lose, their world-wide empire.

Slavery, that curse of Greece and Rome, is, we rejoice to think, not eating into the vitals of our State. And—another mighty difference—we have with us the spirit of Christianity, which, whether we believe or disbelieve in its claim to speak on behalf of the Eternal, no one can deny to be the greatest altruistic force that the world has yet seen. Especially in our dealings with weaker and subject races would I emphasize the benefit which we derive from the existence in the world of such organizations as the Christian Churches. Every civilized race that has ever come into contact with barbarism—our own quite as much as the Roman, perhaps more than the Roman—is in danger of losing its moral balance owing to the ease with which it finds that it can push the barbarian out of its path.

We see with alarm the sort of frenzy of selfishness which seems to attack some men, not cruel by nature, in their dealings with the natives of South Africa. As some safeguard against this most deadly disease of the national character we look to the reports of Christian missionaries, who often perform for their dark-hued neighbors an office like that which in the later Roman Empire was entrusted to the *Defensor Civitatis*, and who, if powerless to prevent wrong, are at least able to insure that the national conscience shall be stung to agony by the knowledge of its commission.

National Character: I end with that thought. After all, the most precious asset in our national balance-sheet is not this protectorate or that kingdom, not "ships, colonies, or commerce," but the character of the men of this nation, to which each of the three partners, England, Scotland, and Ireland, has contributed its own indispensable element. We are not easily understood nor easily loved. We do not, like the Roman, the Frenchman, and the Russian, fascinate the peoples of lesser civilization with whom we are brought into contact. We are selfish, as I fear most nations are selfish, and our neighbors, not always justly, think us to be grasping. But deep down in the national heart there is, I think, an instinctive love of fair play, which is capable at times of rising into an enthusiastic love of righteousness. We have been hitherto patient, truthful, and I think we may say courageous. The character of a nation, as the character of an individual, may change, and there are many influences at work which may tend to enervate and to degrade us, to destroy our love of truth, to poison the fountains of family life.

But, so long as we successfully resist these influences, and keep the fibre of our national character undissolved, I believe the world will not witness the downfall of the British Empire.—*Contemporary Review*.

INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

BY PHILIP BERESFORD EAGLE.

THE history and treatment of the North American Indians is an indictment of the American nation. From the period when negotiations were first entered upon with a view to compensation and the relief and future maintenance of the red man, in exchange for land surrendered to the Government down to the crisis which culminated at "Rosebud," the conduct of the executive has been marked by vacillation and duplicity.

The Indian problem, that is, the proper distribution and settlement of the aboriginal tribes of the North American Continent, is a subject which has been earnestly discussed both in and out of Congress—the discussion being signalized on one occasion by a sharp division of parties at Washington—but without any effective legislative results, legislation seemingly being unable to cope with the difficulty.

It has been asserted, and probably with some degree of truth, that there are but few persons who really comprehend the anomalous, not to say critical, situation of affairs in the region in which the savage roams. The Government of the United States commenced upward of sixty years ago the formation of "reservations" or native settlements for the large Indian population which was then scattered over the wide area east of the Rocky Mountains, the outside boundaries of these reservations to form the limit of Indian territory. The object which the Government of the day sought to accomplish was the withdrawal from their lodges and hunting-ground of most of the formidable tribes of Indians, and their settlement as far as practicable within what is known as "Indian territory," where they would be taught the arts of civilization and self-support.

Previous to the year 1836 the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws, and Seminoles ceded their reservations east of the Mississippi for reserves of land which comprised nearly the whole of the Indian territory. The remainder of the tract was ceded in similar

reservations to three remnants of tribes—Senecas, Shawnees, and Quapaws in exchange for lands in Ohio. The limits of these reservations remained substantially unchanged until 1860, when new treaties were made with the five principal tribes, by which they ceded part of their reservations for money or exchanged them for other lands in the territory. In the following year several other tribes, including the Kiowas and Comanches, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, the Osages (a remnant of the Sacs and Foxes), the Pottowatomies, and small detachments of the Ottowas, Peorias, Koskuskias, Piankeshaws, and Miamis, obtained reservations on tracts thus relinquished to the Government. These reservations, in addition to those retained by other tribes, comprised the whole territory, with the exception of a small remnant of the land purchased back from the principal tribes in 1866.

When this system of establishing Indian reservations began it was supposed that the red man would be moved indefinitely out of the track of American progress. But within a comparatively few years the stream of white immigration had rolled up to the very borders of the Indian territory, which it encircled with a *cordon* of prosperous states, the resources of which were found to be of greater importance than those of some of the older states from which the Indian had been originally removed. This tide of settlement westward necessitated the construction of railways, and as the route of many of the new lines penetrated Indian reservations it became necessary to extinguish by some means the Indian title. Railway officials and others availed themselves of the opportunity then offered to acquire immense tracts of valuable land at a nominal price. The native Indians were induced by promises of having better reservations granted to them elsewhere to surrender the title to their lands for a small and in some instances utterly insignificant amount. The Indians on a "reserva-

tion" form a small principality ruled over by the agent appointed by the Government, who is invested with absolute control, and whose jurisdiction is final and complete. He is the custodian of both money and property voted for the Indian Service, and his official position and contact with the natives tribes secure to him very considerable benefits, among other things being the control of the trade in arms and illicit articles. This individual, who receives his appointment as the reward of political services without regard to qualification or ability, is in the majority of cases utterly unfit for the responsible duties he is called upon to discharge, and evidences of his venality and incompetency are of almost daily occurrence.

The area of the Indian territory proper embraces upward of 62,000 square miles, about 40,000,000 acres, and is occupied by members of numerous tribes, each tribe claiming a distinct organization, and in many cases a separate reserve. These tribes differ widely in the degree of civilization to which they have attained. About 70,000 make a permanent residence of the territory, and the balance, nearly 100,000, nominally occupy the reservations assigned to them. These vast tracts of land are held by a title in common to all members of the different tribes. There is no individual proprietorship, and consequently no motive for individual enterprise. As the lands are inalienable from the tribes, except to the Government, white settlers cannot occupy the country, and trade intercourse between them and the nomads is harassed by jealous and vexatious restrictions. No one tribe can speak for the rest, therefore if one or two or more of the tribes should consent to a certain negotiation among themselves or with strangers outside the territory, the objections of other tribes might prevail against the arrangement.

The Indian territory is said to be capable of sustaining a population of three millions in comfort; but, as it is at present administered, it barely affords support for an inconsiderable number of savage and indolent aborigines, and a tribal pride, half civil-

ized ideas, and hereditary jealousy of encroachment have led the latter to adopt a policy alike prescriptive of the interests of white men and suicidal to their own.

A reference to the character and proceedings of one great tribe, the Apaches, will be sufficient to illustrate at least a portion of the difficulties which beset the question of settlement in a consideration of the relative privileges of the Indian and the rights of the white settler.

The Apaches are divided into numerous bands, who are governed by petty chiefs, and, including the Mojaves and Yumas, number about 15,000. The principal divisions of the Apaches are named Coyoteros, Tontos, Gileños, Mescaleros, Ticarillas, Mojaves, and what is known as Cochises* tribe. Each of these tribes or bands is governed by a petty chief or captain. The Apaches have no common head, and when the chief of one of these bands is not acceptable to his people he is removed and another chosen in his stead. In this respect they are republican. They have lived principally by theft and such supplies as they could obtain from the natural product of the country. They have levied their contributions for centuries upon Arizona, New Mexico, Sonora, Chihuahua, and Durango. They often travel hundreds of miles from their mountain homes, and unexpectedly sally forth upon a settlement to murder and devastate, to capture herds, and to carry into captivity women and children. They are exceedingly fleet, both in traversing the vast plains and in climbing the rugged mountain ranges, and are excellent horsemen. Their weapons are the bow and arrow, which they never abandon, although they may possess arms of precision. They also use a shield or *chimal* leopard's skin, ornamented with feathers, and having a small mirror in the centre, with which they succeed in dazzling the enemy. When pursued they practise every art to draw the pursuing party into an ambuscade, when they fall upon them unexpectedly, and cele-

* Named after one of the most bloodthirsty of the Apache chiefs.

brate their victories by infernal dances around the scalps torn from their victims.

General Crook describes the Apaches as the "wildest, fiercest, most cruel, and barbarous in all their habits and instincts of the American Indians." Repeated attempts have been made to induce the Apaches to remain on reservations, but they have gone off upon various pretexts; and while receiving support from the Government they have committed unprovoked attacks upon unoffending citizens, resorting to both robbery and violence, and when their infamous work was accomplished they would return to the reservations for safety and rest.

The Apaches are of a bronze color, and in common with most of the aborigines of the North American continent wear long hair, but have no beards. They are polygamists, and have as many wives as they can induce to live with them. The women do all the hard labor, and are often treated with great severity. They have no ceremony to celebrate the marriage relation, but after marriage the Indian expects and demands fidelity on the part of his wives, and any deviation from the path of virtue is punished by cutting off the nose.

In southeastern portions of Colorado and Southern Utah there are several well-known Indian reservations and agricultural and industrial camps. The "Uinta," one of the principal reservations, is situate in a beautiful valley in the Uinta range of mountains, and contains 2,000,000 acres of land, of which about 1500 acres are under cultivation, and upon which are settled the Uinta and White River bands of Utes, numbering in all about 900 persons. In addition to the Uinta tribes proper there have been absorbed among them numbers of the Timpanagos, Shebe-re-chers, San Piche, Paisons, and Spanish Fork Indians, many of whom are advanced in agriculture, possess good farms, and live in comfortable huts and *wick-e-ups*. Uinta is also the headquarters of the "Ouray" agency, and contains a good deal of productive farming land, being well watered throughout. The various tribes gathered under this agency are

exceptionally well cared for, being under the able management of Colonel Byrne, who has devoted many years to their advancement, and under whose wise administration they have progressed rapidly in husbandry and other industries.

The wealth of the Indian is of course centred in his ponies and mustangs, and for some years past a number of Utes have turned their attention to "freighting" and "lumbering," and have earned a good deal of money by it. There are about 300 Utes upon the Skull Valley reservation, who have been settled there for upward of thirty years, during which period they have been successful in developing local industries, and in raising grain crops and vegetables. Inclusive of the "Shoshones" and "Snake" Indians, the Utes and Piutes number over 10,000. The Indian chiefs of Utah are Tabbie; "To-que-ner" (blackfox), one of the chiefs of the Utes proper; and "Tab-i-oona." The Utes have no marriage or religious ceremony: they buy and sell their women and daughters. The labor incident to a campaign devolves chiefly upon the wife, or "squaw," even to the construction of the *wick-e-ups*, and upon her shoulders rests the burden of the lares and penates in their wanderings. She saddles the horse and equips the "brave" for the chase, unloads the game brought in by the hunter, and dresses the native skins. Both men and women are inveterate gamblers, the latter using sticks to gamble with for beads and paint.

The most advanced of the native tribes are the "Cherokees" and "Nez Perces," members of both of which tribes have not only distinguished themselves in industrial progress, but have produced some well-known scholars and teachers, who render a great service to their less educated kindred.

Among the different tribes are several native interpreters, who are employed by Government and attached to the reservations. One of the most intelligent of these is an aboriginal of Utah county, named "Komas." He was taken to the eastern states some years ago by Lieutenant Graffan, by whom he was placed in Lincoln Uni-

versity, Pennsylvania. A short time back he was called upon to act as an interpreter at Washington upon the occasion of the visit of Utes there with Dr. Dodge, and recently he returned to Utah in company with Major Powell. He is a man of respectable address, can write a readable letter, and manifests a great interest in Indian matters generally throughout the West. His last work was to take a census of the Indians on the Uinta reservation.

It is creditable alike to the humanity and good sense of the Mormon community that the policy which has been adopted by them toward the natives, since their settlement in the country, appears to have been a peaceable one. The Indians have been met by expressions of goodwill and treated with kindness. Both labor and means have been expended in locating farms for their use, in supplying them with implements, and instructing them in husbandry.

Investigation has shown that in the majority of cases hostilities between the white settlers and the Indians have been the result of reckless and ill-treatment of the latter by emigrants passing through the country. Some of the settlements now traversed by the Utah Northern Railway—a portion of the country visited by the Shoshones—have been more than once imperilled by the lawlessness of the whites.* One of the most serious conflicts with the Indians occurred in Southern Utah, when good progress had been made in the formation of outlying settlements. Its immediate cause was the death of

an Indian from a blow dealt him by a colonist named Ivey. A war ensued which lasted several years, and which became known as the "Wah-ker" outbreak. A number of lives were lost on both sides, and several flourishing townships on the frontier had to be abandoned, and were afterward burned by the Indians. Overtures of a conciliatory character were made to the Indians, and the authorities adopted the most pacific measures to allay the irritation between the two races, but unavailingly. The vindictive spirit of the Indian had been aroused by isolated acts of violence and outrage, perpetrated generally by some inebriate or reckless stranger, and robberies and retaliations continued to be committed until the inhabitants of Kane and Washington counties were compelled to guard their property with armed men. The vigilance of the militia, organized in the southern counties, assisted by detachments from places as far north as Salt Lake, contributed to hold the Indians in check, but not until several of their number had fallen victims to the insatiate ferocity of the savages.

In striking contrast to the Sioux and Apaches are the Pimas, a community of Indians residing on the Gila river, who are supposed to have inhabited that region for several hundred years. They have a reservation twenty-six miles long by four miles wide, upon which are ten or twelve villages with a population numbering 3000, including a tribe called the Maricopas, who took refuge with the Pimas about ninety years ago, and have since affiliated with them.

The Pimas are brave warriors, and, in conjunction with their allies, have successfully fought the fierce Apaches for many years. They cultivate fields of wheat, corn, and cotton; they spin and make up articles of clothing and weave blankets. Probably the Pimas enjoy the best social record of any of the nomads; they are credited with being friendly and truthful. Emigrants, worn and weary after their tedious journey through the interior, have been uniformly treated with kindness, and received protection and a

* A short time previously to the opening of the Pacific Railway a strong party who were travelling from the Missouri to California encamped on the river *Malad*. The next day, without any provocation, they wantonly shot a number of Indians (who proved to be Squaws), while the latter were crossing the river on horseback, and took the horses which had been ridden by the Indians, afterward continuing their journey westward. As soon as the circumstance became known to the warriors of the tribes, they made a descent upon the settlement. A company of volunteers were at once equipped, and ascertaining by the aid of some friendly natives the cause of the Indian outbreak, they succeeded in restoring peace; the injured tribes accepting payment from the settlers for the loss they had sustained in Squaws and horses.

generous hospitality in the Pima villages.

Exploration has been of late years pushed beyond the limits of Mormon settlement, penetrating new country south of the Rio Colorado. That it is not unattended with peril, even in the territory occupied by the peaceably disposed Navajos, is sufficiently proved by the recent experience of a Nevada "prospecting party." Mr. S——, one of the principal residents of Pioche, and the leader of the party, narrating his adventure, says: "At the beginning of the year we had reached the Colorado, and after a short stay at the residence of Mr. J. D. Lee, of Moweabbe, were preparing to resume our journey southward, when a native chief rode up to the house, who proved to be 'Tubay,' belonging to the Moquis tribe of Indians.

"Mr. Lee speaks the Indian language fluently, and through him we soon learned the cause of the chief's visit. A Navajo Indian, friendly to Mr. Lee, had arrived at Tubay's lodge that morning (having ridden all night), and requested the latter to inform Lee 'that three natives had been killed and wounded (it was alleged) by Mormons a few days before in an affray in the neighborhood of Grass Valley, on the north fork of the Sevier river, that the wounded Indian had arrived at his camp the night before, and was actively engaged in inciting the Navajos to war; that the young men were clamoring for revenge, and to warn him that he would probably be attacked within four days.' The information was not a little startling. There was no possibility of obtaining assistance nearer than 150 miles. Mr. Lee's family consisted of himself, his wife and son, and several young children. After a brief consultation, we sent a letter to Fort Defiance announcing the condition of affairs, Tubay promising to forward it by one of his Indians, and Mr. Lee and his son started for Kanab to obtain assistance. After their departure we placed the house in the best condition of defence possible, and awaited the issue.

"On the third day a Piute Indian sent by the Navajos arrived. After

a long talk, we gathered that the young men of the tribe, who were at first determined on war, had resolved by the advice of their chief to await the arrival of Jacob Hamlin, who had for several years acted as the representative of Brigham Young in all negotiations of importance with the Indians, and learn what settlement of the affair he was prepared to offer. This augured a more favorable issue than we had been led to expect, since two of the slain Indians were sons of one of the chiefs.

"On the 29th, Messrs. Lee, Hamlin, and Smithson arrived, the advanced guard of a party from Kanab then on the road. Mr. Hamlin, after staying only to take some refreshment, started at once for the nearest Moquis village, eight miles off, to send a messenger to the Navajos, notifying them of his arrival, my brother and myself accompanying him. We reached there at sundown, and found to our great disappointment that with the exception of a lame Piute all the Indians were gone to a big dance at the Oriba village, twenty miles distant. We remained there that night, and the next morning we started for the Oriba settlement, taking Huck-a-Bur, the lame Indian, who was a good interpreter, along with us. After we had ridden about twelve miles, we met the Indian envoy who had been sent on the former occasion. He expressed himself greatly pleased on seeing Hamlin, saying that the Indians were anxious to meet him, and urged him to go back with him to the camp of a Navajos chief, which he said was not more than fifteen miles distant.

"After consultation we consented, and rode some twenty-five miles instead of fifteen before we reached the Navajos camp, which consisted of only two lodges. A tall, powerful Indian, on whose head the snows of many winters rested, welcomed us with impressiveness, and an embrace like the hug of a grizzly, and invited us to enter.

"The *wick-e-up*, which was substantially built of heavy cedar logs about fifteen feet long, was circular in form, like the skin lodges of the Indians of the plains, with an opening near the top to give a vent to the smoke, and

being covered with bark and dirt, it was very warm and comfortable. This was the more agreeable to our party, as it had been snowing hard all the afternoon. There were three Navajos and three squaws, one of the latter being a very pretty girl, and the two Piutes. The chief we came to see was not there, but was (they said) only distant a few miles.

"As we were anxious to return we pressed the Navajo to despatch the Piute to him that night in order that he might meet us early next morning, and close the business that day. Hamlin, though perfectly familiar with the Piute tongue, knew very little of the Navajo language, and the services of Huck-a-Bur were called into requisition. After a friendly smoke, the Navajos present expressed themselves anxious that the affair should be settled without further bloodshed, and that this was the wish of the principal men of the tribe. The Navajos had long known Hamlin, and they believed he would do what was right. The affair thus far seemed to promise a favorable termination; we were furnished with a substantial supper of broiled goat's flesh and cornmeal mush; the Squaws grinding the meal in the old-fashioned way between two stones, and after smoking several pipes with our savage friends, we retired to rest on a pile of buffalo skins and Navajo blankets, worth a horse apiece, and slept soundly.

"The next morning the Indians gave us an excellent breakfast, and we passed the morning sauntering about, examining such articles of Indian manufacture as were new to us, and endeavoring to while away the time until the arrival of the chief. A little before noon twelve Navajo braves armed with rifles and bows and arrows rode up at a gallop, and dismounting, entered the lodge without shaking hands, and called in an insolent tone of voice for tobacco. We gave them some, and after smoking awhile they threw everything out of the lodge, saying there were more Navajos coming, enough to fill the lodge. Sure enough, several others soon rode up, making nineteen in all, but no chief. To our inquiry as to his whereabouts, they re-

plied that he had gone to Fort Defiance.

"We took our seats, completely filling the lodge, and all hands smoked in silence for some time. Presently the Indian whose lodge we occupied commenced talking, and spoke with only occasional momentary interruption from the others for about an hour. After he had finished, five or six others talked in rapid succession, and from their earnest tones and impassioned gestures, so different from the usual manner of Indians, we could see they were much excited. Without understanding what they said, we could gather enough to know that the temper they were in boded no good to us. One old scoundrel of brawny frame, with hair as white as snow, spoke in a stentorian voice, and his frequent gestures looked decidedly ominous. When they had talked for about two hours there was a pause, and the interpreter arose. Walking slowly across the lodge, he seated himself by the side of Hamlin. He was a Piute—a slave of the Navajos—and as they have the unpleasant habit of sometimes killing their interpreters if their views are not expressed in accordance with their wishes, and as he was conscious that what he was about to reveal was not calculated to render us very amiable, I could excuse the tremor that shook him in every limb. Commencing in a low tone, he said: 'The Navajos believed that all Hamlin had said the night before was a lie; they thought he was of the party to the killing of the three men, and with the exception of our host and two others of the older Indians, they had given their voice for death. Most of them were of opinion that it was best not to kill my brother and myself, as we were Americans, but they intended to make us witness the torture of Hamlin, and then send us back on foot.' Hamlin behaved with admirable coolness—not a muscle in his face quivered, not a feature changed—as he communicated to us in his usual tone of voice what we then fully believed to be the death warrant of us all. When the interpreter had ceased speaking, Hamlin in an even and collected manner commenced his reply. He reminded the Indians of his long

acquaintance with their tribe, of the many negotiations he had conducted between his people and theirs, and his dealings with them in years gone by, and challenged them to prove that he had ever deceived them, had ever spoken with a forked tongue. He drew a map of the country on the ground, and showed them the impossibility of his having been a participant of the affray. To their insolent query, *imme-cotch navajji?* (ain't you afraid?), he replied with great presence of mind, 'Why should we be afraid of our friends? Are not the Navajos our friends, and we theirs—else why did we place ourselves in your power?' He spoke for a long time, and though frequently and rudely interrupted, his patience and nerve never deserted him, and when he ceased it was apparent that his reasoning had not been without effect on their stubborn bosoms. But the good influence was of short duration. A young Indian—a son of the chief and brother of two of the slain Indians—addressed the assembled warriors, and we could perceive that the tide was rapidly turning against us. He wound up his impassioned harangue by springing to his feet, and pointing to an Indian who had not yet spoken, called on him to come forward. The Indian came and knelt in front of the young chief, who with one hand tore back the buckskin hunting shirt he wore, revealing the marks of a recent bullet wound, and with the other pointing to the fire, uttering, or rather hissing, a few emphatic words, which we learned afterward expressed a demand for instant death by fire.

"The effect was electric! The sight of the wounded brave roused their passions to the utmost fury, and as we glanced round the savage circle our hands involuntarily tightened their grasp on our six-shooters, for it seemed that our hour had come. Had we shown a symptom of fear we were lost, but we sat perfectly quiet and kept a wary eye on the foe. The scene was intensely thrilling. The erect athletic form of the young chief, as he stood pointing his finger to the wound in the kneeling figure before him, the circle of crouching forms—their dusky and

painted faces animated by every passion that hatred and ferocity could kindle, and their glittering eyes fixed with one malignant impulse upon us—the whole partially illumined by the fitful gleam of the firelight (for by this time it was dark), formed a picture not easily to be forgotten.

"The suspense was broken by the Navajo, our host, who once again raised his voice in our behalf, and a stormy discussion ensued, which ended by Hamlin compelling them to acknowledge that he had been their friend, that he had never lied to them, and that he was worthy of belief now. The strain was over, and we breathed freely again. We smoked the pipe of peace, and a roasted goat being shortly produced, we fell to with a will and gnawed ribs together, as amicably as if it had not been their benevolent intention just previously to roast us instead of the goat.

"By this time it was past midnight, the discussion having been prolonged for eleven hours. I never was so tired in my life. To remain eleven hours in a partially recumbent position, cramped for room, with every nerve strained to its utmost tension, and momentarily expecting a conflict which must be to the death, is tolerably hard work.

"After supper it was arranged by Hamlin that we should go home in the morning and wait the arrival of the chief, for whom they promised to despatch a trusty messenger. We slept by turns till morning broke, when we bade our amiable friends good-by, and started for the Moweabbe, where we arrived about eight o'clock in the evening, to the great joy of our party, who had given us up as lost.

"The following morning Mr. Hamlin left for St. George to lay the matter before the church authorities, by whom, we afterward learnt, the affair was satisfactorily arranged."

A great number of relics and antiquities have been found in different parts of this and the adjoining territory, the most interesting discoveries having been made in Southern Utah. Among the latter are jugs, bowls, vases, etc., in terra-cotta; pipes, charms, and tablets with rude inscriptions; an iron sword obtained in a mound at Fill-

more, and crania of Mexican type. Of the specimens of mound pottery that have been preserved, one is a bowl that has the figure of a tessellated pavement, another is covered with Egyptian-like characters put on symmetrically but apparently without effort, leading to the supposition that large quantities of this ware had been manufactured. While the historical accuracy of these relics is unquestioned, there is little evidence to identify or connect them with a race corresponding ethnologically with the present aboriginal Indians. The remains indicate a civilization more in accord with a former Mexican or Aztec occupation.

It is known that during the Spanish Conquest, the Aztecs were driven from Mexico into the vast deserts lying to the north and west, and from there across the Colorado river. There are remains of cities and towns scattered throughout New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah. On the north side of the Colorado and Green rivers the cañon walls are decorated with numerous hieroglyphics and picture writing, the meaning of which is entirely unknown to the Indians inhabiting that region. On the top of almost inaccessible cliffs, whose vertical height is from three to four thousand feet, and down into cavernous chasms, the remains of large towns may be still found. Here a numerous and powerful race—peace loving and industrious—lived for many years, tilling the soil and building houses three and four stories high. Their underground houses, which they

used as places of worship, as well as to work in, are still found in a state of preservation. These "kevas" are about twelve feet deep and from twelve to twenty feet square. In them the men used to weave blankets, meet to talk and smoke, and to hold council. At their seasons of worship they were used as temples, being cleared of everything unholy, and were entered only by men. The entrance is through a hole in the top, and thence to the bottom by a ladder.

Of their later history it is traditionally stated that besieged in their stronghold by the warlike nomadic tribes with whom they were unable to cope in the open field, they were reduced by starvation, disease, and the assaults of their enemies from a powerful nation to a few hundreds,* who, making a treaty with the Pah-Utes, returned to the east side of the river, there to remain, while the Utes should occupy the opposite country. The excavations made during the past year by a portion of the Ordnance Survey in Arizona, laying bare the foundation and part of the wall of what appears to have been a massive structure, with the remains of an aqueduct near the river, sufficiently attest the antiquity as well as the skill of the former occupants of the country. But our whole knowledge of this interesting people, presumably descendants of the once powerful Montezuma, is legendary and shadowy in the extreme. — *Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE CASE OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

A COMPARISON OF THE PROCEDURE OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH COURTS-MARTIAL.

BY E. AUSTIN FARLEIGH.

It would be almost impossible to imagine a case better calculated than that of Captain Dreyfus to bring clearly before the mind the differences between justice as administered by civil tribunals and the procedure of courts-martial. These differences are in part fundamental and universal; due to the fact that courts-martial are instituted

for the maintenance, chiefly, of a high standard of discipline among the members of a particular body, or particular

* The Moqui Pablos, the only descendants of this ancient race, are to be found living near the summit of almost vertical cliffs, several hundred feet high, 100 miles southeast of the *Paria*, where their small towns have been constructed, and where, on the *mesas* or sur-

bodies, of men. But it is submitted that such discipline may be maintained, and that it is maintained here in England, without any such wide divergence from ordinary legal procedure as took place on the trial of Captain Dreyfus. And it is proposed in the present article to draw some comparisons between the proceedings on that famous trial, and also during the preliminary investigations, with similar proceedings in England.

Arrested toward the end of the year 1894, M. Dreyfus has been confined at the convict station on Devil's Island, French Guiana, well-nigh three years. In September of last year a circumstantial account of his escape reached Europe. It was unfounded; but its immediate consequence was that men's minds were agitated upon the question of his guilt or innocence. This agitation became general and intense, and in December last culminated in interpellations addressed to the Government, and in riots directed against the convict's defenders in the Press and in the Senate. And all this because the trial was conducted in secret!

It is not the intention of the present writer to become an advocate in the cause. Others more able and better informed than he have ranged themselves definitively upon the side of the ex-officer, conspicuous among these are M. Scheurer-Kestner, vice-president of the Senate, and M. Zola, besides that excellent journal the *Figaro*; others, like M. Paul de Cassagnac, have been forced to question the justice of the conviction; while others, again, are either convinced of the convict's guilt, or refuse to call in question a sentence once pronounced. But, without his

rounding plateau, they cultivate grain crops to some extent, raising Indian-corn, melons, etc. Wood, which is scarce, is obtainable seven or eight miles distant, and is brought into camp on the backs of women. I have seen a train of these women with great piles of "brush" fastened on their backs winding across the valley in Indian file, and with a celerity that would do credit to a mule train. They obtain a supply of water from the reservoirs which are cut out of the rock. These water-pans are bowl-shaped, and are about ten feet deep, and perhaps thirty feet in diameter, and they are generally supplied by the springs which flow from the base of the limestone cliffs.

becoming a partisan, there is much in the case worthy of the consideration of any man who views with misgiving any judicial procedure superintended by amateurs (for military officers are little more), especially when such procedure has been conducted in the most profound secrecy, and has confessedly been strongly influenced by political considerations, by that old bogey, "reasons of State." We are not unacquainted with such reasons on this side of the Channel; we have not forgotten the suppression of certain letters and telegrams in the Jameson inquiry; but in both cases the State would have been better served by full disclosure, and I venture to assert that such a reason is absolutely without any solid foundation in nine cases out of every ten in which it is put forward. Moreover, the reason is seldom trusted; it confirms the worst suspicions, and gives play to the most foul aspersions and the most insidious attacks.

It has been roundly asserted by some of his defenders that Dreyfus was persecuted because he was a Jew. Members of that faith are, no doubt, unpopular with a large number of Frenchmen. M. Drumont, in the *Libre Parole*, and others of the same persuasion, have succeeded in making anti-Semitism a power in the country. To those who believe in their creed, a Jew is an outcast, without a country, and without any sentiment of patriotism. Feelings of this kind have probably made many enemies for Dreyfus in the Press and among the masses; but it would be most unjust to impute, without further evidence, and on suspicion merely, any such motives to the body of French officers who sat in judgment on their comrade, Captain Dreyfus. No! their procedure was wrong; but we have no more reason to say, without proof, that they were false to their oaths, than that Dreyfus was to his.

Captain Dreyfus was arrested on October 15, 1894. The preliminary inquiry lasted twenty-seven days. During this time a full and detailed examination into the life of that officer was made; even the letters written to his wife before marriage were examined, and according to the testimony of this lady she was treated with such a want

of consideration and respect as amounted to unredeemed cruelty. Moreover, during a great part of the time Dreyfus himself was, it appears, *not allowed to communicate with the outside world, and was left in ignorance of the charge against him.* It was only on the first day of November that the public was made aware by a note in the *Éclair* of his arrest. The first inquiry was conducted by M. Paty de Clam. At its termination a second commenced. This was conducted by M. Besson d'Ormescheville, and lasted two months. During its progress General Mercier, then Minister of War, allowed himself to be interviewed. In the *Figaro* of November 28, 1894, may be read as follows :

"I have submitted to the Premier, and to my colleagues, said he (General Mercier) to M. Leser, the crushing reports which have been made to me. I cannot say more (*sic*) since the inquiry is not finished. All that can be affirmed is that the guilt of this officer—(*i.e.*, Dreyfus) is absolutely certain, and that he has had accomplices who are civilians."

Could there possibly be a crueller blow than this? A soldier, not convicted—nay, not yet brought to trial—is publicly condemned by the head of the army, who excuses himself from saying *more* than that the prisoner is certainly guilty. This interview took place, as was mentioned above, during the second preliminary inquiry, and it was subsequent to the interview that the prisoner was brought to trial before officers on whom their chief's words could not fail to have great influence. The fatal error in the conduct of this trial was its profound secrecy; in consequence of such secrecy the wildest rumors have been afloat, and it is extremely difficult to get at any accurate details. The mouths of those who know are shut, while those who know nothing of the proceedings at first hand, but have been making inquiries since, endeavoring in all ways to see behind the veil, flatly contradict one another. There are, however, three statements which are of the greatest importance for forming an opinion upon the merits of this affair: two of them made by actors in the drama, the other by a journal, the *Éclair*, which

has all the appearance of having been supplied from official sources.

To take them in order. It was in the month of September, 1896, that the *Éclair* took upon itself to defend the Government, and so set forth what was to all appearance the official version of the matter. In the course of that defence it writes as follows :

"The military attachés at the German Embassy sent in September to their colleagues of the Italian Embassy a letter in cipher. This letter left the hands of its authors on the way to those for whom it was intended, but on its course it was cleverly deciphered and photographed."

"It was a letter in the cipher used by the German Embassy. This cipher was known, and it may be that it was of too great a value for the secret of its acquisition to be made public. It will be seen later that this was the reason why the letter in question was not put in at the trial, and why it was only *communicated to the judges in secret, and in the consultation-room, when the prisoner's counsel was not present.*"

Referring to this letter the *Éclair* writes: "This was the document which settled the decision of the judges, unanimous and decisive."

To pass to the second of the three statements. M. Bernard Lazare, who has interested himself on behalf of the convict, sent to Maître Demange, the leader of the Paris bar and the counsel for Dreyfus at his trial, a copy of a pamphlet which he had written. In this pamphlet M. Lazare exhaustively criticises the procedure of the military authorities. The *only* evidence which he discusses is the now famous "bordereau" or memorandum, which was submitted to the examination of experts in handwriting and put in at the trial, and the mysterious letter mentioned by the *Éclair*. Writing on November 25, 1896, Maître Demange replies :

"Dear Sir,—I thank you for having sent me your second pamphlet. I am with you with all my heart in the disinterested and courageous work which you have undertaken. As I told you during the visit which you did me the honor of paying me, *I have never known other charges against Captain Dreyfus than those discussed by you, and, in spite of your assertion, forgive me if I do not dare to believe in the enormity of a communication being made to the judges behind the back of his counsel.*

"All my good wishes go with you, and if I maintain a complete silence toward all who

have desired to discuss the Dreyfus affair with me, it is *not because my firm conviction in his innocence has been shaken*, but because that is the only way in which I can reconcile that firm conviction with the respect which I owe to the thing judged.

"E. DEMANGE."

It would appear from this that the only charge of which Maître Demange was aware was in connection with the "bordereau" or memorandum; and, with regard to the handwriting of this, the experts to whom it was submitted were by no means unanimous. Messieurs Bertillon and Charavay were convinced that the writer was Dreyfus; three others could not say so.

The third important statement to which our attention should be directed is that made by General Billot, the Minister for War, in the Chamber of Deputies, and which will be found in the *Times* of Monday, December 6, 1897. General Billot said:

"The Prime Minister has told you that in the circumstances there is no Dreyfus affair. A year ago, in reply to M. Castelin, the Minister of War had occasion to say to you that Dreyfus had been judged, well judged, and condemned unanimously, by seven of his peers on the testimony of twenty-seven officers called as witnesses. Questioned once again the other day, the Government, by the mouth of the Minister of War, declared to you that it considered that the Dreyfus affair had been regularly and justly judged. As for me, in my soul and conscience, as a soldier, as head of the army, I consider the judgment as having been well deserved and Dreyfus as guilty."

On considering these statements, it seems impossible to resist the conclusion that evidence on which the Minister of War now relies—viz., that of twenty-seven officers, although it may have been given during one or other of the preliminary inquiries, was not produced at the trial, and was unknown to the prisoner's counsel. It is unnecessary to dwell here upon the illegality of any such procedure; it is sufficiently emphasized by Maître Demange himself in the letter quoted above. The only way of satisfying the general uneasiness and suspicion which such contradictory statements have produced is a *revision of the trial*. It is not for an amateur in French legal procedure to point out how this is to be done; such questions of procedure are sufficiently intricate for the prac-

titioner, but that such a revision is possible was clearly indicated to the Senate on December 7 by M. Méline, the President of the Council.

In consequence of the interest taken in this trial, as well in England as in France, it has been thought desirable to compare the procedure followed in this case with that of trials on similar charges under English law. To start with such an offence as that with which Dreyfus was charged—viz., selling military secrets to the foreigner, is not treason in English law. If it were, that fact alone would prevent the soldier charged from being tried by court-martial, provided the crime were committed in England in time of peace. For by Section 41 of the Army Act, all crimes known to our law may be punished by courts-martial, if committed by persons subject to military law, with the important exceptions of treason, treason-felony, murder, manslaughter, and rape. These latter crimes must be tried by the courts of common law.

The whole code of procedure before our courts-martial will be found in the rules drawn up in pursuance of Section 70 of the Army Act, signified under the hand of a Secretary of State, and presented to Parliament. On this subject a friend of the present writer, an officer of high standing and of great experience, writes as follows:

"Courts-martial are *open courts*. The public is admitted. There is no secrecy of inquiry. Before the trial the charges must always be communicated to the prisoner, and explained to him. A copy must be given him (except on active service). The names of the officers by whom he is to be tried must be communicated to him as soon as they are appointed. He must have a proper opportunity to prepare his defence, liberty to communicate with his witnesses, and his legal adviser, who may be counsel or other friend. As the court at the trial is an open one the prisoner may be, and usually is, present during the preliminary proceedings. The prisoner may object to the court, or any member of the court, if reason be shown. The rules of evidence are the same as in the civil courts; counsel for prisoner has the same rights as the prisoner. All evidence is in public, and the public and press may be present, as far as the court will allow, in their thousands. I have never myself seen the public rush to these trials, but there is no reason why they should not; occasionally a few stray officers and a few stray 'tommies' come in, but it is very rare that many of the gen-

eral public are present, unless it is a case which has excited some local interest, then the local press are always there."

In April, 1888, Major Templer was tried and acquitted on a charge very similar to that for which Captain Dreyfus was arraigned. In the *Times* of April 7, 1888, we may read as follows :

"The general court-martial, under the presidency of Colonel Berthon, R.A., for the trial of Major Templer, 7th Battalion King's Royal Rifles, and Instructor in Ballooning at the School of Military Engineering, reassembled at Brompton Barracks yesterday morning. The charges against the prisoner were for scandalous conduct unbecoming an officer in making false statements to Major Elsdale and Colonel Durnford, his superior officers, and for divulging secrets as to the construction of military balloons in contravention of the Army Discipline Act. *The court was crowded, great interest being taken in the proceedings, and many ladies were present.*"

Is the judgment of a court-martial final? In English law the acquittal of a prisoner by a court-martial is final; but a conviction and sentence are not final until confirmed by a superior authority. In the case of an officer, this authority is the Sovereign, or some officer having authority to confirm, either mediately or immediately, from the Sovereign. The confirming authority can send the case back for revision, or he can refuse to confirm. Such refusal annuls the whole proceeding.

"There is no other appeal against the finding and sentence of a court-martial when acting within the scope of its jurisdiction. The decision of the confirming authority is final: and, if wrong, irretrievable,* other than as an appeal—not of right, but for mercy—to the person of the Sovereign (acting not through his judges, but through his political Ministers) may secure relief. . . . Formerly, in doubtful cases of capital or penal sentences, to aid the confirming officers and to free them from all personal responsibility, the practice of the Crown was to refer the record of the proceedings to the decision of the twelve [common law] judges. . . . In the present day, the Secretary of State would re-

fer the record to the law officers for report. This was done in March, 1866, when a sentence of capital punishment was awarded by a court-martial against a prisoner."

The case of the mutineers of the *Bounty* may be cited as one in which a prisoner was discharged because, on reference by the Crown, the common-law judges decided against the legality of the sentence by a court-martial.*

Now let us examine and sum up the differences between the procedure in the actual Dreyfus trial and that which would have been pursued in this country. The trial was secret; here, as in the case of Major Templer, it would have been in public. The prisoner would not have been kept in ignorance of the charge against him for long and many days; he would have had a full opportunity of communicating with his legal advisers and witnesses; his previous bad character (if any), the follies of his youth (if any), his poverty (if any), and similar extraneous matter, would not have been received in evidence against him. Moreover, no such ungenerous and disgraceful action as that of the Minister of War, in publicly, through the press, declaring his conviction of the prisoner's guilt before he had been brought to trial, could, on any imaginable hypothesis, have occurred in this country. There is yet a graver charge: it is, that statement put forward by the *Éclair*, apparently inspired, as to the secret production and the effect of a certain letter. If this statement be true, the prisoner was condemned on evidence which was no evidence; he was illegally condemned even according to French law. To any one accustomed to the fair and open procedure of English courts of justice, the whole inquiry and trial seems a most lamentable example of distorted ingenuity in the science of prisoner-baiting.—*Westminster Review*.

* Cf. "Clode on Military and Martial Law," p. 143.

* Cf. Erskine arquendo in *R. v. Suddis*, 1 East p. 310.

THE TALE OF THE FLINT.

BY A. M. BELL.

WHEN we were young—in the forties, it may be, or in the fifties—the world went on very well in the belief that the history of human error began precisely in the year 4004 before our era. True, even at that date foreboding tremors might have been heard. In 1849 Edward Forbes, the predecessor of Huxley, was writing: "I am quite as ready to admit that man's advent happened 20,000 years ago as 5000." He goes on to say that to lecture on this subject is to "try how near one can go to the fire without burning one's fingers." If these words are compared with the address delivered on the same subject, and to a similar effect, by the President of the British Association at Toronto last autumn, a double change must be confessed. The speaker was at his ease; the audience was delighted. Already also in the forties men learned in the wisdom of Egypt were asking how it was possible that the negro type—the woolly hair, swollen lip, protruding jaw—should in the early monuments of Egypt be so identical with the negro features of to-day, unless popular chronology must be ante-dated. These were scholars. Forbes was a geologist and a poet. General opinion would not have changed as it has had not the burden of proof turned to something more tangible than a geologist's theory, something nearer to our doors than an Egyptian monument.

"Facts are chieftains that winna ding," and the facts which have brought about this change are among the most undingable, for they are flint stones. Herein Nature has been very kind to us; the impressions of tiny and soft organisms in flint show that at its formation the stone was soft and pliable like jelly. Nature's alembic quickly sealed the yielding lump into siliceous, a most imperishable substance. Hence at once the use of flint by primitive men as a tool or maker of tools, and also the abundance of weapons of siliceous all over the world. Unless it be

crushed to pieces, the tool once made resists the forces of decay.

The existence of weapons and tools of flint was of course well known in 1840. Johnson had seen and treated with respect some ancient arrow-heads which he saw at Raasay in 1773; polished celts formed part of Norna's "properties" at the Fitful Head; and for ages the Celtic Highlander, the *Urbewohner* of the poetic Baedeker, had treasured as an amulet to preserve himself from harm the *Skial-hee*, or fairy's shaft, which he picked up as some ancient moss was drained or trenched. With the publication of Sir Richard Colt Hoare's folios cultivated opinion possessed a broader though less romantic statement of the facts, and recognized that on our moors and downs the tombs are still standing of a race or races of men who fashioned their weapons of war and implements of peace out of flint and other durable stones. History tells nothing of them, yet the time when they lived cannot be far beyond the written record. Their burial rites indicate this, for their bones are frequently found entire, lying, or rather sitting, in the attitude of sleep round the ashes of a fire; beside them are laid the food and the weapons wherewith they were to be supported and to fight in the world to which they had gone. These rites have many counterparts in Roman burial, and were almost repeated in the burials of North American tribes, neither of which nations is far removed by time. So also their weapons of stone, often exquisitely finished, carved, and polished, closely resemble in shape weapons which are now in use or were at no remote date. Their stone axe is our iron axe, their hammer our hammer, their arrow-heads of stone feature the arrow-heads of iron which in the seventeenth century roused the laughter of Dugald Dalgetty. Though history has passed them over, they were not very far distant from ourselves. These views became generally current

after the Swiss discoveries of 1851-52, and, much as they require and have received enlargement and illustration, are in no need of correction; they contain an important truth. The later stone age, the era of celt and arrow-head, belongs to modern times, and is separated from the ancient eras of human life. Stretch a hand past history, and you touch the late stone age immediately beyond; but behind the later age of stone lies a still unfathomed gulf of time, which divides ourselves and the neolithic age from the earlier epoch of our race.

Meantime the earthquake was gathering force, for it was decreed that Delos should be stirred. In the year 1832 M. Boucher de Perthes received from a quarryman at Abbeville his first flint implement. One likes to linger on the picture. A peasant gravel-digger presents to de Perthes the first proof of the great antiquity of the human race. To the one it is a curious stone, value *deux sous* (de Perthes' constant price); but the other knows what it is: it is to him certain proof of the age of the human race, and the realizing of a wondrous dream. With what mingled feelings of delight and astonishment and pride did he not take the treasure home; with how firm a resolution to sound the hidden depths of the secret which he alone had divined! De Perthes made no discovery by accident; he had long believed in theory in the great age of man, and his own words are that "during many years" he sought in vain for proofs. The evidence obtained in 1832 was not generally accepted in England until 1860. "What weary years of preaching in the wilderness!" a reader may exclaim; but I would answer, "Quite the reverse; happy years of knowledge increasing, of facts gathering in four-square array, of friends persuaded and opponents silenced." Finally, between 1858 and 1860 the collections made at Abbeville and Amiens convinced all the savants of France and England whose previous studies qualified them to form a judgment that the proof was absolute of a hitherto unimagined age of mankind; and only a few years had elapsed when fresh evidence came pouring in from all Western Europe sup-

porting and confirming the views long held by De Perthes alone.

Our argument asks what precisely it was which he had found. He had obtained flint tools, undoubtedly worked by the hand of man, in the gravel-beds of the river Somme; that is, in gravel-beds which lie in the present Somme Valley, but above the present level of the stream. They were deposited in the places where they now lie at a time when the river flowed fifty or one hundred feet higher than it now does. The time which a river takes to eat away one hundred feet of its valley is the time which separates us from these early inhabitants of the land. That this time denotes a very lengthened period is visible at once from two pieces of evidence. The late stone period is beyond history, yet all its relics lie on the surface of the present land; the bones of men of the time are often found complete; the wild animals which they hunted were the same as those which in historic times roamed in Europe. With the earlier age all is in contrast; the surface of the land is not the same; implements are found many feet beneath the earth; bones of men have passed away, but huge bones are found of the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the hyæna, and other animals either altogether extinct, or now far removed from modern France.

England was not behindhand in making similar discoveries. With Mr. (now Sir John) Evans leading the van of pioneers, and carefully registering every find, in a few years the river-valleys of England, from the Great Ouse to the Axe, had revealed their long-hidden treasure, proving the presence of man in our land in times long, long antecedent not merely to history, but to the existing configuration of the surface of the soil, and the present distribution of land and sea. We now saw man the contemporary and the survivor of animals which exist no more. Here in England he hunted the hairy elephant and the Irish elk, he shrank from the hyæna and was gored by the fierce rhinoceros. He passed over the site of London, then beneath the earth; he looked out from Portsmouth Downs, but saw no silvery Solent and no Isle

of Wight; he went to Dover, and passed to Calais without oar or sail, for the strait was dry land. England of the past rose before our minds as a peninsula, jutting into the Northern Sea, with the southern part of it, at least, inhabited by human beings whose chief implements were uncouth tools of stone.

This was the great change, and it gave us a new idea of what our race was and what it had done. We saw man in his beginnings, a wild beast of the forest, but already by his intelligence conquering the more powerful brutes, and aiding his own weakness by mechanical adaptation from the stores of natural wealth. We knew what he had become, and felt, surer than seers could tell, that it was by the same intelligence working through heart and mind that in long time he had become altered in body and in mind, in habits and in power. We saw the vision of Jacob; man had wrestled with his Creator, and had prevailed; he had seen the steps that rise from earth to heaven, and held converse with the spirits that were passing up and down. An idea as simple as it is noble, yet, so hard is it to conceive prolonged time, that people in general could hardly have had the heart to grasp it, had it not been that other lines of reasoning were leading them in the same direction.

The two forms of implement discovery of which was fraught with such consequences were as peculiar and as novel as was the fact of their existence. One was a large tool, not infrequently nine inches long; it was sharply pointed at one end and very thick at the other. The second tool was of an oval shape, usually sharpened to an edge all round, and rarely more than six inches in length. Both of them were, as a rule, worked all over, leaving none of the original surface. The first of the two, the pointed tool, was what all men love who have a case to prove—it was self-persuasive. Its artificial character was visible and undeniable, and one important purpose for which it was made was equally manifest. The heavy, rounded butt was to be held in the hand, while the sharp point inflicted a deadly blow on

the body or skull of a human enemy or captured beast. It was precisely the weapon which sylvan man would require when he lived a wanderer of the forest, without either domesticated animal or cultivated field. The oval implement had by no means such a tell-tale appearance; its working was equally beyond dispute; but it had no very distinct analogue from later weapons of stone, and its use could only be conjectured. It was probably employed as a knife for cutting skins and as a scraping tool for cleaning them, besides for many incidental uses. The two tools, pointed and oval, were found of all sizes, as if they had been used by all kinds of persons, men, women, and children, for all kinds of purposes. As Sir John Lubbock said well, we could little tell what they were not used for. They seemed to give us a glimpse of the boyhood of man, when he had but one shaping tool—his pocket-knife; and who shall tell the uses of a boy's pocket-knife?

Though varieties in shape were few and apparently accidental—for it is the modern workshop that is full of many tools—the workmanship displayed in the finer examples was neither imperfect nor unskilful; it was marked by finish and by symmetry in the forms produced. Such examples were much sought after (no longer *à deux sous*; hence, alas! a crop of forgers and deluded persons), and naturally, as they were intrinsically works of art, and were also conclusive evidence of work with a purpose, which only human beings can produce, and this evidence was at the time essential. But there was also another class, formed from stones which in their natural state closely resembled the shape required for use; these, by a few touches of the hammer-stone, had been altered into the tools required. They did not escape the eye, and their importance to the story of man did not escape the thoughts of the late Sir Joseph Prestwich, who collected and carefully preserved a number of flints which showed the least signs of workmanship, as well as those which showed the most.

The relative age of river-valley man in England was also to a certain extent discovered. Three separate finds

agreed in referring the implementiferous epoch to a period subsequent to the extension of Arctic cold over England. One of them may be shortly stated. Sir John Evans obtained in Suffolk an implement formed out of a boulder which the ice drift had brought into Suffolk from the north; clear proof that that implement was made and used after the period when the cold grasp of ice carried stones from the northern to the southern counties of England.

How pleasantly, in his late address at Toronto, does Sir John Evans recall the time, the movement, the enthusiasm and advance in knowledge; for "all men," we know from Aristotle, "delight in obtaining knowledge, only," he adds, with a smile, "they do not push it to an extreme." For our purpose let us define the augment to science so far as it concerned the flint. It is this: at a period subsequent to the great descent of Arctic conditions man was a tenant of the present river valleys of southern England. He had few tools of stone, but they were shaped by himself; he took up from the ground, or even quarried from the chalk (for he did both), a rude block of flint, and then formed it, according to his own preconceived purpose, into a shape quite different from the shape of the natural block. He had had long experience, otherwise the difficult material would not have been worked with such consummate skill. He was not the rudest auto-savage, otherwise symmetry would not have been so conspicuous in his handiwork, which had no sign of prentice efforts.

It is the stage of the perfect tool. Can the flint from the earth carry us no further? Mr. Benjamin Harrison, the village grocer of Ightham, in Kent, thought that it might. He had for a number of years discovered many of these perfect implements of the river-valley or palæolithic type in the gravels or on the surface near Ightham, when he was struck by the following theory: Evolution is a great fact; it is the law under which modern inventions and improvements advance; it applies to man's physical frame and to his mental powers; much more must it be ap-

plicable to his early inventions. The river-valley implement is not a simple thing; the art which it shows was no invention of a day; it must have had predecessors and antecedents. The predecessor of a shaped stone would be an unshaped stone, used as an implement just in the state in which it was picked up from the ground. Such a tool could not be recognized by the usual tests, which involve shaping and flaking all over; but it might possibly be recognized by the marks at the edge, where it had been used for scraping or cutting, and might have a few chips besides added to give it an edge. The general shape of the stone, however, would be as Nature made it, not as man made it; he would only have left his mark upon the edges.

As to this theory, it must be observed that all who believe in evolution, who are a great majority, must accept it. The Bushman of to-day still uses in the construction of his arrows a simple stone picked up from the ground. Unless it was taken from his hand it could not be recognized as a tool, for the soft wood leaves no mark on the stone. This is the first stage, which cannot manifestly be traced in ancient deposits. The second, or Harrisonian stage, if we may be allowed the word, we may see among us. A country housemaid, who picks up a piece of soft sandstone to scour her doorstep, is working at this stage. She, however, by polishing the stone, at once takes an unauthorized leap into the latest or neolithic period. A better example may be taken from our grandfathers, who used in their tinder-boxes a piece of flint picked from the field; its edge was soon broken and chipped by blows of the steel. The flint was then essentially of the Harrisonian type. There can, therefore, to believers in evolution, be no doubt that an epoch of this kind did exist, and was also extended for no inconsiderable period. It might, of course, have existed and been rapidly thrown over; but this is extremely improbable. This view of the case does not, of course, necessitate the acceptance of Mr. Harrison's discoveries, as he may be wrong in thinking that he has found traces of such an epoch; but

it ought to obtain for them a patient hearing, if not a favorable regard.

With this theory Mr. Harrison went perseveringly to work "during many years," like M. de Perthes. His favorite hunting-ground was the plateau formed by the North Downs in Kent, near the village of Ash, where the surface deposits are undoubtedly of great age. The land stands at an elevation of from 700 to 500 feet above sea-level, and is not the work of existing rivers, or in connection with them. The sides of the plateau are torn away by modern watercourses, and carried off to form the *débris* of the river-valley period; on their flanks, as they approach the Thames, old gravel-beds are found with the river-valley implements. The plateau is older than this denudation, and is covered with deeply imbrowned spreads of gravel. From these ancient drifts Mr. Harrison formed his collection, and ere long he found that he was not obtaining isolated examples, but types which were frequently reproduced. The fact that many examples occurred showing the same type first, I believe, convinced him that the series which he was collecting was not the work of Nature, and could only be attributed to a human hand and a human design.

The late Sir Joseph (then Professor) Prestwich was a neighbor of Mr. Harrison's. We have seen that in 1860 he collected at Amiens the flints which showed least signs of work. Mr. Harrison showed him the stones which he was gathering, and after some time, by no means hastily, he, or rather the collection which he had arranged, persuaded the Professor of the truth of his theory.

In 1890 Sir Joseph laid before his old friends of the Geological Society the views which were suggested by Mr. Harrison's collection and by the site from which it was obtained. He urged that the flints were implements used and slightly chipped by man, and that they represented an earlier stage of human life than had hitherto been found in England, both in time and in culture. Their great age was proved by their position on the crest of the chalk hills; they had been carried down from the south at a time when

the chalk extended far further southward than it now does; chalk hundreds of feet in thickness, and perhaps miles in length, had been carried away since their deposition. Beds containing palæolithic implements lie on the present surface, which was once covered by these hundreds of feet of wasted chalk. The plateau drifts, therefore, which were laid down above this chalk, before it was wasted away, are of an almost inconceivably greater age than those which were only laid down after the mountain of chalk had been eroded. The stupendous erosion of the chalk was attributed by Sir Joseph to the influence of the ice age; the flints, therefore, which had been carried down before the hills were worn away were antecedent to the Arctic period of England. The implements themselves he divided into classes, and explained how he thought they had been used.

The speaker did not carry all his audience with him, and although Mr. Harrison has convinced many persons, young and old, who are conversant with the subject, since 1890, his position is not universally accepted. It was at first objected that the age of his specimens was quite uncertain, since a majority had been obtained from the surface. This question was set to rest once for all by digging two pits near the crest of the chalk; the home of the flints in question was found eight feet from the surface. This eight feet of soil had been washed away by rains at the point where they appeared on the surface. It was also said that mere marks of use on the edge could never identify a stone as genuine without the usual hall-marks of flaking. Nature might make the same slight chipping or touchings on the edge. Further, it was said that the implements were so blunt that they could not be used for any purpose. Natural influences do chip the edges of flints. Silix Bay, under Flamborough Head, where tabular flints have been dislodged from the chalk and rolled for ages in the enclosure of the bay, is a workshop of Nature where a lesson may be learnt. Flints there are found chipped or broken all round the edge, but very irregularly—there is no look of pur-

pose about the result ; four consecutive strokes are never the same. Again, Nature always knocks off prominent ends and smooths them ; Nature does not work out a curve in the side of a flint and leave the ends which contain it untouched. These are features in many of Mr. Harrison's types, and considerations of this kind have long convinced the writer that Mr. Harrison's type-forms were not produced by Nature, but by man.

The objection that they could be used for nothing seems very fatal, but is in reality a good cause to consider them authentic. This is no case where an antiquary should expect one of those beautiful finds which he obtains perhaps too often. We are on the traces of the Bushman, not the civilized man of past ages, and it is but fair to expect that his tools will more or less represent himself and be blunt and dull ; they will certainly be without the attractions of art. The place claimed for them in human progress asks that this should be their character. It is true that the absence of sharp flakes is astonishing ; but it is an exaggeration to say that the flints are altogether unlike those which were used in later times ; some of them closely resemble in shape the pointed and oval types of later date, while the others were not unfitted for scraping, cutting, piercing a hole, or giving a round shape to a club, and do find close analogues in exceptional but undoubted tools of later times. Poor tools, perhaps ; but they were poor men, who lived ages before the knock-kneed, low-browed, chinless race of Neanderthal and Spy. To expect perfect implements from such men is surely to repeat the myth of the early perfection of mankind.

At this point the writer must call "Peccavi," and confess that for the sake of clearness he has given to these ancient relics a simplicity of exposition which they cannot claim. Were they found absolutely alone in these old gravels a solution of their story would have been easy. Here, we should have said, in these primeval river-courses lie vestiges of the oldest of races, distinct from the palæolithic tribes, who lived for ages after them in our land.

These were a weaker race and more feebly armed ; the river-valley tribes, stronger men with stronger weapons, effaced from the earth this stock of humble aborigines. Unfortunately the antiquary has not always an easy time, and in this case the record is not self-interpreting. The humbler implements do not occur alone, for in the same gravels are found, though rarely, some deeply colored implements, or much worn and rolled fragments of shaped implements of the later river-valley type. Therefore, as far as the record tells us, both types of tool were in use at the same time, although the humbler predominated.

These worn and battered fragments, as they are among the most ancient, are also among the most striking relics of man's handiwork ever found on our island. Let the reader picture to himself. On the summit of the chalk hills, on a flat plateau, are found broken implements so worn by natural agencies that their working can hardly be recognized ; they are almost reduced to rounded pebbles, and find an analogue only in those sea-beaten implements which have fallen from Barton Cliff, in Hampshire, and have tossed for years in the ebb and flow of the tide. These fragments tell us of a similar action taking place on the level and silent down, and though their presence disturbs a simple theory, it also, as their authenticity is unimpeachable, removes every doubt of the existence of man in England during the remote period which we have claimed for him.

The archæologist has in this difficulty three alternatives : either the humbler implements are not authentic, the solution of Sir John Evans ; or the beds have become mixed—so that tools of different ages are found side by side ; or the humbler and the nobler types were used simultaneously. For reasons already given the writer cannot adopt the first alternative ; the second would have been most plausible, had the finds been made only on the surface. Undoubtedly, on the surface so much earth has been carried away by rain that solid portions of very different ages are found together. But in the pit excavations, 18 feet deep, some of these rolled, shaped stones have been

found. It is difficult to think that a theory of mixture of beds can apply to remains found so deep in the earth.

The writer therefore adopts the third alternative, to which he is also led by his solution of a second difficulty. He does not believe that all the humbler implements of Mr. Harrison's collection are of quite the same age. He agrees in this point with Mr. Worthington Smith, who, in his excellent work, *Man, the Primeval Savage*, gives his opinion that some of Mr. Harrison's implements are of a later age than others. The writer further believes that as our river-valley deposits are more thoroughly examined, and by skilled observers, it will be found that implements of the Harrisonian type are present in small numbers, and gradually die away. The solution, therefore, which he would offer is this. The gravel-beds of the North Downs, explored by Mr. Harrison and interpreted by Sir Joseph Prestwich, contain the earliest relics of human life as yet won from our soil. Man used two types of tool, one advanced, the other rude. Just as the advanced tool points us to the future, when it became practically the only tool used by man, so the rude tool points us back to a still remoter past, when it was the only tool or weapon used by man. Go back as far as we can, we are pointed to a still further beyond "in the dark backward and abysm of time." If these views are true, that in the earliest period when flint appears as the aid of man it appears as a survival from an earlier and less-developed time, a strange similarity is to be found in one of its last appearances. Professor Flinders Petrie, in one of his many discoveries, has given us a glimpse of the time when the long reign of flint came to a close in Egypt. It was in the Twelfth Dynasty; men were acquainted with copper and bronze; they shaped pottery on the wheel in beautiful forms and painted it in beautiful colors; they carved ivory in forms of deeply suggestive meaning—yet still the flint knife, exquisitely worked, was used in the service of religion, and was laid in time-honored custom in the tomb beside the dead; still the flint saw was

used in the household, the flint reaping-hook in the field, and the flint toy in the nursery. So the use of flint, a long and tried institution, died hard; men clung out of affection to the old servant who was past his work.

To take a last review from the "pleasant hills of Kent, where the northeast wind blows free about the temples, what is our position? We find man living in our country at a very remote age, when the North Downs stood higher and extended far to the south. So far all are agreed—a word of happy omen. Many of us—an increasing number, I think—accept the lower or Harrisonian type of implement, and believe that the stage of human life, of which we have relics beneath our feet, was, so far as it is reflected in the majority of its remains, not merely a lowly stage, but the most lowly which we are able to retrace by aid of implements of flint. Should the reader ask if these discoveries lead us back to the beginnings of human life, the reply must be, "Certainly not." No one, to the writer's knowledge, has ever dreamt of asking that the hills of Kent should be considered the cradle of mankind. Men probably traversed the earth far and wide before they had stone weapons or tools at all, and certainly man had come a long pilgrimage before he settled on the Kentish Downs. His beginnings are not to be sought in his implements, but in remains of his own framework, and in lands that harmonize more with his racial affinities. To claim that the earliest form of tool as yet discovered on English soil appears in certain very ancient drifts of the Kentish Downs is a different thing from asking that the Kentish Downs should be considered the cradle of the human race. We do contend that Mr. Harrison's labors have brought into our view a hitherto unrecognized stage of human progress, or at least a portion of that stage. Reason persuades us that such a period did exist, and in all probability was prolonged; and also that it is the earliest stage to which we can follow our ancestors by aid of their handiwork. It is not surprising that the relics in question escaped observation for twenty years, or that their authenticity has been dis-

puted. The point is a difficult one to prove in fact, even though allowed in theory; and the evidence would not have been, as it is, convincing, had it

not been for the patience and perseverance with which it has been collected by the labor of many years.—*Longman's Magazine.*

THE PARTITION OF CHINA.

BY HOLT S. HALLETT.

THE exposure of the weakness of China during her war with Japan turned the attention of Europe to the probable early partition of China between European Powers. In September, 1894, the Russian journal the *Novosti*, in a remarkable article on the war, advised Russia, Great Britain, and France to come to an understanding with a view to the partition of China by joint occupation, and urged that such an undertaking would be comparable to the conquest of America or the division of Africa, and would render an immense service to civilization at large. It further contended that it was unworthy of Europe to tolerate further the pillage of the dwellings of Europeans, the massacre of missionaries, and the violation of commercial interests. The German press at once took up the cudgels, and in the following month Prince Bismarck's organ in the capital, the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten*, contended that, in the final settlement, Germany must be reckoned with, because her interests in China were of all European Powers second only to those of England. France, Russia, and England were competing for preponderance, and it was Germany's duty not to lag behind. The journal went on to declare that

the German empire must be either a world empire or a second class Power. But to assert itself as a world empire it must resolutely act upon this fundamental principle, that no further distribution of territory among European Powers can be allowed to take place anywhere without such compensation for Germany as shall maintain the existing balance of power.

The following year an opportunity arose similar to that of which Germany is now taking advantage. After the close of the Chino-Japanese war numerous attacks were made in various parts of China upon foreign missions,

their stations were burnt, and the missionaries were massacred and ill-treated. England, France, Germany, and the United States all took separate action, demanding redress and the punishment of the rioters and of the provincial and district officials. A British fleet was sent into the Yangtsi, and German ships were despatched to Swatow to enforce the demands made by their Government. China, as usual, at once gave into fear of reprisals. In the mean time the German press and commercial community were in a ferment, and insisted that the opportunity for territorial acquisition by Germany should not be lost. The *Alt-deutsche Association* addressed a memorandum to Prince Hohenlohe, the German Imperial Chancellor, requesting him to take steps to obtain in Chinese waters either a harbor or a group of islands, and suggested the Chusan Islands, which China has bound herself to part with to no Power but us. This course was to be taken "without any consideration for the ill-will of other Powers;" and they pointed out that a Bremen merchant settled in Shanghai had recently urged that, "if Germany does not take Shanghai, German trade in Eastern Asia has no future."

The storm passed over, through China conceding the demand of the Powers in full. So matters stood until about a year ago, when German writers and German firms interested in the trade of the Far East once more took up the question and adumbrated Germany's share of the spoil as the slice of China lying between the two great rivers of China, the Hwang Ho and the Yangtsi Kiang. The subsequent concessions made by China to Russia in Manchuria, and Russia's growing power in Corea, kept the

mouth of Germany watering, while they afforded grounds for the conviction that the Russian policy in Asia, if ever carried to fulfilment, would leave no room for Germany in that quarter of the world. Prince Oukhtomsky, the personal friend of the Tsar, had laid stress upon the "inherent union and gradual confluence of Russia with the East;" and about the same time the Russian General Komaroff declared, in the *Sviet*, that "the East, with all its countries, as China, Beloochistan, and even India, are, by the will of Providence, destined for the Russian people." Whatever the will of Providence may be, Germany considered she had no time to lose. Russia was negotiating with China for the concession of Kiao-chau Bay, a harbor in the very territory that Germany desired to annex. Possession would be nine-tenths of the law—hence the present situation. As to the Russian fleet wintering at Port Arthur—unless that port is ceded to Russia by China, I fail to see that its doing so would be any grievance to us; for under Article 52 of the Anglo-Chinese Treaty of 1858, our ships of war have the right to visit all ports in China and to "receive every facility for the purchase of provisions, procuring water, and, if occasion require, for making repairs." Port Arthur would thus be as open to our men-of-war as to the Russian fleet.

The question now is, what should the policy of the Government of the United Kingdom be? Are we to take warning from the past, take time by the forelock, and safeguard our interests, or shut our eyes to the probabilities of the future as foreshadowed by the press and indicated by the action of those rival manufacturing nations who would oust us from the great markets of the East? Any thinking man who has studied the question must be struck with the resemblance between the present situation in China and that of our hinterland on the West Coast of Africa before it was lost to us by the action of Germany and France. Let us consider what the Duke of Devonshire had to say on the latter subject when addressing the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce and the Colonial Pre-

miers last June. In the course of his address he lamented over the disastrous effects to our interests on the West Coast of Africa of the shortsighted policy instituted by a parliamentary Committee, of which he was a member, in 1865. The resolutions passed by that Committee were to the effect that all extension of territory by this country in that part of the world was inexpedient, and that the object of our policy should be to encourage the natives in the exercise of the qualities which should render it possible to transfer to them the administration of the Government of those districts, with a view of our ultimate withdrawal from all of them. Ever since then the policy of our Colonial Office had been actuated by the spirit of those resolutions. The Duke of Devonshire confessed that,

Optimists as we were who sat upon that Committee, we imagined that the only alternatives were British or native self-government. It did not occur to ourselves that there were other nations in the field who—with no sentimental zeal for the elevation of the black races, or for promoting self-government among the natives of West Africa, but with a very strong zeal and desire to shut out our commerce and to keep the commerce of large portions of that country in their own hands—might take the place which we were so ready to abandon. And now, and perhaps too late, we have discovered the possible future value of the trade, and we find ourselves on every side shut in, hemmed in, by the encroachments of other nations, and exposed, if not to attack, at all events to interference, if we seek to develop our trade in those regions.

Ever since the close of the second Anglo-Chinese war, in 1860, we have been intent upon imbuing China with Western notions and Western civilization, and endeavoring to teach her "to stand upon her feet and play the game," but all in vain. She has repaid us by trampling upon our treaties and doing her utmost to kill our trade. Lord Elgin, who negotiated the Anglo-Chinese treaties of 1858 and 1860, has put it on record that the Chinese Government "yielded nothing to reason, but everything to fear." Such has been the subsequent experience of every one of our Ministers at Peking. We have been ploughing the sand in China as we did on the West Coast of Africa. Foreign nations have gath-

ered around that empire with the intent to prey upon it, as they have preyed upon our African hinterland. It is not too late to learn a lesson from our former mishaps. With Russia, Germany, and France as her creditors, the bankruptcy of China must lead to disruption, and we have been warned by our Consul at Shanghai, in his Report for 1895, that if China is tempted by her monetary difficulties "to tighten the existing fetters on trade, it can but lead to bankruptcy." China has given way to that temptation in every part of the empire. If we wish to save her from bankruptcy and consequent disruption, we should give up parleying with her Government and insist that the whole country shall be thrown open to trade, and its rivers to steam navigation, and that no taxes or squeezes shall be levied upon trade except at the ports of entrance to and exit from the country, and then only such as are sanctioned by our treaties. Trade would then rapidly increase, and the increased revenue derived from it would enable her to meet her obligations, develop her resources, and provide for her defence by land and by sea.

At the best, however, it would be a difficult affair to bolster up such a rotten and stupid Government as that of China. In collision with a European Power, China, thus governed, would be as an earthen pot to one of iron. If it had the honesty, foresight, and go-aheadness of that of Japan, which has absorbed and applied Western knowledge and ideas with extraordinary rapidity and practical success, matters would be more hopeful. China, moreover, is rotten at the core, permeated through and through by secret societies, bent upon overturning the Manchu dynasty. With this object in view, these societies are constantly fomenting rebellions both in the interior and on the coast. A few months before the outbreak of the war with Japan, the Ko Lao Hui raised an insurrection in Hunan and circulated a bogus prophecy of the approaching fall of the Manchu dynasty and the division of China into three kingdoms. The prophecy was handed from hand to hand and copied as it went. Some

particulars were given of this and other secret societies in China by Mr. F. H. Balfour in his address to the Manchester Geographical Society in 1891.

From his account it appears that the Ko Lao Hui, or Society of the Elder Brother—which is a resuscitation of the Hung League which overthrew the Mongol dynasty in the fourteenth century—is the most aggressively anti-foreign confederation in the empire. It consists to a great extent of malcontents, rowdies, persons hopelessly in debt, and desperadoes generally, and flourishes most strongly in the provinces of Hunan, Honan, and Anhui, where all the braves belong to it. It is said to have numbered at least one Viceroy and two provincial Governors in its ranks. It binds its members together against all foreign usurpers, including the reigning family. Their watchword is "China for the Chinese," or, as they themselves express it, "The Glories of the Tang dynasty," a dynasty that ruled in China A.D. 620-907. All strangers, of whatever nationality or sect, be they Tartars, Southerners, or Western Chinamen, alike are the objects of their hate. They represent the old exclusive pure-blood race of the Hans, and look upon the inhabitants of the more distant provinces, such as Kuangtung, with jealousy almost as fierce as that with which they regard the Manchu dynasty itself. Owing to the small pay of the Chinese soldiery, they are recruited from the dregs of the population, and it is a disturbing fact that the bulk of this confederacy consists of soldiers and disbanded braves and their families.

Another celebrated secret society is known as the San Ho Hui or Triad Society, and as the Tien Ti Hui, or Heaven-and-Earth Society, seemingly a branch of the Freemasons that has assumed a political character with the intention of upsetting the Manchu dynasty. It was this society which associated themselves with the Taipings, and it is probable that the word "Tai-ping" originated from that of their lodges, which were called "Tai-ping Ti" or "Land where all are equal." Anyhow, it was the Triad Society which stormed Shanghai during the Tai-ping rebellion, and it is the

same society which is now terrorizing southeastern China, as can be seen from the following passage of our consul at Pakhoi's report on the trade of that port for 1896:

The four lower prefectures—viz., those of Lienchou, Kaochou, Leichou, and the island of Hainan—are proverbial in this province for their lawlessness and turbulence. I do not know with what justice this applies to Hainan, but on the 'marches' of the Kaochou and Leichou prefectures small so-called rebellions would seem to be endemic. They are generally ascribed by the Chinese here to the presence of large numbers of the Triad Society, which is probably true in the main, but I believe that the said society in this region is purely an association of dacoits, living by blackmail enforced by occasional outrages—termed rebellions when, as usually happens, the soldiers sent to suppress them are routed or killed—and devoid of any political aims.

Even the local guild of "gentry" at Pakhoi, which is supposed to keep order among the Chinese, had lately distinguished itself by annexing in the streets of the town camphor sent down by a respectable native dealer, and holding it to ransom. Piracy is said to be in the blood of the race, and a glance through the consul's diary shows "a monotonous record of petty coast raids, hoverings of pirate junks—which still terrorize the neighboring coastline—and robberies of every degree of dignity, from the sacking of the large pawnshops to the plunder of a returned emigrant from the Straits or Sumatra." Not only are quietly disposed people robbed of their money and goods, but their children are kidnapped to feed "the slave trade which is carried on between Pakhoi and Hongkong," the point of transshipment for Canton. If the Manchu dynasty cannot defend its subjects from such outrages, it has no claim to the loyalty of its subjects, and has no right to exist. Moreover, to allow the region directly neighboring Tongking to be infested by pirates and brigands is to invite remonstrance, and, failing substantial and probably extortionate redress, ultimately annexation.

In another report, that on the trade of Canton for 1895, we find that part of China in much the same condition. According to our consul at that treaty port—

The utter collapse of China in the war with Japan came home slowly to the southern Chinese, but the pressure on the people necessitated by war expenses and indemnity caused much discontent, which showed itself in numerous local risings and in the prevalence and boldness of gang robberies in Canton and its suburbs. In October a serious plot to seize the city was discovered, but its failure was due more to the ineptitude of its organizers than to the vigor of the local authorities. The ringleaders escaped abroad, and are still a source of uneasiness to the Viceroy and his advisers. There is little doubt that, as educated Chinese visit foreign countries in increasing numbers, and translations of works bearing on government become more widely read, dissatisfaction with the administration of their native country is growing among the southern Chinese, and, if no attempt at reform is made, may result in a serious insurrection.

It is well known, for it has been often avowed by French colonial officials and writers, that France desired to annex Tongking not for its intrinsic wealth, but in order to gain a base for the future absorption of southern China in its Indo-Chinese empire, as opportunity, caused by the break-up of the Manchu empire, might arise. Rivière, who brought on the Franco-Chinese war of 1882-85 by his attack on Hanoi, and met his death there, had strongly urged that China's southern provinces should be annexed at the same time as Tongking. Southern China, however, proved a hard nut to crack. The conquest of Tongking cost France 30,000 men and over a milliard of francs, and even after the French force had been brought up to 40,000 men it suffered a serious defeat before the final treaty of peace was signed, and had then only arrived at the frontier of China proper. The southern Chinese proved themselves men of mettle, and certainly showed themselves far more tenacious and warlike than the Manchu troops and ill-affected Hunan braves did in their contests with the Japanese. There is little probability of the French again attacking the southern Chinese by land, unless egged on by German or Russian action in the country more to the north, or until China is weakened by a serious rebellion. France may be expected to bide her time till then, or else, outraged by further attacks upon her missionaries, she may attempt to

obtain her ends by threats, or by attacking the Chinese seaports, as she did in her last war with China. But probabilities are more or less unreliable when considering what a volatile nation like the French may do.

We have seen that China is threatened with disruption both from within and from without, and that the growing dissatisfaction of her more and less peaceful subjects is largely due to the increased taxation on trade—that is, on the food, clothing, and few luxuries of the people, and what they manufacture and produce for export. Owing to the present multiplication of tax-stations, and the squeezes and speculation of the horde of tax-gatherers, not one-third of what is wrung out of the people enters the treasury. Therefore every increase of taxation means squeezing thrice its amount out of the people. The Manchu dynasty has never been popular, but as long as the main body of the Chinese are not oppressed or unduly interfered with, they care very little who rules them, though broken men and the dregs of society from which the soldiery are drawn look forward to eras of lawlessness to enrich themselves at the expense of the general law-abiding population. Mr. Consul Oxenham, in describing the peasantry in his report on the trade of Chinkiang for 1887, after stating that the Chinese peasant farmer pays a rent averaging 28s. an acre, went on to say :

He is contented, cheerful, and courteous, and lavishes his attention and money upon his fields, where you see the results of neatness, care, industry, and thrift. The garden-like neatness of the cultivation, the unceasing labor, the extraordinary productiveness of the land, caused chiefly by laborious manuring, and the excellence of the crops, bear testimony to the sterling qualities of the people. Their cheerfulness and courtesy prove their content, though their clothes, houses, and implements are, to our ideas, dirty, mean, and rude. These defects are things which railways and increased trade will remedy.

The great majority of the population of China is of this class, living closely up to their means and having little to spare. Extra taxation must necessarily be extremely burdensome to them, and if raised to an excessive extent must turn their comparative com-

fort into indigence, and their content into dissatisfaction. Men thus rendered hopeless and malcontent are naturally apt to throw their lot in with and strengthen the disloyal secret societies. In northeastern Yunnan the people are said to present a poverty-stricken appearance, being half naked or in rags ; but this, according to Mr. Consul Bourne, "is really merely a matter of clothes—that is, of cotton." The district lies about equidistant between the cotton-growing lands of Burma and of the Lower Yangtsi, and the cost of carriage and the heavy dues levied at numerous stations on the routes leading from the cotton fields to the district and at the termini, so enhances the price of cotton and other goods as to render their purchase practically prohibitive to the people. Before the mines were stopped at the time of the Mahommedan and Miao-tzu rebellions, the people of this region chiefly flourished on the profits of silver and brass mining, and their present indigence dates from the closure of the mines. When passing through this district in 1885, Mr. Bourne was over and over again invited by the natives to open works, and he remarked in his account of his journey that the condition of the people would doubtless improve there, as in Chao-tung Fu on the northwest, when the mines are worked again. Mining throughout China has up to now been merely surface work, and that empire is generally allowed to be wealthier in minerals than any other part of the world of the same area. If mining were encouraged, as it should be, and undertaken with European skill and appliances, the prosperity of the people and the revenues of the Government would be greatly increased. With regard to the natural wealth of the empire, our consul at Shanghai, in his report for 1895, has assured us that

China is a country of vast potential wealth, but of very little realized wealth. She has little gold or silver to give in exchange, but she has a most fertile soil, a benign climate, and a hard-working and frugal population. There is nothing that the world desires which she cannot produce in abundance. Her power to purchase depends entirely upon her ability to bring her produce to market. This again depends upon the facilities which Gov-

ernment gives for internal transit—that is to say, by removal of all existing fetters, and by opening up roads, deepening and preserving waterways, and above all by the introduction of railways.

Under our treaties with China we secured the right to import goods into China at certain ports on payment of a tariff duty of 5 per cent. *ad valorem*, and to export goods from the same ports on payment of the same duty. It was likewise agreed that British imports having paid the tariff duties should be conveyed into the interior free of all further charges, except a transit duty equal to one-half of the tariff duty. And it was agreed that native produce carried from an inland centre to a point of shipment, if *bona fide* intended for shipment to a foreign port, might be certificated by the British subject interested, and exempted by payment of the half-duty from all charges demanded upon it *en route*. And it was agreed that, so far as imports are concerned, the nationality of the person possessing and carrying these is immaterial. According to Sir Rutherford Alcock's dictum in 1868, when Minister at Pekin :

China has by her treaties foregone all further right of taxation on whatever can be shown to constitute the foreign trade, import or export.

Two years later, as has been recently pointed out by the Shanghai correspondent of the *Times*, under instructions, he entirely repudiated his former dictum, and informed the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce that, so soon as the goods have passed out of the hands of the British importer—which they do as a rule at Hongkong, Canton, or Shanghai, the points where our import merchants chiefly congregate—"they are liable to bear whatever taxes or duties the Chinese Administration may see fit to levy on them." Thus the trade privileges we had won by our treaties and conventions and wars with China were rendered of no effect. With such a reading of our treaty rights, there was nothing to prevent China from crippling and even exterminating our trade by raising the price of our goods to any extent to our customers by levying what duties she chooses upon them. Lord Salisbury

had the power to rectify matters when negotiating the Amended Burmo-Chinese Convention, but he, most unfortunately for us, failed to do so. It is the same to the British manufacturer whether the sale of his goods is crippled by onerous taxation at the treaty ports or at their terminus in the interior. It is an axiom to him that "greater cheapness means greater trade." In no part of the world is this more true than in China, where for one man who could pay a shilling for a piece of cotton cloth there are a hundred or more who could purchase it if its price were lowered, by decreased taxation, to sixpence. Mr. Consul Jameson, in his report on the trade of Shanghai for 1895, warned us that, in order to meet the expenditure entailed by her foreign debts, "it appears only too probable that an attempt will be made to obtain the additional money by an increase in the *likin* levies." And he has expressed his belief that

no course will be more fatal to trade, and eventually to China herself, than this. It will only draw still more closely the strings which already are choking the flow of commerce, until absolute strangulation will be the result. No produce will be brought to market, and of course nothing will be bought in return ; each village will have to subsist as best it can on what it produces.

And, in summing up the situation, he urges that "to tighten the existing fetters on trade can but lead to national bankruptcy." Even in Manchuria, the favored home of the Manchus, the *likin* has been raised and fresh taxes have been imposed not only upon articles of trade, but on the means of carriage both by land and water. Such proceedings, if carried to the excess to which they are being carried, particularly in the southern provinces of China, must greatly enhance the growing discontent of the people with a dynasty that has so recently shown its powerlessness to safeguard them from invasion by the Japanese—a nation comparatively weak in numbers and small in size—and has lost its former prestige by parting with territory to its European neighbors and to Japan, and perhaps, by the time this article is published, to Germany.

Such being the condition of affairs

in China, what is our future policy toward China to be? Our policy during the last three years has been briefly summed up by Herr von Brandt, late German Minister to China, as follows :

Of England little more can be said than that her policy in East Asia has been vacillating, and that she has only been consistent in courageously withdrawing before the onward pressure of Russia and France.

Germany naturally expects that we will likewise withdraw before the onward pressure of Germany. Only the other day the *Cologne Gazette* informed its readers, in connection with the future German policy in China, that

if German ambitions are confined within reasonable limits there is every prospect of a friendly understanding with Russia and France. The remaining factor in the situation is Japan, as England apparently can safely be left out of account, being too much occupied with other enterprises and having long ceased to possess the power of initiative or the energy required in order to carry out a policy on a scale commensurate with her imperial and commercial interests in the Far East.

China is threatened with disruption both from within and without. It is worth a dozen Africas, both in its natural resources and in the character of its people ; and, lying nearly entirely in the temperate zone, its climate renders it, unlike Africa, highly suitable for European colonization. China may well be called the Yellow Continent. Its territorial extent, the number of its inhabitants and the great variety of its races, the mountainous barriers which separate it from the rest of the world, and the rich loess loam which covers so much of its surface, make the name highly applicable. When well treated, its people are the most peace-loving in the world. Their patriotism is mainly restricted to their homes. Hundreds of thousands of them are already British subjects, turning the Malay Peninsula and Hongkong into gardens and peacefully working in mining and other pursuits, and in spreading our commerce throughout the Far East. Under our sway Chinamen grow prosperous and well-to-do, and from their business propensity have justly deserved the name, bestowed upon them by an American missionary, of the Americans of the

East. Wearing as they do about six times as much clothing as a native of India, and dressing their dead in several layers of suits, both living and dead they should prove admirable customers for our principal industry. The enormous variety of European articles purchased by all but the lowest classes of Chinese in our colonies and in the treaty ports shows how their power to buy renders them excellent customers in general. The European trade with China is but in its infancy. With the restrictions on trade removed, and the prosperity of the people increased by the development of mines and the other resources of the country and the cheapening of carriage by the construction of railways, China, which contains about one-fourth of the population of the world, could not fail to prove one of the best, if not the best, market of the world ; and if honestly collected, its revenues would be at least double that of our Indian Empire, and amply sufficient for its defence and administration.

The Manchu dynasty is the cement that holds the heterogeneous components of the Chinese Empire together. The Chinese viceroys, governors, and other officials, with few exceptions, are indifferent to the fate of the dynasty, and intent only on obtaining individual advantages. The Manchu princes fear and mistrust them, and feel it a vain endeavor to attempt to overcome their resistance against reform. Outside pressure from European actions is necessary to curb the provincial authorities, and to enforce reform on the empire. The administration is now utterly corrupt, the people are day by day growing more and more discontented, and foreign nations are being outraged by attacks on their missionaries, and annoyed by infringements of their treaties and senseless restrictions of their trade. Unless the administration is reformed and the blocks to trade are removed, China must expect attack from within and from without, and the dynasty must fall.

Sir Thomas Wade pointed out at the time of the Chino-Japanese war, that if the Manchu dynasty was driven to leave Peking from Nanking it would be

upset, rebellions would arise in all directions, and for the sake of their own interests the foreign Powers would have to take action. Our objective in relation to China is mainly commercial. If through the imbecility and stupidity of the Manchu Government the empire falls to pieces, and foreign nations are compelled to take action in their own behalf, it should be our aim to come to an amicable agreement with Russia, France, and Japan, the other neighbors of China, for the division of the spoil. With the basin of the Yangtsi Kiang, Kuangtung, and Yunnan as our share, the remainder of Southern China might be taken by France, and Northern China might be left to Russia and Japan.

With regard to the last development of German policy. The increase to the navy is required by the Emperor in order to carry out his colonial policy, and thus increase the dumping-ground reserved for German commerce. The German annexations in New Guinea and Africa have proved disappointing, their inhabitants being savages, utterly untrained in civilized wants, beyond the vilest of spirituous liquor and gunpowder and implements of war. China is a market ready made, and has, therefore, naturally great attractions for the young man in a hurry, who at present presides over the empire of Germany. But he has yet to learn that there is a time for all things, and the truth of the proverb "The more haste, the less speed." In his haste to lose no opportunity he has apparently

omitted to take into account the most important factor of the position, that Japan is still in occupancy of Wei-hai-wei, and is likely to object to the action of the German Emperor as elucidated by the German press. With a fleet far stronger than that of Germany, and able to put a hundred thousand or more well-equipped and capitally drilled men in China in the course of a few days, Japan is a foe who will not be terrified by the mailed fist of Germany. Japan has yet her word to say on the German views and the German action, and it would be no bad policy for her to conciliate China by forcing Prince Henry to put his mailed fist in his pocket. A Chino-Japanese alliance would in all probability lead to the improvement of the Chinese administration and to the opening out of China to trade.

If China, like Africa, is to be broken up and divided between rival nations, all but ourselves with a Protectionist policy, we have to consider our stake in the game, and resolutely determine upon, and at all costs carry out, the measures we deem needful for our benefit and the defence of our interests. The time has gone by for vacillation. Our position as the neighbor and chief customer of China is being threatened. Every mile of territory and every possible customer gained by our antagonists are lost to us. We want a policy for the Far East, a policy befitting Great and Greater Britain, and we want a statesman who will carry it out.—*Nineteenth Century*.

IS PHOTOGRAPHY AMONG THE FINE ARTS?

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

FOR some years photographers have been assuring us that photography is a fine art, and that they themselves are artists. This year they are more positive about it than ever. It seems to me, therefore, high time to investigate their claim. It would be easier and more amusing, I admit, to pass it over with contempt, or cover it with confusion and ridicule. Indeed, hitherto their exhibitions which, year by year,

have given them the chance to state their case, have been either almost ignored, or else lightly dismissed by the art critic. It has been left for the photographers themselves to criticise their shows, and their criticism is based upon no other standard than their own wishes. They say that photography is a fine art, and they discuss it from that point of view. And yet, if photography is a fine art, then it

comes distinctly within the province of the art critic, and photographs must be judged from the same standpoint as pictures, photographers from the same standpoint as painters. The skilled and capable art critics in this country to-day are very few in number; they are to be counted on less than the fingers of one hand. Only one among them this year has, so far as I know, paid any attention to the photographers and their exhibitions, and he has disposed of them with a patronizing levity which might seem unfair, had not the photographers gone out of the way in their pronouncements to court it. But art critics are as liable to err as any other prophets, and it may be that they hesitate to commit themselves. If photography is proved to be a fine art, then they may have to swallow the words they have already spoken; if it is proved not to be a fine art, they would care still less to have already announced from the housetops, or in the columns of their journal, that it is. Mistakes of the sort have been made before, when wholesale swallowing of opinion was not found a pleasant dose, though one that had to be taken. It might be thought presumptuous on my part even to touch upon a matter hitherto so carefully avoided, especially as I make no pretensions to a knowledge of photography, had not photographers removed the difficulty by saying that they are artists. Altogether, it seems to me that it would be just as well if some attention were paid to the subject before it is disposed of and put in its place by the French and the Germans, and we are told that we must accept and abide by their critical conclusions. The weight of art criticism is now swinging from the Continent to England, at the moment when Continental nations have suddenly begun to look to England for a standard in the decorative arts; therefore there is no reason why England should wait for the Continent to settle the question. Since, then, serious criticism by art critics has hitherto been denied the photographers, let us for once try to consider their assertions.

When artist photographers have been compared in a flippant strain to artist

tailors and artist barbers and music hall artists, they have frequently shown a degree of temper which a man, morally conscious of right, would think superfluous. They have insisted the more angrily that they are artists; they have talked the louder about artistic photography and its place among the fine arts. Fortunately, as I write, there is a chance to study them, not merely by their words, but by their works, for two photographic exhibitions are open in London. The visitor to these two exhibitions will quickly discover that their aims are very different, though the difference in actual results obtained is not so marked. The members of the Royal Photographic Society evidently have for their object the recording of the year's progress in photography. It is true that what they call the art section has been judged by artists, while the technical section has been judged by photographers. It might be pointed out that if photography is an art and its practitioners artists, they should be quite as capable as humble Associates of the Royal Academy of Arts to decide upon the merit of their own work; artists, as a rule, do not submit their productions to the maker of frames and the manufacturer of colors. At the Photographic Salon, on the other hand, we are informed that, "released from mechanical trammels, photography is capable of dealing with the subtleties of pictorial effect; that it may aim at a high expression of decorative value;" that its practitioners are not precluded from the power of exercising their fancy and imagination; and that photographers themselves should be capable of fixing a standard of merit of their own pictorial work, without appealing for assistance to experts in other arts. Thus, it seems that photographers, before they have established their position, have begun to disagree among themselves as to what it is. The members of the Royal Society frankly appeal to artists for artistic judgment; the members of the Photographic Salon declare there is no necessity to call in experts, though that they really do desire criticism other than their own is evident, as they continue to send tickets to the Press. I

think, on the whole, the Royal Photographic Society, while it does not pretend to be essentially an artistic body, is more consistent to traditions heretofore accepted as artistic than the Photographic Salon, despite its Franco-British name. If upon technical matters an architect does not consult a painter, nor the illustrator refer to the sculptor, yet all artists have always worked harmoniously together for a common end—the advancement of their profession. But this is a side issue. The one important question is whether the photographers, by the prints shown, justify their claim to the rank of artists. I only note, in passing, that artists have not insisted upon their right to be called artists on every appropriate and inappropriate occasion. The fact that they are artists has been recognized since the earliest ages, and any form of expression they may evolve is gladly accepted, if it is artistic; the greater the artist, the more diffident he feels about his position in the world of art.

At first, photographers argued that they were artists because their photographs had a pictorial value. Now—perhaps it is because they have made too rapid strides for the critics to keep up with, that so little criticism has been granted them—they go still further, and say that their photographs have also a decorative value. At the present time a large section of the craftsmen who alone have heretofore been known as artists maintain that pictures—that is, easel pictures, in which category, I suppose, photographs are to be included—cannot strictly speaking be considered decorative; that a decoration must be a conventionalized, a simplified rendering of a subject, in no sense realistic. Other artists deny this as emphatically, though the painters of easel pictures and the painters of decorative pictures have usually been in accord in their appreciation of the greatest works in either class: if there be any such classes, which I am disposed to doubt. The photographers, however, sweep aside all such subtle distinctions, settle in a minute questions that have perplexed artists for centuries, and declare boldly that in their pictures the pictorial and

decorative qualities are combined. Again, they argue, in support of their claims, that they have largely influenced the artist in the choice of subjects; that they are the true realists; that they have solved problems of momentary action. Therefore, having produced pictures themselves, having exerted so wide an influence upon art, they ask for, or suggest, that they should be accorded, space on the walls of the Royal Academy and other galleries where artists exhibit, and thus receive the official recognition which is their due.*

It is interesting, and instructive, too, before examining their work and their influence more carefully, to compare the methods by which they achieve perfection with the technical and mental training thought essential for the worker who alone, until now, has been called artist. It may be that the artist was always, in a fashion, looked down upon by his fellows, save those who understood him, as a weakling who should be encouraged, or at any rate tolerated, in a curious pastime rather beneath the dignity of the average full-grown man; though, at times, when he was invited to discharge the duties of some of the more usual and common avocations of life, such as diplomacy and statecraft, he distinguished himself supremely. But, as a rule, he lived so much in his own world that he scarcely knew what was happening about him, and the world knew still less of him. He was so absorbed in his own affairs that little else interested or appealed to him. He usually entered his profession at a very early age. He began as an apprentice. He learned to wash his master's brushes, to clean and set his master's palette. He mixed the clay or he fired the furnace. When he had learned to do these things—the elements of his trade, at which he was kept for some years—he was allowed to draw, and for more years he studied: he copied in line nature or art. Then he was permitted to work, exactly in the manner of his master, on the least important part of

* This recognition, it may interest artists to know, is to be granted them in the Spring (1898) Exhibition of the Walker Art Gallery, at Liverpool.

his master's paintings. And after ten or fifteen years of this sort of practice or preparation, when he had learned to judge pictures critically, because he knew how they were made, when he was able to make them because critically and scientifically and technically he understood his craft, he left his master and started for himself. In nine cases out of ten, after years of struggling, he discovered that he was quite incapable of doing as good work as that produced in the workshop which he had left. If he had something to say for himself, he said it in a slightly different way from his master; and if he said it better, or even as well, he took equal rank with him in the course of years, sometimes sooner, sometimes later. If he were possessed of what we call genius—that is, the capacity for tremendously hard work—he might become known after a shorter apprenticeship. But the chances were, and still are, that throughout his life he would remain unrecognized, that no one would ever hear of him until his death. He probably believed that he was doing his work as he should do it, and it was never his business to be avowedly revolutionary—except in the sense that the Van Eycks, or whoever introduced the use of oils in painting, were revolutionary, or Dürer when he perfected wood-cutting, or Bewick when he developed wood-engraving, or Senefelder when he discovered lithography; nor was it the artist's mission to live down the opposition of the unintelligent multitude. When old age came upon him, he craved for more years that he might work and solve those new problems that were continually presenting themselves to him as he grew in knowledge and handicraft; and, dying, he might murmur the names of some of the great ones in the world's history, and say, "I, too, am an artist!" In a word, to be worthy of the name of artist, it has always been held necessary to give to art one's whole life, one's whole thought, and, above all, one's entire technical and mechanical skill, only to be acquired by unending study and practice. The average student may develop his powers after years of unceasing toil; there are others who, with the same toil,

may express themselves imperfectly, and yet have something to say; but the great artist is he who, technically and intellectually, is perfectly equipped, and he has come about half a dozen times in the history of the world. All, however, go through a certain manual training, which is their stock-in-trade, a training unknown in any other profession; they must study a multitude of subjects, see a multitude of things, and have the power to convert what they see into graphic or plastic form. They must have some knowledge of "the abstruse mysteries of chemistry, optics, and mathematics," despised by the art photographer. They must have mastered the science of anatomy, and it is well for them to be conversant with the history of painting, and decoration, and architecture, and much besides. Unfortunately, nowadays hundreds of thousands, probably millions of people, who ought to be busy about something else, are studying and practising art, because art happens to be popular and is endowed by the parish, and some artists manage to achieve a very enviable degree of social and financial success. But because the term has been already abused, that is no reason why it should be abused still further—why a mechanical contrivance should be called artistic, and those who make use of it artists. It would be pleasant, no doubt, for photographers to obtain the same social and financial recognition as artists; it would be pleasant, too, if the Italian with his hurdy-gurdy could win for himself the reputation and fortune of Paderewski.

And now, what is the training of the photographer who is noisiest in his assertion that he is an artist? Does he devote his whole life, or a year, or a month to the study of art? Does he give up his whole life to the study and the practice even of photography? Is photography his profession, his occupation, his sole concern and interest? Is he first the apprentice, then the master, in the shop, the useless room with no window, or studio, as he prefers to call it? I look down the list of exhibitors at the Photographic Salon, where the gospel of art is most strenuously preached; I see among them the

names of parsons, of Government clerks, of solicitors, of a beef-extract maker, of a banker, and some titles—in fact, the amateur rampant. It is the time left over from his serious work in life that this photographer gives to his “art.” Photography is his amusement, his relaxation. He labors in his pulpit or at his desk all the week, and then, when the half-holiday comes, he seizes his little black box, skips nimbly to the top of a ‘bus, hurries from his Hampstead heights to the Embankment, plants his machine in a convenient corner, and, with the pressing of a button or the loosing of a cap, creates for you a nocturne which shall rank with the life-work of the master. Or, at odd moments, in his wilds of Clapham, he will evolve the scheme of a poster that shall humble Chéret into the dust. Or, getting a model to pose stark naked for him, he will present you an idyl out of the same little box that should put—and it does—Botticelli to shame. He sees what he likes, for he has been taught what to like by reading books upon painting, which he does not understand, and which teach nothing for him; he prepares his camera; he focusses it, or knocks it out of focus; he puts in his glass plate or his film. And who does the work? who makes the picture? Why, he does not as much as know whether there is a picture on it until he brings the plate or film home and develops it. What does the painter do? He either sits down in front of his subject—a landscape, let us suppose—makes a careful study of it with his unaided hands, which he is able to do because he has had a certain training, and has the power to do it—a power in which the photographer is totally deficient; or he looks at it, and his observation and his memory are so keen that he can absorb the whole character of the scene before him, and then, later, reproduce it out of his box—his brain—without, perhaps, doing a scrap of work on the spot. Let the photographer find his subject in the same fashion, and study it in his way, and having, to his own great delight, selected and arranged and composed it, as he says—for he uses only the artist’s technical terms—forget to take the cap off

his lens. What happens then? But he does not forget; he pushes the button, and a picture is the result. Until lately he was the mute inglorious Milton; now he has discovered a machine to make his masterpiece for him. No wonder he laughs at the poor artist who must humbly toil to create beauty, which a camera manufactures for him at once. What a farce it is to think of Titian and Velasquez and Rembrandt actually studying and working, puzzling their brains over subtleties of drawing and modelling, of light and atmosphere and color, when the modern master has but to step into a shop, buy a camera, play a few tricks with gum chromate—I believe it is called—to turn you out a finished masterpiece which is far more like the real thing, he says, than any mere hand-made picture ever could be. Is it not natural that he should boast of his “avowedly revolutionary” aims? Is he not doing for art what Watt and Stephenson have done for labor? There are to be machine-made pictures, as there are machine-made shirts and carpets. In time he hopes to be “released from mechanical trammels,” to which the artist has ever been subjected. He is not “bound down by any rule of accuracy of definition,” which the artist has given his life to make or to break. He dispenses with “capability of producing a documentary fact,” when the greatest artists would give their lives to render, only approximately, one of the smallest. He, however, is in no need of fact; he can, he says, exercise his “fancy and imagination,” which, apparently, he thinks everybody possesses naturally; the artist, for his part, spends his life curbing his fancy and imagination—if he has any. For pictorial work by photography, “an indissoluble connection with the abstruse mysteries of chemistry, optics, and mathematics is . . . very slight indeed;” for the artist, if I understand what is meant, it is indispensable. He discards the world’s universally accepted traditions; it is the artist’s proudest boast to have conserved them. He creates new principles for himself; the artist has jealously preserved those handed down from the earliest ages.

In a word, the photographer is the bold independent who has broken loose from tradition and asserted his individuality, not by the cultivation of his hand and his brain and his eye, that these three unruly members may work together to produce the harmony the artist almost despairs of; no, but by sticking his head into a black box, and at the crucial moment letting a machine do everything for him. It is the chemistry he despises, the optics he is superior to, the science he scoffs at which do the whole thing. I have heard of one artist who, like the photographer, hands over his task to an agent—the Emperor of Germany. He, too, with no trouble to himself, through his faithful Knackfuss, may produce masterpieces; and they are more amusing than photographs because, in this case, the agent is human, not mechanical. When the photographer touches his great works with his hands they cease to be photographs. The most skilful painter is a bungler who takes months to put a figure on his canvas; a photographer's machine will put it on the same canvas while you wait. And the art? Why, with his machinery and his chemicals, he can put upon canvas, upon paper, upon metal, pictures which look to himself and his friends surprisingly like the real thing. The man who sells margarine for butter, and chalk and water for milk, does much the same, and renders himself liable to legal prosecution by doing it. The art of the photographer, as now explained, is to make his photographs as much like something that they are not as he can. The old-fashioned idea was to give a straightforward photograph, as direct and clear and true as possible, a photograph that was of some use as a record. The revolutionary photograph is one that bears upon the surface a vague resemblance to a poor photograph of a charcoal, a sepia, or a wash drawing, to an aquatint or a water-color. I never heard of a great painter who endeavored to palm off his paintings as chromos. The photographer plays with his print, until it is neither the photograph it ought to be, nor the drawing he would like it to be. But his one ambition is to have you forget that his photograph is a photo-

graph. Thus, you read in a sympathetic criticism that a certain print is "a graceful design for a fan in red chalk," when it is nothing but some sort of a faked-up print in red, which looks as much like chalk as that useful commodity does like cheese. All the old critical jargon, long since discarded by even the oldest of the old critics, is brought into service in photographic discussions and notices to strengthen the deception, and the newest of new technical terms into the bargain, to the infinite confusion of the humble inquirer. From one writer, encouraged by the *Times* to the extent of a column and a quarter, I learn that a photographer may employ a method of printing which "allows of an amount of modification, from absolute obliteration to varying degrees of half-tone and shadow;" but I wonder if anybody will tell me what a half-tone is, except, of course, as the term is employed by the mechanical engraver; the critic does not condescend to explain, but adds that the system is one "of which only the most skilful—and they must be true artists also—can avail themselves successfully." They must also, it appears, be possessed of "striking originality and unrivalled artistic feeling," though that they should know anything of drawing and painting does not seem necessary. But they must be "*chic*" to a degree! It is not astonishing to find that the print which inspired this delightfully inappropriate medley of applause should deal with a subject that is confessed to be "*franchement canaille*." Again, I read that a certain photograph of "Molly" "is a piece of decoration for which the beautiful and harmonious frame is somewhat responsible;" were it not also described as an "impression" I would suggest that the frame might have been sent alone. Even the poor tortured term "impression," you see, must be dragged in. It is really in this perpetual and pretentious aping of the artist that photographers have made their blunder. An artist, for example an etcher, is continuously dealing with complex scientific problems, but he does not describe himself as a chemist. The illustrator is hopelessly involved with the printer and the en-

graver, but he does not insist upon joining their trade unions. But it is the irrepressible itch of the amateur or outsider to pass himself off as something he is not that characterizes the present-day photographer. If he is an artist, why does he try to imitate another form of art which has no relation to or connection with his own? When photographers produce some form of art—or artlessness either—which has as much individuality of expression and character as oil-painting or etching, then it will be another matter. But it is safe to say they never will. There is a certain something, a certain virtue, a certain quality—personal, human, emotional, as you may choose to describe—in work done by the unaided union of brain and eye and hand which makes all the difference between art and the machine-manufactured shadow. If the photographer could produce from nature, with his own unaided hands, a duplicate of any one of his photographs, would he use his camera? But I do not believe there is in London a single photographer who could. It is just possible that if some of these clerks, pacons, and stock-brokers were to give up their black boxes and their trades and their business in the City to the study of art, one or two of them might, after many years, become passable artists. But they have yet to begin their apprenticeship.

However, even if photographs are not pictures in the artist's sense of the word, the photographer, ignorant of the most elementary rudiments of drawing, says, "I have taught the artist so much." What has he taught? That the sky is beautiful? Claude knew that centuries ago. That a portrait may be a faithful likeness? He has still to surpass Holbein. Did Muybridge discover the action of the horse, or did the Greeks? Who has told us the most about the growth of flowers and the flight of birds, a bank clerk or the Japanese draughtsman? The photographer has made the artist more accurate, he says. I wonder how much more accurate Van Eyck would have been had he had a kodak. If the photographer, who does not know such elementary historical facts as these, is

to teach the artist, who learnt them in his school-days, if he is to rank with the artist, then the world is a great deal nearer realizing Mr. Bellamy's depressing forecast of the future than any one had any idea of. If the actual work of the artist counts for nothing, then we might as well hear Wagner on a hurdy-gurdy as in Baireuth; the squeaking of a phonograph is quite as "artistic" and original as the voice of the *prima donna*.

But has photography accomplished anything? Yes, it has cheapened art greatly. It has lowered the standard with a public that instinctively prefers the sham and the machine-made and the microscopic; it has reduced the artist to a demoralizing struggle with the amateur simply to get his bread and butter. In the beginning of the century England was celebrated for its beautifully illustrated books, in which the greatest artists, engravers, and printers collaborated to produce a perfect whole. To-day, the place of these books has been taken by the *Strand Magazine* and the *Sketch*, thanks to the services of photography. In the making of books, however, the tendency has always been toward the survival of the cheapest, and the cheapest—usually the newest—has always interested artists for a while, though for other reasons than its cheapness. Steel engraving succumbed before wood engraving and lithography, and they, in turn, have succumbed to the cheapness of the process man. In many ways, until lately, process was a great advance upon any other form of reproduction. Now, process-block makers are mostly photographers, who are killing each other in the race for cheapness. I do not want any one to think I would imply that photography is not useful to the artist. On the contrary, it is, and especially in illustration, since it preserves the illustrator's original design for him. It enables the architect to get, at small expense and without the trouble of going to see and draw them, bits of detail in foreign lands, though this is a questionable advantage. The world's greatest architects managed very well without it. One critic has said that if photographers would turn their attention to the

recording of historic events like the Jubilee, or of vanishing buildings, they could do an immense service to art. In one way this is true; in another it is not. Surely this critic would be the last to suggest that the cinematographic "pictures"—the whole twenty-two thousand of them, shown at the Empire, I think—are equal to one picture of a procession by Carpaccio, painted centuries before we had any photographs. No doubt twenty-two thousand artists would be required to secure as many views of the Jubilee procession as were obtained by the cinematograph, and their employment might have been too much of a good thing. But if, say, half a dozen accomplished artists had been commissioned, and allowed to do what they wanted, might we not have had a record of some artistic importance? As to the photographing of old buildings, which would the architect rather have, an etching by Piranesi or a photograph by one of the most revolutionary of the "Salon" photographers?

I cannot agree with this same critic that a photograph will give a better idea of an ancient building than a drawing by a trained architectural draughtsman. The senseless lens of the camera will never record the vital, characteristic qualities of great architecture. For two reasons: first, because it is mechanically impossible in the majority of cases for the lens to take in the subject that is wanted; and secondly, even if it does, there is always, in the best of photographs, a hopeless confusion of detail and light and shade. While there is still another reason, out of which photographers may make as much or as little as they wish: an architectural draughtsman uses his brain and his hands to give the best possible rendering of a building, and to do this he is frequently compelled to compose his effects and to alter his point of view. Of course the photographer may say that he can make composite photographs. But a composite photograph of architecture would be a quaint, weird, uncanny object—I mean, if the photographer were to change his point of view as the draughtsman does. The pictures by Canaletto are a thousand times more

realistic than any photograph ever made of Venice. And though I have heard it objected that a painter like Rico, for example, produces nothing but colored photographs, you have but to put a colored photograph alongside of one of Rico's pictures to appreciate the difference. I am, however, altogether in sympathy with D. S. M., the critic to whom I refer, when he says—and, indeed, I have said the same thing myself—that I would as soon have a good photograph as many of the pictures one is compelled to look at. And yet, after all, I am not sure that this is not a mere figure of speech; when it comes to the point, I would not. I look at the average Israels, or Luke Fildes, or Geoffroi, and I know that while a photographer can adopt their methods of composition, and build up hovels in swell studios, and arrange the light and group the figures most effectively in it, he can go no further. These painters can, with time and with patience and great struggles, produce something that is truer to the facts before them than the machine, though these facts may not be so elaborately recorded. Take the machine away from the photographer, and what can he do? Nothing. The other man can copy what he sees, and no camera can with any intelligence, while the photographer working the machine does nothing. Really the painter, no matter whether the result is artistic or not, should have more credit than a machine for doing the same thing. I may not like the result; it may be shockingly bad as art; but it is infinitely more praiseworthy than the photograph. Again, it has been suggested that the amateur photographer devote himself to preserving for us copies of furniture, embroidery, tapestry, and jewelry. Now, anybody who knows anything about the difficulties of drawing or photographing just these objects, knows how hopelessly impossible it is for the camera to reproduce many of them. Whoever prefers the best photograph to a drawing of virtually the same subjects by any great artist, from the time of Mantegna and Dürer to Jacquemart, must have had his eyesight impaired by the study of photographs.

Photography is also of use to the illustrator by enabling him to get more material from which to work up his drawings with less trouble. But this also is a doubtful advantage. For if he depends on his camera instead of using his sketch-book, that is the end of him. He is saved at times drudgery to which Carpaccio, Guardi, Hogarth were subjected—and they were all the better draughtsmen for it. A good photograph of an event will prove more suggestive to the clever illustrator than a bad drawing, but in nine cases out of ten the illustrator would have preferred to be on the spot with a lead-pencil instead of a camera. For instance, an event like the Jubilee procession, which occurs but once in the history of the world, and which, as it happened, occurred on a beautifully clear day, can be recorded by photography more completely than in any other way; unless, as I have said, the same number of artists as there were photographers have been set to work. But the photographs made were no more works of art than the phonograph recital of a great poet's poem is an original creation. Both are curious reproductions. And useful as photography is to the illustrator on the weekly or daily Press, it is safe to say it is absolutely useless unless he can draw equally well without it. It may verify momentary action for him, and at times prove him to be right or wrong; but, although artists had not the same means of verification, the same facts were known to them hundreds of years before photography was invented. I have made photographs, and used them, and found them helpful, and so, I fancy, has every other illustrator. But there are few who would not rather, when it is possible, study a subject from nature than from a photograph, using the photograph only to help out their sketches, much as the novelist makes use of historical documents to obtain his facts, or, better still, doing without it altogether. With the illustrator, unfortunately, it is frequently a question of time. I once made any number of photographs of bull fights, because I could not stay in Spain any longer. But, somehow, I do not know that I have beaten Goya, who devoted

many years of his life to the subject before photography was invented. And I prefer the etchings of Rembrandt and Whistler to any photographic facts about London or Amsterdam. As I understand it, an artist who is an artist, when he uses photographs, does so simply to save time. Art was invented before photography, and, if photography were to be prohibited tomorrow, art would continue. Only, I believe that better work would be done by the artist. For there is no doubt that many artists and draughtsmen do now depend upon photographs, more or less. Instead of taking a sketch-book, or else along with it, they take a camera. If they take a camera alone, they simply shirk their work and ruin their style. And if their attention is divided between the camera and the sketch-book, the chances are they bring back with them nothing. A few artists can render in their sketches even the most momentary effects, the most transitory actions, the ability to do this having been acquired by a lifetime of observation. Anybody can make a snapshot of the same subject—as photographers themselves say, anybody can make a good photograph. But the man who can put down his notes of what he has seen is an artist; the man who cannot is a photographer. Instead of teaching us how to see things, photography is simply keeping some artists from observing them at all. Instead of the bulk of students trying to produce architectural studies which shall rival those of Turner, they make the merest notes and plans, and depend upon photographs which, eventually, prove of but too little assistance to them. If this were the rule, as fortunately it is not, in one hundred years, as likely as not, sketching would become a lost art, until the great artist was born who would revive it.

Less questionable is the service rendered to science and medicine by photography. It has also added to the pleasure of many people by the suggestive reproductions of old and modern pictures which it can supply, though here it has been productive of evil as well as good, for it has reduced the study of painting for historian and

critic to a study of photographs, and we have the much vaunted new criticism of the disciples of Morelli as the result.

Finally, unless a man can draw with his own unaided hand he is not an artist, he never has been considered one, and he never will be. To fake up photographic prints so that they shall look like drawings or paintings is a sham which one would think any person who pretended to call himself an artist would be ashamed to descend to. It is a harmless amusement to make photographs, but to publish them as works of art is more serious, because it helps to lower the standard, already too low, for the great ignorant, artless public. This is the one grievance artists have against the photographers: they cheapen and degrade everything, even their own often excellent work, when they insist that they themselves are artists, and that their snapshots printed on stained papers, faked and fiddled, are works of art. They might to their profit remember that

the best work in photo-engraving, the one photographic contrivance that comes in direct connection with art, is done by men who were first artists, and then afterward turned to photography. If some day artists devote themselves seriously to making snapshot "pictures," the photographic amateur will have a bad time of it. Even photographers admit that the artist who has been trained knows best what to do with the camera. It stands to reason that the man who talks loudly about tones and values without the ability to render them with his own hands, will run a poor chance against the man who spends his life studying and trying to record these most evanescent and elusive phenomena of nature. However, just as margarine has never superseded butter, or chalk and water milk, or been put in equal rank with it, so photography, even at its best and in the hands of artists, will never destroy art, will never be considered one of the fine arts.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE NEW HUMANITARIANISM.

IN 1813 Elizabeth Fry, visiting Newgate, found women chained to the ground, lying in a dark cell, on straw changed once a week, clothed only in a petticoat, hardly visible for vermin. In 1897 a deer was impaled and killed during a run of the Royal Buckhounds. The epithets spattered over the latter fact by part of the public press in London would not have been at all inadequate as applied to the former. We read of "the terrible death of the deer," "the piteous story," the "brutal cruelties," "barbarities," and "atrocious incidents" of the hunt. Both Newgate and the Royal Buckhounds are public institutions, and the country is by way of being responsible for them. Yet Elizabeth Fry was held something of an eccentric for objecting to this form of the punishment of the guilty in Newgate; while there are certainly hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people in Britain who hardly find the abuse above quoted sufficient for the iniquities of the Buckhounds. Con-

crete instances like this show such a change of sentiment well within the span of the closing century as can only be called prodigious. We say provisionally a change of public sentiment, and not of public morality; for if it should turn out a question of morality, then we must conclude either that the contemporaries of Wellington and Peel were all devils or that the editor of the "Star" is an angel.

The root of the revolution lies in the respective values which two generations set upon physical pain. You will see the same even more clearly by going back another couple of generations to the days of Tom Jones or Roderick Random. "Coarse" and "brutal" are the epithets which our age selects for theirs. But again the root of the difference lies in the importance our modern fashionable sentiment—shall we say "fashionable cant"—at once and be out with it?—attaches to the avoidance of physical pain. Ensign Northerton was a brute in his

day, and Tom Jones was a man; in ours Tom is a brute and the Ensign a demon. It may be the essence of civilization, or an accident of it; but all our Victorian sentiments, all our movements, all our humanitarianist talk, trend in one direction—toward the conviction that death and pain are the worst of evils, their elimination the most desirable of goods.

To many people—so fast are we soddening with that materialism which calls itself humanity—this proposition about death and pain and their antitheses will seem a truism. But perhaps some of them will falter in that belief when they see to what monstrosities this deification of painlessness can give birth. It is throttling patriotism and common-sense and virility of individual character; it is even stunting its own squat idol by taking away pain with one hand only to foster it with the other; and, worst danger of all, its success means the destruction of all manlier ideals of character than its own.

Consider the gospel of painlessness in a few of its developments; and take first the simplest. Whence come the flaccid ideas of to-day in point of health and sickness? Why do we hatch out addled babies from incubators? Why does the "Daily Telegraph" endow cripples with Christmas hampers? In order, you would naturally answer, first, to bring into the world beings who must needs be a curse to themselves and to everybody about them; second, to persuade these beings that there is some kind of merit in being such a curse. Everybody who knows anything of working men's homes knows how proud of its deformity a cripple of that class can be, and how that pride is pandered to and even shared by all who can claim kinship with it. At a charitable Christmas entertainment held annually in the East End, it is the custom to put up the most misshapen cripples procurable to sing a hymn by themselves; and the hideous exhibition is by far the most popular turn of the evening. Now, nothing can be more rankly unwholesome than such a state of sentiment. It may be unjust to blame cripples; it is as unjust and far more pernicious,

remembering that their case is nearly always due to the vices or negligence of parents, to pamper them. Parents should be taught to be ashamed of crippled children. And children, both in this and higher states of life, ought to be taught to be proud of being well, not of being ill; to be taught that sickness is not a source of interest, but a badge of inferiority; that to be healthy is the prime condition of all things desirable in life, and that the only way to palliate ill-health is to ignore it. Such an education might be trusted to breed healthy bodies controlled and mastered by healthy minds. But that would be blasphemy against the gospel of painlessness. Pain is to be assuaged if possible, but cockered in any case; to be pitied, advertised, rewarded—anything except silently endured.

Moreover, this new humanitarianism is always conspicuously illogical in the working out of its own creed. Aiming at nothing higher than the extinction of pain, its disciples, by sheer feather-headedness, cause a great deal more suffering than they alleviate. It is too early to follow the after-life of the incubator-hatched baby; but it is fairly safe to predict that throughout a brief and puny life its unwholesomeness will mock the false humanity that would not let it die. As for the cripples, there is in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, a small, but very admirably managed, hospital for that branch of them which suffers from hip-disease. Now, if you are to cherish cripples, you would think that there could be no better way of doing so than this—the more so in that hip-disease is both incurable and incapacitating. But no. That hospital, because it is quiet and no hand at advertising, is indigent to the point of shutting its doors; while money flows in merrily to buy turkeys for other cripples' relatives' Christmas dinners. Perhaps the reason for the antithesis is that the object must not merely be an imperfect human being, but, in order to win full sympathy, must exhibit himself as such in public.

Yet it may be neither by oversight nor by inconsideration that this little hospital is starved. For you must know that among our humanitarians is

a strong wing, which objects strenuously to hospitals altogether. It is an extraordinary irony that the self-sent apostles, whose mission is to do away with pain, should launch some of their finest diatribes against hospitals, which have no other mission in the world than themselves to combat pain. An extraordinary irony—but it is perfectly true, and the fact is very fruitful of enlightenment. You will find in the writings of these apostles attacks on the atrocities of hospitals set out with language almost too strong to be applied to a dead deer. Hospitals, they tell us, are shambles where human victims are vivisected for the curiosity, not to say the entertainment, of cold scientists. We are exhorted in fervent rhetoric to rise all together and stop the butchery of our fellow-men for a surgeon's holiday. This cry, which peals periodically from a part of the press of London, is almost the most instructive of all the manifestations of the new spirit. The surgeon understands what he is doing with his patient; his detractors do not. His aim is ultimately the same as theirs—to eliminate pain from life; they can hardly dispute that. But just because he understands, because he takes a broad view, because, without neglecting the individual case, he looks beyond it to principles which may prove of general beneficence—because of this he is next door to a murderer. Herein, not expressed but involved, you have the craven fear of pain in its naked simplicity. You must not cut to save a limb, to save a life, to save ten thousand lives—because we cannot bear to see the blood. Send out as many cripples, as many valetudinarians as you will—but we cannot bear to think of the supreme moment of kill or cure. Put us under morphia to muffle our pain, let a nurse sit holding our hand and stroking our forehead. But if you inflict one healing pang, exert one touch of salutary discipline, then you are no benefactor, but a heartless devil.

The outcry against vaccination, against vivisection, furnishes an exactly parallel case. The same sentiment is at the heart of both—the unconquerable shrinking from initial pain, even

though it promise to repay itself by tenfold exemption in the future. Of course the agitators against vaccination and vivisection assure themselves that there are no repaying benefits to follow, and in a way they are sincere. But their sincerity is not that which comes from a cool-headed review of known facts; it is the sincerity of an emotion which has overwhelmed reason. An unbiassed deduction from the experience of smallpox epidemics, from the records of medical progress, must convince the most unwilling of us that the benefits of both vaccination and vivisection are real and appreciable. Whether they outweigh the death of a few weakly infants and the suffering of a few insensitive animals is another question—most people would readily answer it with a "Yes." The anti-vaccinators and anti-vivisectionists might, on consideration, answer it with a "No." But the instructive feature of their case is that they do not consider at all. They never get so far. The sight of the scabs on a baby's arm, the idea of the yelping of a tortured dog—the first hint or imagining of physical pain—is enough to paralyze their reason.

The same blind horror of physical pain may be found at the bottom of half the 'isms of the day. In almost all, when they are strongly felt, it seems actually to destroy reason till the fad contradicts itself—as, for one more example, in the vegetarian, who abstains from beef and chicken out of pity for bullocks and fowls, yet eats butter and eggs without ever asking to what fate he is thus dooming superfluous bull-calves and cockerels. The like unconscious self-condemnation awaits our humanitarians when they pass from the domain of physical to that of moral incapacity. Nowhere do they show their sentimentality and their unreason better combined than in what is called prison-reform. A plain man who sees the warm, airy, light, clean cells of British prisons is apt to ask himself wherein, but for the necessary loss of liberty, the hardship of punishment consists. Let him turn to the exponents of painlessness, and he will discover that. Our prisons also, as well as our hospitals, are dens

of hideous cruelty. When he tries to find out what it is all about, he discovers that some prisoners have meagre fare, that a few are set to really hard physical work, that convicts spend a small part of their sentence without constant companionship, that habitual insubordinates can, on a magistrate's order, be whipped with a whipcord cat, and that warders do not always speak to convicts with respect. This is called cruel, tending to madness, brutalizing. Our grandfathers would have laughed at such charges. Such cruelty, they would have replied, would come not amiss to wife-beaters, ravishers, swindlers : if a man goes mad in nine months, although he can constantly speak to his fellow-prisoners at exercise or when at work about the corridors, then his mental balance is no loss to himself or anybody ; the very cat can hardly brutalize him, since he has to be brutal before he could earn it. But such replies are not for our soft-hearted generation. Instead they point us westward to free America, whose felons, as a native authority has said, are "better housed, fed, clad, and comforted than the laboring poor of any other portion of the globe ;" whose housebreakers feed on beef-steaks and hot biscuits for breakfast, and street-walkers get jam to their tea. They point us to Elmira, that university miscalled a prison, where the embezzler is taught German, shorthand, and telegraphy, and the disguise-artist is encouraged to model in wax.

It is all one more outcrop of exactly the same folly. Avoid immediate pain—no matter at what cost hereafter. And here again the folly is exactly as ironically self-destroying. It would be absurd to ask whether criminals inflict or suffer the more pain. It may be all one to you whether pain be deserved or not ; to save the guilty the greater suffering, you may, as would willingly many of our crack-brained sentimentalists, inflict the lesser upon the innocent. But this is exactly what they do not do ; to save the guilty the lesser evil, they plague the guiltless with the greater. In point of fact, the modern vice of pampering criminals may fairly be held to cause greater inconvenience

both to the innocent victims and to the interesting agents. For laxity does not reform. It was supposed that the University Extension course of Elmira did prevent those who had experienced it from returning for a further term of instruction ; only one day it came out that the lectures on Moral Philosophy were supplemented by smacking with a sort of butter-patter, and we may fairly attribute the deterrent effect to the bodily influence rather than the spiritual. For the rest, crime increases in lax America. In Great Britain—severe by comparison with America, though lax enough when you consider the punishments of former days—crime is decreasing. The only other European country of which you can say the same is Belgium, where our humanitarians will hold up horrified hands to hear that sentences of nine years' solitary confinement are enforced, and that a sort of convalescent prison is needed to bring the criminal gradually back to his reason. No such barbarity for us ! Among us you will find a tumult of voices ever crying aloud for less, not more, severity. And, so far as crime can be checked or encouraged by punishment, they are asking for reforms that will spread crime, involve more frequent if less sure terms of detention for criminals, and thus add prodigiously to the sum-total of suffering among guilty and guiltless alike. Here once more the gospel of painlessness recoils to its own defeat.

Nowhere will you find the new doctrine better exemplified than in politics. It is a guiding principle of that school which delights to cry down British methods, British policy, British achievements. If pain, as such, is the one great evil, it is all one whose pain it is. There is no more distinction between your own countrymen and another. There is no more tragedy in the death of your countryman doing his duty than in the death of an Orukzai who shoots his uncles from behind walls. There is no such possibility as patriotism left. You will start reasonably enough : the true patriot, you will say, desires the highest good of his country, which is not to be found in killing Orukzais ; and though you hold an Orukzai's life just as high as a Gor-

don Highlander's, you do not hold it a whit higher. An Armenian is a human life and a Turk is a human life, and the one is as precious as the other. You may start with these plausible principles, but you will not maintain them. The very friction with your simpler fellows, who hold any one British life worth any half-dozen others, will irritate your theoretic philanthropy into a steady prepossession against your own countrymen. The sight of any man violating your precept will stir your humane indignation to a blood-thirsty desire for the suffering of the violator. This is called righteous anger, but in its effects, had it but free play, it is the old irony—humanitarianism defeating its own end. What better instance than the Anglo-Armenians, who first fanatically swallow oriental tales of outrage, then frantically exaggerate and agitate till they have stirred the half truth into hideous reality; then they are for war and slaughter, as though a stream of blood were to be slaked by a deluge. The professed war-haters have been of late the very men who cry most savagely for a war more deadly than a century of barbarous faction-fighting. The party of force at no-price, of abstract quixotic justice, is the first to find unsuspected—and non-existent—points in favour of the United States when the Republic makes baseless claims on their own country and backs them by unmannerly bluster. It must be so inevitably. No man is so superhuman in his dry intelligence that he can keep a principle impartially applied to affairs that stir the passions of nations. And he that is not with his country is against it.

Perhaps these are illustrations enough. It is not alleged that the various modern tendencies here touched on are all ramifications of a gigantic conspiracy laboring to impose its formula on the world. They have their family likeness and their mutual sympathies, but their fundamental unity is unconscious. Yet that fundamental unity exists: the elevation of pain and—not pleasure, mark, but—the absence of pain into the ultimate standards of evil and good. Applied without common-sense or self-control, it is plain

that this standard works its own undoing. But that, it will be urged, is no valid aspersion on the standard itself. Would not the test of avoidance of pain, honestly and judiciously applied, furnish a trustworthy guide for public action? Does not civilization itself consist exactly in this—in an organized common effort for the extinction, so far as is attainable, of pain and of death?

Certainly there is a measure of truth in this. The organization of a civilized State is a vast conspiracy for the preservation of life. A rank socialist might see his way to denying this: yet it remains undeniable that even for the lowest, weakest, and poorest a modern civilized State gives such security of life as the low and weak and poor know in no other form of society. Civilization lays a restraining hand on the strong and bold, who would bully us: it furnishes great devices and combinations whereby we may win comforts from nature which without them would be too hard for us. It finds incubators to help us into the world, and disinfectants to keep us from helping our fellows out of it.

Certainly civilization does all this. And yet there is no divine virtue in civilization, either the word or the thing. If civilization is a conspiracy for the preservation of puny life, lowering the physical standard of the race, then civilization may be no blessing, but a curse. Civilization, further, is not only not divine; it is human. If its broad and general tendencies are unrecognized by those in the stream of them, they are not less products of human will. We can change or guide the stream of civilization, after all; it behoves us the more, therefore, to look anxiously to its direction.

The present direction in Britain appears on the above showing to be a wrong one; and if we are not careful it will lead us straight to national perdition. Civilization is making it much too easy to live; humanitarianism is turning approval of easiness of living into the one standard of virtue. A wiser civilization would look, not to the indiscriminate preservation of life, but to the quality of the life preserved. A wiser humanitarianism would make

it easy for the lower quality of life to die. It sounds brutal, but why not? We have let brutality die out too much. Our horror of pain has led us to foster only the softer virtues and leave the harsher alone. Again, it sounds absurd even to use such a phrase as "harsher virtues"—though Aristotle, to take one instance of a man perhaps as wise as we, knew very well what they are. His ideal of character was not the kind man, nor the man opposed to corporal punishment, nor the man superior to mere patriotism, but the great-souled man. This quality is "the crown of all virtues; it enhances them, and cannot begin to exist without them." And among the attributes of the great-souled man were these. He was the man "who holds himself worthy of great deserts, and is so worthy. . . . The great-souled man despises justly, whereas the crowd despises at haphazard. To be respected by the lowly he holds as vulgar as to use his strength against the weak. . . . In his life he takes no heed of any but his friends: to do otherwise is servile; which is why all flatterers are coarse and all the lowly are flatterers. . . . He is no gossip; he will tattle neither of himself nor of others, for it is all one to him whether others praise or condemn him."

Nobody wants to re establish a Greek standard of character for British men—the less so in that its results as handed down by the Greeks themselves are not overworthy of admiration. Nevertheless we might well admit these heathen virtues of proper pride and a sort of self-respecting egoism, and others, as a bracing tonic to our later morality. We ought not to forget to temper mercy with justice—even with that rude and brutal exercise of superiority which may be called natural justice. It was not by holding all men—not to say all beasts—as of equal right with ourselves that we made ourselves a great nation. It is not thus that we keep ourselves great. We became and are an Imperial race by dealing necessary pain to other men, just as we become powerful men by dealing necessary pain to other animals—whether they be slaughtered oxen or hunted stags. There is no reason in

gloating over the pain we have risen upon, but there is even less in pretending that it does not exist. We may as well recognize that if we are to remain, nationally and individually, fitted to cope successfully with nature, with rival animals and with rival men, we must find and observe some other virtues besides those which consist in combating pain. Already our gentler civilization has softened us physically. We make bicycle records, but we are not prepared to converse coolly while having our legs cut off, as was the way of our great-grandfathers. We are better fed, better clothed, better housed than they were; probably we enjoy better health, and certainly we live longer. But we do not drink so well, love so well, suffer so well, fight so well; physically and emotionally we have subdued ourselves to a lower plane. Partly this follows inevitably on alleviated material conditions which we could not put back if we would; but partly it is due to the softening of our current ethics. It is believed in our generation that men who are ready to inflict pain are precisely the men who are unready to endure it; though, curiously, that same generation refuses to flog wife-beaters and assaulters of children. In their case the principle may be broadly true; but it was not true of our forefathers—Covenanters, buccaneers, politicians, sailors, pitmen; what you will. They burned and marooned and beheaded and shot and fought cocks; but they were quite ready to bear the like sufferings when their turn came. So they bred hardihood; yet, brutes as you may call them, they still continued to be not less generous, loving, even self-sacrificing, than we. Within the limits they recognized as claiming their duty—family, friends, country—they could be all sweetness; outside they could be pitiless. On these painfully unhumanitarian principles they built the British empire.

At present we keep it on these principles—only we try not to let ourselves know it. We shoot down dervishes who are fighting for their religion as sincerely as did our own Ironsides, and Matabele who have every whit as pure a belief in the righteousness of slave-

raiding as we in its iniquity ; we drive Afridis into the bitter snow to starve because they think it well to steal rifles and shoot strangers, while we do not. The naked principle of our rule is that our way is the way that shall be walked in, let it cost what pain it may. Meantime our humanitarians preach exactly the contrary. And if they are right we have two courses before us. Either we may go on, as now, conducting our empire by force, and pretend that we do so by charity and meekness ; or we may cease to conduct it by force, and try to do so by charity and meekness. In the first case we shall finally engrain hypocrisy as the dominant trait of our national character ; in the second we shall very soon have no national character or national self-esteem or national existence to lose.

As the savage virtues die out, the civilized vices spring up in their place. Pride gives way to the ambition to be thought to have a right to be proud ; frank contempt and hatred are replaced by backbiting. The readiness to hurt or be hurt physically we exchange for a smoother but deadlier unscrupulousness. The duel was hissed out of England because it killed the body ; in its stead reigns scandal, which kills the soul. Sport, which slaughters beasts, is yielding to betting on professional athletics, which fritters away the minds of men. As we become more sensitive to physical, we become more callous to mental, agony. An educated woman, a woman in society, a good woman, will whimper for a week if her child is to have a mole cut from its cheek, and cannot bear to see the operation, lest she should faint at the sight of blood. But she will dress herself carefully and attend a trial for murder, dividing her opera-glass impartially, while the jury are away, between such part of the face of the accused as he cannot cover with his hands and the face of his wife. And yet, when that man is proved a cold-blooded murderer, this good woman will be the first to shudder at the reflection that he is to be hanged. We talk of our age as spiritual, but what is this but gross materialism ? Pain is no longer to be considered unless it can be felt with the body. So, while we shudder

at the pains of a small war, and would go to almost any humiliation to avert a great one, we are every year more in bondage to industrial strife—to the blind selfishness of the locker-out and the malignant factiousness of the trade-unionist. Here is more materialism : death is not death unless you can see the bleeding bodies. But then, of course, industrial war only ruins our country : the other kind of war might hurt foreigners. For—deplorably, perhaps, but incontestably—the content of the human affections is limited ; and the more love we spare for men of other race and speech and color, the less we have left for our own.

And what a pitiful spirit in itself, this new crusade against pain ! It is not the cult of pleasure—that its votaries would be the first to disclaim. It is a creed purely negative—a creed, therefore, inferior to the merest epicureanism. A moral code that is positive is at least a creed that makes a man more of a man ; a code that is all negative—all *antis* and no *pros*—makes nothing but a protesting machine—a string of self-righteous formulas. We must not hurt stags, and we must not whip criminals, and we must not, it now appears, cut out cancers ; but what may we do ? Attend League football matches, teach garroters moral philosophy, and dose the cancerous with homœopathic globules ? The substitutes are inadequate enough ; but to do justice to those whom we are protesting against, it is not they who propose such substitutes. Faddists propose many ridiculous remedies for imaginary diseases ; but the newest kind of sentimental humanitarian is not necessarily or even generally a faddist. He or she has simply a vague shudder at the thought of pain, and often backs it up by no *fad* or positive suggestion at all ; it is merely a sentiment without principle. Only that sentiment is coming more and more to suffuse and to inspire all our British thought—the shudder is beginning to be accepted instead of a code of morality. It is all for forbidding and no permitting, for undoing and no doing, for an abstract average common weal, but no concrete individual weal. It tends toward a compact by which we

shall all of us covenant to do nothing lest one of us might hurt another. It is not the frame of mind which makes great fortunes, or great nations, or great men. No; nor even good men. Unless a good man is good in quite another way from a good horse or a good table, he is a man who most fully embodies the properties of a man; which object is assuredly not attained by the mere refusal to give or suffer pain. Goodness is difficult to define, and still more difficult to dogmatize about, but it is at least safe to say that it consists in action, not in abstinence from action. To suppose it lies in a negative, even of the most amiable kind, is an emasculation of the word fit only to produce a nation of blameless, praiseless nobodies. "It is our sins that make us great."

The idea that pain is the worst of evils destroys many virtues which we cannot afford to lose; it fosters many vices which we could gratefully spare; it is a bloodless, unfruitful basis for morality. And for the last point, it is in most cases—not in all, but in most—a lie. The people that pretend to elevate it to a principle do not really believe it. Out of paradox, out of moral self-conceit, out of genuine tenderness of heart, they may say they do; but at heart they generally do not.

How many genuinely believe, and practically enforce the belief, that a beast's pain should outweigh a man's profit? How many genuinely believe that a wife-beater should not be beaten? How many truly think that it is as deplorable that an Afridi should be shot as that a Briton should? There are some such possibly: you will know them by their refusal to drink milk, their habit of allowing themselves to be pushed in a crowd without pushing back, their readiness to give their daughters in marriage to savages. With the rest humanitarianism is not a principle, but a weakness. It is even a vicarious cowardice. By sympathy they transfer the pain of others to themselves, and their pity is not benevolence, but dislike of sensations painful to themselves. Now it is nobody's duty to like painful sensations; but in a world full of them, and for all we can see inevitably full of them, it is everybody's duty to face them. To refuse to do so will certainly do little enough toward their extinction. And to the few who do honestly try to abolish the painful as such, we may make bold to say that, should they succeed, mankind would be poorer, weaker, and even unhappier without it. — *Blackwood's Magazine*.

RUSTICATING IN RUSSIA.

BY E. HUGHES.

THIS is the story of a vigil. There are nights—"white nights" they are called—in some corners of Russia which are almost like days. The blueness never leaves the sky, and into it the lark has been known to rise and sing matins at midnight; I myself once saw the last afterglow of a belated sunset met by the on sweep of a rosy wave from the sunrise. That was on our June 21st (June 11th, Russian style), the shortest night of the year and the one on which I kept vigil. The story of the vigil will be one only of sight and sound and scent, not of event; for nothing happened in particular that I know of—no murder by some

furious Finnish peasant, who drew the knife which he always wears, and clenched his white teeth, and set his hard face, and slew in the still shadow of the pinewood. Such a thing happened, it is true, one night while I was living in the village, but not on the night on which I kept vigil. Nor yet was this the night when bonfires were lit by the shallow waters, safe upon the sandy shore, throwing patches of light, warm and red, now upon some little cock-boat with its solitary Charon paddling softly in the darkness, now upon a group of dancing peasants, red-shirted and red-skirted, kerchiefed and booted, holding festival between the

piners ; for such a night was the eve of St. John, a night of mystic ceremonies, when a few mad maidens gathered select nosegays in the twilight, to cast them secretly adrift upon the sea that they might prophesy of the future next morning. The bonfires were left to die out before midnight, and rain came, and the paths among the pines were alive with leaping things ; and that was not the night of the vigil. Nor was it the night on which a still little body was brought home from the treacherous waters, close in the arms and under the bowed head of the peasant mother, who cried out "*Katõva!*" "It is over—it is finished—he is dead !" as the curious neighbors crowded round her, then wept spasmodically, busied over the stiffening limbs, and again wept stormily with the father on his return to the *izba*, until both ended their weeping in the strangely sobbed "*Nichevó!*" It is nothing—it had to be—it is the will of God." For *Nichevó* is the Russian fatalist formula ; it escapes from the lips of the peasant in every variety of intonation, flippant or feeling, reassuring or resignatory, filled full with contempt or dyed deep with melancholy ; it is the characteristic note of his acquiescent temperament ; it means "I submit, I am helpless, I cannot resist it, thus it is the same to me whatever happens, i.e., it is nothing at all—*Nichevó.*" He may have broken the leg of his stool, or of his dearest friend or foe, and the same exclamation will fall, if not at once, then eventually. It expresses no hard-heartedness, rather a tenderness, of reflection that *Hospody* is wise and must know the best. It is the word oftenest mumbled by *vodka*-stepped lips as well as by those that utter thought in sober earnest. I have often thought that it is the keynote to the Tolstoi position—the pass-word of the creed of long-suffering.

But on the night that I kept vigil I do not know that I heard it at all, unless perchance Nature was breathing it all around me.

Where I kept the vigil was on the balcony of a *dacha*. That is a loosely built house of wood more or less far removed from the precincts of a town, wherein to dwell at ease and lead a pic-

nicing sort of life during the summer months. There are long straggling villages of such houses, villages of which a few peasant *izbas* have generally been the nucleus. In these villages the *mushik* is not poor but prosperous often ; he may own one *dacha*, or two, or three, and always has an eager crowd of aspirants to the tenancy of them—summer emigrants from Petersburg. They are cheap in the building and dear in the rental. I saw the antecedents of most of them in a great timber barge, lying lop-sided in the gulf one day. Such barges float down the rivers from the interior laden with fuel for Petersburg hearths. They never return up the rivers in their unwieldy saillessness, but the builder of wooden houses buys them, floors, walls and roofs the *dacha* with their gray, weather-stained timbers, shingles the roof, decorates the portal with rude carving, sets up rude wooden pillars to sustain verandah and balcony, embellished too with carving, paints the outside front green or gray, brown or red, roughly papers the interior in old-world designs of stringed roses or brown and chocolate diamonds, very careless of pattern meeting pattern in odd corners and spaces, pales round the frontage a variously sized square of sandy garden whose paths are ungravelled, whose lawns are inclined to grow hay, but whose huge trees are full of sweet scents and singing birds, and so offers space and shelter all but unadorned to those who have roubles to spare for a summer rustication. And they who rusticate do it simply ; they curtain the verandas and balconies and perhaps the windows, fling down a rug or two, set hammock chairs and plain tables where the *samovar* steams hospitably on embroidered linen, more often than not out on the veranda rather than in doors, and so keep mild festival all summer-time with music, song, talk, and the passing excitement of occurrences in the rustic street, living life without reserve, without luxury, without care, calmly in the open.

The carving and pillars of my balcony were painted a soft green, and overshadowing it three great limes lifted their offering of sweet spices to sun or stars. The floor of it was broad

though rickety, and its creamy curtains flapped in the summer wind like the taut sails of a ship. Watching the night through from here was like listening for a secret from the lips of a reserved person—an imperceptible winning of Nature aloof to become confidential, of Nature impersonal to become personal, of Nature unrelenting to become sympathetic. To wait for the dwindling away of sound into silence; first the dwindling of human sound—to wait until the last sing-song call of a musical Russian name—Natacha, Sarsha, Anna—had ceased from the lips of lively, sportive children at their games about the dry ditch, weed-green between footpath and road; until the last parent-peasants had tramped away with their kerchiefed heads and brilliant aprons, their high boots and thick beards, from holding melodramatic converse on the benches flanking the little bridges over the ditch before each *dacha* gateway; until sonorous conversation from neighboring verandahs, where the *samovar* had ceased to hiss and the last glass of tea was being drunk, had begun to die out, and the talking, talking, talking in massive German or mellifluous Russian with its swishing consonants and broad, lingering vowels—inclining me to eavesdrop and dwell upon imaginative visions of the groups behind the curtains, the indolent pearl-powdered women, the uniformed men loitering in the coolness—had ended in the soft-sounding note of departure, “*Da svodania*,” “*Au revoir*,” until every voice was lulled and the village had fallen asleep:—to wait for this intimacy of silence was exquisite.

Then in the interval came the realization of things through their absence, as it so often happens. In the hushed and lifeless street the realization of its life, of its actual being, of its scent and sound and color—of how the wide, still, sandy road went on and on and on, wooden houses on each side of it, with their glowing gardens fragrant with nicotine and carnations; went on for long until it swept into the pine forest, flanked by its flimsy sand-embankment on which the railroad ran through verdure and loveliness of larch and birch; of how the grand colon-

nade of birch trees mid-way in its course must be almost steaming in the damp night with their aromatic incense; of how the bright, green-painted church over against it was harboring incense too in the close darkness about its shrines and heavily gilded altars; of how the people had prayed and kissed the book and flung themselves with foreheads to the ground and made the triple sign of the cross there that evening, and had come out to meet the sun upon their faces and had forgotten it all; of the crowd of their various life as they passed down the street and met others who had not been there—the gypsies in their swinging red skirts and silken shawls of crimson, dirty, ringleted, handsome, wicked, the men in velvet and silver buttons with ringlets too; the Finnish musicians, violinist and girl-harpist with an orange kerchief, who played merry jingling tunes with impassive, sad-colored faces; a Tartar woman with shawl-veiled face and shoulders, with free and graceful walk; some *dacha* residents in the *deshabille* of Russian embroidered shirts, and the nurses of their children with bare arms and bosom, dainty in white cambric and scarlet petticoat and beribboned *cacoshnik* over their smooth hair; all these met by the priest with his book, striding lank-haired, tall-hatted, with wide-sleeved cassock of maroon or brown. Though the street was emptied of them now, they all passed down it before me under the magic blue of the midnight with a less marionette-like existence than I had before found in them, either here or on the broad bridges of Petersburg.

And as the road passed into the pine-forest, so did my thoughts to the wonders of its treasure—tempting treasure of wax-like flowers in damp, secluded places, of brilliant fungi and dainty devices of ferny undergrowth trembling in the stillness, of rich moss and heath and purple berries and sweet-scented strawberries; of how at night there would be strange, mysterious, clinging, creeping, tingling life in the thick of their lovely tangle, of how the moisture and the mist would be about it, the moths and the winged things, drifted on their sea of air, dealing

death and life among the fruits and the flowers. And the winged things reminded me too how all this treasure had its wardens, how the places of wealth are jealously guarded by the truculent mosquito and other flies of the brotherhood who know well how to make the soul of the human plunderer miserable; how they may dine at some auspicious moment with a nice discrimination upon his eyelid, and so seal his eye with a burning, swelling seal for the full half of a week, he buying thus dearly his joy in a ladder of white bells on coral stalks, or in the lilac spiral of a speckled orchid.

But as the moths stirred softly about my balcony and birds in the limes moved uneasily, as if they felt already the first finger of the morning, as the sky too seemed to grow uneasy with its shifting shades of after-glow behind the larches, I looked beyond to the dry and open meadow-land and saw what I knew to be there under daylight guardianship of bees and butterflies that do not sting, blue and amber like flowers upon a flower. There I saw the land waving its wild luxuriance of blossom like a royal standard in emblazonments of purple and of gold, of white and of crimson, where I might plod knee-deep among the flowers from furrow to furrow where they flaunt their gayest, with no fear to hinder whether of trespass-board or of an intangible array of flies. There the broad skies, unrolling and enrolling their volumes of white upon the blue, have their own benignity of outlook and onlook, gather glowing behind the shimmering spires, the dusky domes, the long cluster of empurpled mills and palaces, shrines and churches, which I know in the distance for Petersburg, over the gulf there swathing the feet of the city at eventide in green and gold. After treading these flowery furrows the sills of the *dacha* are always resplendent in the borrowed glory of the fields set in great green peasant jars or in brown *garshoks* with curious spouts and handles diverted from their honest purpose of wash-bowls. They should hang in a corner of every *dvor* or courtyard, for the dipping in, to cleanse, of soiled fingers; but they serve perhaps a sweeter purpose on the

sill charged with flowers. The form, the scent, the color of these flowers—they, too, isolated themselves during the vigil like a distinct utterance. And the city and the skies framed speeches and unburdened themselves of the secret of their reality.

Then the silence began to waste, to waver, to be gently torn like a soft thing of gossamer caught in a briar-bush. It was the wings of birds shaking the light leaves of the limes, and of insects astir in the grass scattering the dewdrops. It was not long before wee, whistling, plaintive notes of inquiry passed from tree to tree the length of the village, just as flake after flake of rose-cloud flew up behind the shingled roofs and swarthy pines, while the moths drifted slowly off to hide their frail forms from the daylight as if they were the ghosts of the winged world hapless and dreary in the dawning. Again it was not long before every bird in every tree was singing good cheer to every other as they darted into the golden stairways the sun was shooting forward through silver-trunked birch and waving larch and rustling elm. And the intercrossing of their joy made such a lacework of gay sound in the strengthening sunlight that it seemed as if they were hopelessly lost to the solemnity of life and of a rising sun; and had their joyousness been less frank I should have found it frivolous.

But as every cobweb shimmered and every dainty lime-flower censer shook out its spices, the scent and the sound of humans began with a great rent to tear the sacred veil that had dropped with the last "*da svodania*." Smoke meandered up from a distant chimney; the pungent, particular odor of the wood-fire, which is as a garment to the atmosphere of the Russian village, shook out its folds, and close upon it came the shrieking, startling discord of the shepherd's horn—a prolonged infliction of noise aspiring to be music, zig-zagging through a torturous two or three or four minutes. I looked down upon this first passenger of the morning. He was a slouching vision of rags, with the long whip lying in a coil of many yards around his shoulder; having blown the piercing horn, he un-

coiled this whip and drove it with a whistling slash in among his crowd of sluggish cattle. He was driving them to the succulent marshes that flank the river; there he would squat down with them in the dampness, sluggish as they, and watch them the long, long day through with Slavonic torpor. The herd filled the village with their tramping feet and slowly disappeared. Soon after a travelling carriage with snoozing occupants whirled by; the *troika* horses pranced, chafing their bits, with incurved necks and slanted heads; great clouds of white dust rose up in their wake, for the road of a *dacha* village is ankle deep in sand. Then a funeral procession with the swelling chant of priests, deep and wistful. As the holy cross went by every early-risen villager doffed his cap, bowed his humble head, and crossed both face and breast, then took up his work again; the *dvornik* trundled his barrel of water on its low cart; the two women at the yard gate balanced their pails; the man with the ice-cart uttered his musical cry, lingering loftily on the soft syllables. There followed quickly other vendors with other cries, notificatory of all goods—strawberries and carpets, fish and shoes; the Russian voices shook with strange archaic intonations, unaccustomed musical intervals, weird repetitions of one note, shrill or rich, resonant or toneless. Had one wished to purchase one must fain have bargained too, repeatedly, emphatically, iron-heartedly; for the Slav is Oriental enough to confound buying still with bargaining. Only for his black bread he does not bargain; and I am glad of this, that it may not spoil the simplicity of

the picture when I hap upon a group of *mushiks* in the forest, sitting red-shirted about a fire of sticks, each with his crust, and all with one bowlful of broth between them wherein to dip.

And so with cries and song and movement the street had entered on its day; for surely the day had begun in good earnest when a troop of boys bloused in blue, in purple and scarlet, marched by with drum and sword and cocked hat, playing at war already in the early morning; when a concertina was already squeezing out its utterances under a neighboring tree; when the braided *vadnik* with his calm and courtly bearing was already in chat with a couple more members of the gayly uniformed classes so predominant in Russia; when the *samovar* was steaming yet once more on the verandas, and when immaculate sunshine had driven the last stain of crimson from the east, so that the sands of the gulf were busy with bathers disporting themselves with a classic freedom and unreserve.

And my vigil was over and nothing had happened. Nothing, only that men and birds had faced life once more, for the hundredth or the thousandth time. And the men were mostly buying or selling out in the streets or in the shops there with the curious letters over their windows, half Greek, half Gothic, and looking to a Goth wholly upside down—fruit and meat, black bread and salted cucumbers were in the shops, an uncomely medley bought by an uncomely crowd. But the birds had finished their dainty breakfasts of living grub or fly. They had sung grace before meat—they were giving thanks after it.—*Temple Bar.*

WATERLOO.

A CONTEMPORARY LETTER.

THE following letter was written by the Hon. Katharine Arden, daughter of the first Lord Alvanley. With her mother and sister, she was resident in Brussels at the time of the great battle, and took an active part in nursing the wounded. The letter is ad-

dressed to her aunt, Miss Bootle Wilbraham, afterward Mrs. Barnes. It is franked from Windsor to Ormskirk in Lancashire by Miss Arden's uncle, Mr. E. Bootle Wilbraham (afterward Lord Skelmersdale), July 17, 1815.

Miss Arden's orthography and punctuation have been left unaltered.

Brussels, Sunday 9th.*

MY DEAREST AUNT, I can assure you most truly that I did not require reminding, to fulfill the promise I had made you of writing, and every day since our return from Antwerp I have settled for the purpose, but what with visiting the sick, and making bandages and lint, I can assure you my time has been pretty well occupied. As my patients are, thank goodness, most of them now convalescent, I think the best way I can reward my dear Aunt's patience, is by giving her a long account of our hopes, fears and feelings, from the time the troops were ordered to march down to the present moment. (If you are tired with my long account, remember you expressed a wish in Mama's letter to hear *all* our proceedings.) On Thursday the 15th of June, we went to a great ball that the Duchess of Richmond gave, at which we expected to see from Generals down to Ensigns, all the military men, who with their regiments had been for some time quartered from 18 to 30 miles from this town, and consequently so much nearer the frontiers; nor were we disappointed, with the exception of 3 Generals, every officer high in the army was to be there seen. Though for nearly ten weeks we had been daily expecting the arrival of the French troops on the Frontiers, and had rather been wondering at their delay, yet when on our arrival at the ball, we were told that the troops had orders to march at 3 in the morning, and that every officer must join his regiment by that time, as the French were advancing, you cannot possibly picture to yourself the dismay and consternation that appeared in every face. Those who had brothers and sons to be engaged, openly gave way to their grief, as the last parting of many took place at this most terrible ball; others, (and thank Heaven we ranked amongst that number, for in the midst of my greatest fears, I still felt thankfulness, was my prominent feeling that my beloved Dick† was not here), who had

no near relation, yet felt that amongst the many many friends we all had there, it was impossible that all should escape, and that the next time we might hear of them, they might be numbered with the dead; in fact, my dear Aunt, I cannot describe to you my mingled feelings, you will however, I am sure understand them, and I feel quite inadequate to express them. We staid at this ball as short a time as we could, but long enough to see express after express arrive to the Duke of Wellington, to hear of Aides de Camp arriving breathless with news, and to see, what was much more extraordinary than all, the Duke's equanimity a *little* discomposed. We took a mournful farewell of some of our best friends, and returned home to anything but repose. The morning* dawned most lovelily, and before seven o'clock, we had seen 12,000 Brunswickers, Scotch, and English pass before our windows, of whom one-third before night were mingled with the dust. Mama took a farewell of the Duke as he passed by, but Fanny and myself, at last wearied out, had before he went, retired to bed. The first person that we saw in the morning brought us the news, that the advanced guard of the French had in the night come on as far as Genappe, 18 miles off, and had had several skirmishes with the Prussians. This intelligence, as you may suppose, did not tend to compose us, but still everything went on in quiet calmness, when, (Gracious heavens, never never shall I forget it), at three o'clock a loud cannonading commenced, which upon the ramparts was heard nearly as plain as we do the Tower guns in London; it went on without intermission till 8 o'clock, when it was thought to appear more distant, and therefore hopes were entertained that the French had retreated; nothing certain was known, but it was reported that the Prussians had been principally attacked, and were rather giving way, when the Highlanders and the regiments who had marched from here in the morning joined them, and completely repulsed the French.

* Viz., the 9th of July.

† Her brother.

* Viz., of Friday, June 16.

So far the news was good, but still the English had fought, and what our loss was, nobody knew; however, we bore up pretty well, till above [about] twelve o'clock, a gentleman (Mr. Leigh, of Lyme in Cheshire) came from off the field of battle, where he had been looking on, with the intelligence that there had been a dreadful battle, the Duke of Brunswick was killed, and that the Brigade of 1st Guards and the Highlanders were *literally cut to pieces*. I will not attempt to say what we felt, for it would be quite vain, I must only tell you that that Regiment of Guards contained all our greatest friends, independent of our having to regret them as Englishmen. The next morning, by six o'clock, Saturday 17th, numbers of Belgians and others of our *brave* Allies, came flying into the town, with the report that the French were at their heels, but this intelligence occasioned but a temporary fright, as a bulletin was published officially saying that we had gained a great victory, and the French were retreating, (neither of which was true). About ten o'clock the real horrors of war began to appear, and though we were spared hearing cannonading, yet the sights that we saw were infinitely more dreadful than anything we had heard the day before, I mean the sight of wounded. I must tell you before I proceed, that Sir James Gambier, (the Consul General to the Pays-bas, who is the best man that ever was), came to us about eight o'clock, and told us that there really had been a severe engagement, but that we had the advantage, that though the Guards had suffered most dreadfully, yet that their loss was not quite so great as had been reported, but that the Highlanders were literally nearly annihilated, after having performed prodigies of valour; and very good proof had we how dreadfully they had suffered, by the numbers who were brought in here, literally cut to pieces. Our house being unfortunately near the gate where they were brought in, most of them passed our door; their wounds were none of them drest, and barely bound up, the waggons were piled up to a degree almost incredible, and numbers for whom there was no

room, were obliged, faint and bleeding, to follow on foot; their heads, being what had most suffered, having been engaged with cavalry, were often so much bound up, that they were unable to see, and therefore held by the waggons, in order to know their road. Everybody, as you may suppose, pressed forward, anxious to be of some service to the poor wounded Hero's, but the people had orders that those who could go on should proceed to Antwerp, to make room for those who were to follow, (dreadful idea), and therefore we could be of no further use to them than giving them refreshments as they passed. In the middle of the day we heard further particulars of the last night's battle, and if all danger had been removed far from us, which Heaven knows was very far from being so, we still should have felt nervous at the danger that had nearly befallen us. Conceive it having been run so near, that the French were within *ten minutes* of getting possession of the road to Brussels, which had they once gained, in all probability they would have reached the town in three hours. Providence, however, ordered it otherwise, and the Guards, who had marched from Enghien, 27 miles off, arrived at the lucky moment, and got possession of the road. They were shortly afterwards joined by the Highlanders, who some of them fought with their knapsacks on, having marched 20 miles, and accordingly were unable to keep their ground against the French. The conduct of the English soldiers on that day was perfect, and would have been sufficient to have immortalized them, without the addition of the Sunday's battle, after which the Duke of Wellington said he should never feel sufficiently *grateful* to the Guards for their conduct on both days, which from the Duke means more than it would from anybody else. Our Hero, Wellington, who had been deceived with the intelligence that was given him, (for it is said that Bony had bribed most of his outposts), and had no idea that the French were so near, nor advancing in such force, was so distressed when he discovered the truth, that as usual totally regardless of his personal safety he was exposing himself in the most

dreadful way, (I am speaking of the Friday's business at Quatre Bras, so named from four roads meeting), and already a party of French horse, having marked him out, were rushing on him with the greatest violence, when the Highlanders, who saw his danger, and it is said he never was in so great before, rushed between him and the French, and with the lives of hundreds, saved his still more precious one. On coming off the field, the Duke told some whom he met with, that their conduct had been noble, and he should make a good report of them; of the 92nd regiment, out of 700 men, but 150 remain to share the glory.

But to resume my narrative. We remained the whole of Saturday in great suspense, to know what the armies were about, and whether the French were really retreating as had been reported; about four o'clock in the day, we were dreadfully undeceived, by being told from very good authority that instead of the enemy it was Lord Wellington who had retreated, and who with his whole army were within ten miles of the town; the reason given for his doing so, was that the Prussians had been attacked on the Friday evening whilst they were quietly cooking, and that having lost a tremendous number of men, Blucher had judged it prudent to retire, which being the case, he had left Lord Wellington's left flank so exposed, that it was impossible for him to remain where he was, and that he had therefore retreated to a strong position near Waterloo, whilst our cavalry were engaged in *playing* before them, to hide, as much as possible, their retreat from the French. It was likewise added, that it was to be *hoped* that the Prussians would rejoin the English, as at that present time the armies were near nine miles asunder, and that orders had been issued by the Duke for all the baggage to be sent *from* the army through this town, and for the wounded, if possible, to be moved from it. All this looked so like retreating on the town, that we were told we must have horses ready, and everything prepared to go at an instant's notice, which accordingly we commenced doing, and from that hour, 4 o'clock,

till eight in the morning,* when we were fairly in Antwerp, were, I hope, the most harassing 16 hours I ever passed, or ever shall. From that time the baggage waggons passed in such quick succession, that they formed cavalcades through the town, as not only those who were ordered to go, but those who were desired to stay with the army, passed through, a general panic having seized all the officers' servants, by which means many have lost all they had, and everybody is minus something. About every half-hour a man was heard scampering down the street calling out that the French were coming; some, indeed, said they were at the gates, and though we knew that that could not be true, yet it was impossible to know how much foundation there was for saying so. About seven o'clock† our friend Sir James Gambier arrived to say that he hoped our things were nearly packed up, as though it was not necessary to go immediately, yet that he begged our things might be put to the carriage, as we might be obliged to start at an instant's notice, for it was known that the Prussians were not joined, and if Buonaparte were to attack that night, there was no knowing what the event might be. (We have since heard, that if he had done so, the tide of affairs would in all probability have turned completely *for* him, instead of being as it is now). After Sir James went, we went out to see what our friends intended doing; we found that some were gone, others going, and all were prepared for the worst. We accordingly agreed, that at the time Lady Charlotte Greville went, we would accompany her, as everybody told us if we waited for the worst we could never get away; and as we knew for certain that Buonaparte had promised his soldiers, after he had drawn 20,000,000 of francs from the town, that they should have three days pillage of it, which, as the enraged French soldiery are not the most kind-hearted possible, and as the English could expect no mercy for [from] them, we thought it madness to put ourselves in such dan-

* Viz., of Sunday, June 18.

† Viz., 7 P.M. on Saturday, June 17.

ger, and accordingly everything was got ready. To encrease the horror and noise, about ten o'clock a most horrible storm of wind and rain came on, which lasted without intermission till three o'clock, when the wind abated, but the rain continued at intervals the whole of Sunday, to which the whole of our poor soldiers were exposed, with the additional hardship of having very little to eat, as they had been so continually changing their place for the last two days, that the officers have since told us, that for nearly eight and forty hours, *they* had barely two pounds of bread to eat; luckily, the Sunday morning, after the dreadful night they had passed, the common men had a double supply of spirits, which enabled them to fight as they did. The baggage waggons and fuyards continued passing, without intermission, and what with being deafened with the noise, and worn out with anxiety, we were in a terrible state of fatigue, when at $\frac{1}{2}$ past two,* Lady Charlotte sent to say the Mayor of the town had sent to advise all the English to quit the town, and that she was waiting for us. We accordingly joined her, and though we were very much impeded by the road being blocked up with waggons in which were numbers of the wounded, lying exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, and were several times in danger of being overturned, yet providentially we arrived safe at Antwerp about eight o'clock.† We found the greatest difficulty in getting a hole to put our heads in, but at last succeeded; Lady Charlotte proceeded on [to] the Hague immediately, but we remained to wait the event. We were told by many people that the rain would prevent them fighting, which gave us ease for the time, and though we spent the day in great suspense, yet we were saved the dreadful indescribable anxiety of those who remained here; never can I be sufficiently thankful that we left this place. For the first time for three nights, Faunny and myself were enabled to sleep, and the next morning, Mon-

day,* we were awoke, with the delightful news that a decisive victory had been obtained, and that the French were retreating in disorder. The account of killed and wounded which we then heard made us shudder; how much more dreadful was it, when the whole list was made out! There are 724 *English* officers killed and wounded, and nearly 11,000 common men, without Hanoverians.

The conduct of the English Infantry in the battle of Sunday was something so extraordinary, that Cambacères,† Buonaparte's A.D.C., who was taken, said, Buonaparte himself had said that it was useless to fight against such troops, nothing could make them give way. They were formed into hollow squares, upon which the French cavalry, particularly the Cuirassiers, who wear complete armour, poured down, but without any avail, not one of their squares were ever broken, though perhaps from being six or eight lines deep, they came at last to be only one. There is a little wood and a farm-house in the midst of the field of battle, which is called Hougemont, and which it was necessary for the English to maintain possession of; 500 of the Guards under Lord Saltoun & Col! Macdonnell were put into it, to defend it, and though they were attacked by above 10,000 French, and the Farm-house was set fire to, and burnt to the ground, yet our Invincible countrymen still maintained possession of it, and finally repulsed the enemy. Do not you feel, while you hear these accounts, that your national pride encreases every instant, and that you feel more thankful than ever that you are English born and bred? I have that sort of enthusiasm about me, that I almost feel inclined to shake hands with every soldier I meet walking in the streets. The light cavalry, I am sorry to say, for the first time in their lives, did not behave like Englishmen; the 7th Hussars and 23rd dragoons refused to advance when they were ordered, and poor Lord Uxbridge, who is as brave as a lion, and doats upon his regiment,

* Viz., 2.30 A.M. on Sunday the 18th.

† The distance from Brussels to Antwerp by road is about twenty-seven miles.

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* The 19th.

† Probably a nephew of the Second Consul of 1798.

(the 7th), went up to Lord Wellington in the midst of the engagement, and said, in the bitterness of his heart, My cavalry have deserted me !* The heavy dragoons behaved admirably, and the horse Guards and Blue's who though they have been in Spain, were never before personally engaged, performed prodigies.—The Duke of Wellington has since said, that he never exerted himself in his life as he did on that day, but that notwithstanding the battle was lost three times ; he exposed himself in every part of the line, often threw himself into the squares when they were about to be attacked, & did what it is said he never had done before, talked to the soldiers, and told them to stand firm ; in fact, I believe without his having behaved as he did, the English would never have stood their ground so long, till the arrival of 30,000 fresh Prussians under Bulow finished the day, for as soon as the French saw them, they ran. The conduct of the French cavalry is represented as having been most beautiful,

and nothing could have withstood them but our soldiers. The day after the battle, when the Duke had leisure to consider the loss he had sustained in both officers and men, he was most deeply affected, and Mrs. Pole, who breakfasted with him, said the tears were running down upon his plate the whole time. How much more noble the Hero appears when possessed of so much feeling ! You ask how we like the Duke, and whether he is haughty ? To men I believe he is, very often, but all his personal staff are extremely attached to him, and towards women his manners are excessively agreeable and very *galant* ;* we like him vastly. We went a few days since to see the field of battle, and as everything offensive was removed, a most interesting [visit] ; we went with an A.D.C. of Genl Cooke, (who, poor man, the General, has lost his arm), and who explained to us all about the battle.—I am quite ashamed, my dear Aunt, to think how much I have written ; pray forgive me.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

SLEEP.

THE doctors have been discussing once again the eternal question of sleep, and recently the *St. James's Gazette* gave some remarkable facts as to the ability possessed by certain men to do without sleep. The interest which the subject of sleep always excites in men and women is curious, though in reality most natural. Sleep, though in the strictest sense an everyday affair, is still the strangest and most wonderful of the phenomena of existence. Next to death it is the great mystery. Not only is it surrounded by a hundred unsolved physical problems, but psychologically it is full of haunting doubts and difficulties. Is the intelligence that dreams the same intelligence that directs the

waking body ? It is difficult to suppose otherwise, for a dreaming mind seems so often to remember accurately and vividly what was done by the self of daylight and consciousness. Yet if that is so, why are we sometimes such different people in sleep—the brave man a coward, the coward a hero, the unhappy man a creature of joyous impulse, the misanthrope an optimist ? But to decide either that a new mind occupies us while we dream, or that the waking mind continues at work, is not sufficient, for whichever way the problem is settled, no explanation is given of the dreamless sleep. Where is the mind of him who, as far as he can tell, is absolutely unconscious in sleep ? The man who has been dreaming can say : “ While my body was lying inert on the bed my mind ranged through the whole field of thought, and was as active as in my waking

* The Duke, however, in his despatch, says : “ It gives me the greatest satisfaction to assure your Lordship that the army never, upon any occasion, conducted itself better. The division of Guards . . . set an example which was followed by all ; and there is no officer nor description of troops that did not behave well.

* His own jocular remark, however, may be recalled : “ Peel has no manners, and I have no small talk.”

hours." The man who does not dream can only say: "Mentally I was dead while I slept; the time, as far as my memory serves me, was an absolute blank—a gap in the course of existence." It may be argued, no doubt with some show of reason, that both the dreaming and the dreamless states are really the same, or rather, that the only difference is that in the dreaming state the tablets of memory are impressionable, while in the dreamless state they will take no impressions. That is, A goes to sleep and his mind begins, or continues, to work. He has an active memorial apparatus in his brain, and this apparatus records the dreaming as it does the undreaming thoughts, and therefore when he is awake he can remember the dream thoughts just as he remembers his day thoughts. B, on the other hand, has a dull or unsensitive memorial machinery, and hence his dreaming thoughts are not registered with sufficient force and accuracy to make them memorable. It is only a question of registration. A's physical machinery registers so well and so easily that it will work even when the bodily functions are at rest. B's works "hard," and therefore does not act unless the full bodily steam is up. But this theory, though ingenious, will not account for all the facts. There is a great deal more in dreams than can be accounted for by registration or non-registration. Even in the most coherent dream the dreamer feels less than, or at any rate something different from, himself. Some controlling force has been relaxed, and the mind wanders off, as it were, on its own track and under its own guidance, or rather, in the direction indicated by some external power. As a rule, when we dream we feel ourselves actors in a pageant. We do not do what we would but what we must. There is no choice, no free will. Rather, we are compelled to take action by some sense of external pressure or direction. Every dreamer is a necessitarian. It is clear, then, that on entering the dream state we lose something which belonged to us in our waking hours. We have lost the power to direct and control our thoughts. The rider is out of the saddle, and the horse is

browsing around by himself. There comes, however, a sudden alarm, a sudden warning, and in an instant the rider has leaped into the saddle and regained control of the horse. The man is awake. What happens to the rider while the horse is wandering free? What has become of him? Is he asleep with the body? Assuredly not that, for this controlling power in the mind has less, not more, to do with the body than the mind, which wanders off in sleep. The dreaming mind takes color, as it were, from the body during sleep, and acts in greater, not less, sympathy with it than when awake. The tympanum of the ear is struck by the vibrations caused by a bell, and straightway the dreaming brain registers a wild romance, which, had the controlling power been present and awake, would have been instantly rejected. Most assuredly, then, that self-controlling power which we call consciousness is not a sort of bodily function which depends on the activity of flesh and blood. Let us for a moment recall, as far as we can, the phenomena of sleep. If we try to remember what happened last night we cannot get beyond a statement of this kind: "I remember that before I went to sleep I was thinking of the Sugar question. Then I lost consciousness. The next thing I remember is the housemaid coming in with the hot water. As I woke, too, I remembered that I had been dreaming how a great red dragon with "Bounty-fed" inscribed in letters of gold on his tail was raging through a cane-brake tearing down and destroying the tall sugar-canes." Now, the essential facts in this statement are (1) the loss of consciousness on falling asleep; (2) the regaining of consciousness on awakening; (3) the wandering of the mind at its own sweet will, the controlling power having been suspended. From this we may infer that consciousness is not compatible with sleep and that consciousness, or that power which we lose when we fall asleep, is the controlling power of the mind. But may it not be argued from this that this consciousness, this controlling power of the mind, this true soul, this rider of the mental horse, is unable to be

present except in a waking body? When the body enters into the temporary death of sleep the consciousness is dethroned. The moment the body reawakens, the soul, which can only animate a waking body, returns to its seat. This consciousness, this soul, is, again, dethroned by death, or by some grave injury to the body. Death is the condition from which the body cannot recover itself and resume activity. Hence in the case of death the soul does not return. Madness, or a terrible concussion, or some grievous injury to the body also dethrones the soul, but in such cases there is still the possibility of return, and if the body recovers its full functions the controlling conscious soul returns. Thus sleep seems to point us to the fact that the highest and the strongest part of the mind, the controlling power, is no way material. It can only be the tenant of a living body—*i.e.*, a body which is neither in that state of temporary inanimation which we call sleep nor of that permanent inanimation which we call death, nor in that impaired condition which we call madness. The soul waits, where and how we do not know, but somewhere ready to re-enter the body at waking or recovery, if waking or recovery there is. That is a fact, not a guess. Why should we conclude from this fact that if and when the body is unable to wake again or to recover, the soul dies? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that, since the consciousness is able each day to leave the body and return to it, it can, when the body is no longer tenable, live elsewhere? We know that it can and does leave the body and yet return. Is that not proof that it can keep alive without the aid of the body? No doubt the materialist might say that it was a new consciousness that was born with the daily reanimation of the body; but is not that a juggle with words?—the “*Iliad*” was not written by Homer, but by a person of the same name who lived in the same place at the same time and wrote the same poems. For most men, at any rate, this materialist argument will fail. They will say they *know* that it is not another, but the same John Smith who wakes each morning. But

since there is no such thing as unpremisses reasoning, and since we can only argue from admitted premises, we are quite willing to confine our appeal to those who will admit that he who goes to bed John Smith rises John Smith in the morning. Those who are willing to make that admission will certainly find in the mystery of sleep not a little physical proof that the highest part of the intelligence, the mind within the mind, has a life apart from that of the body. It is true that a consciousness is not apparent to other consciousnesses who are occupying bodily tenements unless it is itself inhabiting that clay cottage we call a man; but that does not prove it does not exist. A's house tumbles down, and he is obliged to leave it, and therefore the inhabitants of the street see him and his house no more. Is that to be called a proof that A no longer exists? Surely a better inference from the termination of the lease, or from the destruction of the house, is that A has gone to live in another town.

Whatever may be the value of these arguments, there is a remarkable fact connected with sleep which must not be overlooked. The sleep of a human being, if we are not too busy to attend to the matter, always evokes a certain feeling of awe. Go into a room where a person is sleeping, and it is difficult to resist the sense that one is in the presence of the central mystery of existence. People who remember how constantly they see old Jones asleep in the club library will smile at this; but look quietly and alone at even old Jones, and the sense of mystery will soon develop. It is no good to say that sleep is only “moving” because it looks like death. The person who is breathing so loudly as to take away all thought of death causes the sense of awe quite as easily as the silent sleeper who hardly seems to breathe. We see death seldom, but were it more familiar we doubt if a corpse would inspire so much awe as the unconscious and sleeping figure—a smiling, irresponsible doll of flesh and blood, but a doll to whom in a second may be recalled a proud, active, controlling consciousness which will ride his bodily and his mental horse with a hand of

iron, which will force that body to endure toil and misery, and will make that mind, now wandering in paths of fantastic folly, grapple with some great problem, or throw all its force into the ruling, the saving, or the destruction of mankind. The corpse is only so much bone, muscle, and tissue. The sleeping body is the house which a quick and eager master has only left for an hour or so. Let any one who

thinks sleep is no mystery try to observe in himself the process by which sleep comes, and to notice how and when and under what conditions he loses consciousness. He will, of course, utterly fail to put his finger on the moment of sleep coming, but in striving to get as close as he can to the phenomena of sleep, he will realize how great is the mystery which he is trying to fathom.—*Spectator*.

THE FROST KING.

BY M. G. WATKINS.

KING FROST sat on high on a snow-heaped throne,
And an awful silence reigned ;
Ice-daggers from roof-trees and deep drifts blown
O'er hunting their rule maintained.
Bold riders looked glum by the gun-room fire,
And their horses ate and neighed ;
While a rattle of chains and grumbles dire
Proclaimed that the Frost King stayed.

Rude Boreas blew from the cutting North,
And the White King laughed Hah ! Hah !
For his frost-bound slaves could not issue forth,
Their gallops he still could bar.
East gales roared grimly, how little recked he !
His prisoners still would groan ;
And the weeks slipped on with no wintry glee,
But winged with the hunter's moan.

At length came the step of the smiling South
In her swelling robes grass-green,
And she kissed the old Tyrant's stern-set mouth
And nestled his arms between ;
She thawed his cold heart, as a millstone hard,
And her beauty snapped his chains ;
No longer King Frost hath our hunting marred,
No longer he frowns and reigns.

Then, gallants, uprise, for the morn opes clear,
In the covert see the hounds—
Toot ! toot ! He's afoot ! enchanted we hear,
A shout through the woodland sounds ;
Sit firm, gather reins, here the squadrons come,
To the front your hunter flies ;
Let him go, for *occupet extremum*,
So Horace gives counsel wise.

—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH: A SKETCH.

BY T. ARNOLD.

AN article by Mr. Reginald Statham in the *National Review* for last April reminded me that, in spite of the bewildering rush of quickly succeeding celebrities, the name and the genius of Clough were far from being forgotten, and that a kind of duty rested upon the few still living who knew him well, to make known any relevant facts and recollections, not hitherto made public property, which they retained in memory, concerning a personality so remarkable. He and I were close friends for several years; and although circumstances kept us apart for a long time before his death, the deep affection and respect which he inspired would not have allowed me to refrain, after he was gone, from bearing testimony to his admirable gifts, were it not that the publication of my brother's *Thyrsis* seemed to render the weaker words that I could utter unnecessary and inopportune. But many years have passed since *Thyrsis* appeared; and now, that the slight contribution which I can render to the just estimate of that singularly beautiful soul may not be lost, I desire—

Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit
artus—

to revive the recollections of fifty years ago, and speak of Clough as he was in the brimming fulness of his powers, ere too much thinking, and those quick revulsions to which his mind was subject, had dulled the edge of his marvellous intelligence.

Apart from the gifts of imagination and mental analysis, Clough was of a noble, pure, and self-controlling nature. His friends felt certain that the temptations to excess which assail young men, at Universities and elsewhere, had by him been resolutely and victoriously resisted. His clear black eyes, under a broad, full, and lofty forehead, were often partly closed, as if through the pressure of thought; but when the problem occupying him was solved, a glorious flash would break from the eyes, expressive of an inner

joy and sudden illumination, which fascinated any who were present. For though his sense of humor was keen, the spirit of satire was absent; benevolence in his kindly heart never finding a difficulty in quelling ill-nature. It will be said that there are many satirical strokes in *Dipsychus*, and this is true; but they are aimed at classes—their follies and hypocrisies—never at any individual, except himself. His mouth was beautifully formed, but both it and the chin were characterized by some lack of determination and firmness. This deficiency, however, so far as it existed, was harmful only to himself; those who sought his counsel or help found in him the wisest of advisers, the steadiest and kindest of friends.

I first knew him as a boy at Rugby School. He was in the School-house, my brother and I at that time living at home, and preparing for Winchester with a private tutor. He was, I think, not seldom in the private part of the house; for my mother, who marked his somewhat delicate health, conceived a great liking for him; and his gentleness, and that unworldly humanity of nature which made him unlike the ordinary schoolboy, caused him to be a welcome guest in her drawing-room. What Mr. Statham says of his excellence as a goal-keeper in the football matches is quite true. He wore neither jersey nor cap; in a white shirt, and with bare head, he would face the rush of the other side as they pressed the ball within the line of the goal-posts; and not seldom, by desperate struggling, he was the first to "touch it down," thus baulking the enemy of his expected "try at goal."

My brother left Winchester and entered at Rugby in the summer of 1837; I followed him three months later. Clough, who had been elected a Scholar of Balliol in November, 1836, and then returned to Rugby with a view to an exhibition from the School (which of course he obtained), went into residence at Oxford in October, 1837,

three or four days after I came from Winchester. The general impression in the School about him then was, that he was of an ability quite extraordinary, and would certainly do great things.

From that time till I went up to Oxford myself in October, 1842, I saw but little of him. But we heard that he did not carry all before him, as we thought he ought to have done; and without in the least altering our opinion of his intellectual strength, we speculated on what could be the cause of failure. I remember—it must have been, I think, after his comparative failure in the schools in 1841—his coming up to my father in the front court of the School-house, standing in front of him with face partly flushed and partly pale, and saying simply, “I have failed.” My father looked gravely and kindly at him, but what he said in reply I do not remember, or whether he said anything. In the spring of 1842 he was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel.* After I came up to University in October, Clough, Theodore Walrond, my brother and I formed a little interior company, and saw a great deal of one another. We used often to go skiffing up the Cherwell, or else in the network of river channels that meander through the broad meadows facing Ifley and Sandford. After a time it was arranged that we four should always breakfast in Clough’s rooms on Sunday morning. These were times of great enjoyment. Sir Robert Peel was in power; he was breaking loose more and more from the trammels of mere party connection, and the shrewd Rentoul, who then edited the *Spectator*, welcomed in the Conservative chief the only true statesman that England had seen since the days of Canning. The *Spectator* of the day before used to arrive at breakfast-time, and the leading articles were eagerly read and discussed. Ireland especially—Rentoul seemed to hold—conciliated by the Maynooth Bill, the Colleges Act, and other healing measures, bade fair to pose no longer as England’s difficulty. With this estimate of Peel Clough seemed on the whole to be in cordial agreement.

Between 1843 and 1845 there was a small society in existence at Oxford called the Decade. Among its members were Jowett, Arthur Stanley, Coleridge, my brother, Chichester Fortescue, John Campbell Shairp, the present writer, and several others. Shairp has described* two speeches made by Clough at meetings of the Decade. The impressions of the future professor of Poetry seem to have been in unison with my own, that no member of the society spoke in so rich, penetrating, original, and convincing a strain as Clough. He was not rapid, yet neither was he slow nor hesitating; he seemed just to take time enough to find the right word or phrase wherein to clothe his thought. My recollections have grown sadly dim; but I remember one debate when he spoke to a resolution that I had proposed in favor of Lord Ashley’s Ten Hours Bill. In supporting the resolution he combated the doctrines of *laissez faire* and the omnipotence and sufficiency of the action of Supply and Demand, then hardly disputed in England, with an insight marvellous in one who had so little experience of the industrial life, and at the same time with a strict and conscientious moderation. This must have been in 1844 or 1845.

He had scrupled much about signing the Articles, then a necessary preliminary before taking the M.A. degree; however, he did sign them, though reluctantly, and became a Master of Arts in the course of 1844.

In August, 1845, a party of Oxford men, who had planned a walking tour in the Highlands, met at Calder Park, near Glasgow, the home of Theodore Walrond, one of the party. The others were Clough, Shairp, my brother Edward, afterward an Inspector of Schools in the West of England, and myself. An account of this expedition is given in a long letter from Clough to Burbidge.† During the few days that we spent at Calder Park before setting out, Clough talked very brilliantly, being much drawn out and stimulated by the lively sallies of Miss Walrond. Agnes Walrond was then, though not exactly beautiful, a very

* *Poems and Prose Remains*, i. 22.

* *Poems, etc.* i. 25.

† *Ibid.* i. 97.

charming, handsome, and graceful woman; and she seemed quick to comprehend the intellectual force and many-sidedness of Clough. She afterward married Mr. Henley, son of the well-known member for Oxfordshire, and still, I hope, remembers the pleasant days which her parents' hospitality secured for us Southrons at that far-distant date.

When we returned, "dirty, dusty, and bankrupt," as Clough says, to Calder Park, we found Scott's grandchildren, Walter and Charlotte Lockhart, staying there. The grandson, then a lively young officer in the 16th Lancers, was much like military men everywhere. I could not trace in him the likeness to Sir Walter which people talked of. But in the sister it was evident enough. The set and expression of the eyes, the height of the somewhat narrow forehead, reminded one strongly of the pictures of her grandfather. She sang old Scotch songs with an exquisite and simple grace. Both Clough* and Shairp† speak of the visit to Milton Lockhart, where we saw the famous editor of the *Quarterly* walking on the terrace. Shairp brought up Clough and introduced him, and Lockhart, though evidently out of health, conversed with him frankly and cordially. Besides speaking of the infidelity common among the Lanarkshire farmers at that time, Clough told us that Lockhart assured him that a number of Burns's songs in MS., much more loose and licentious than any of those published, were circulating among the peasantry. Lockhart was a tall, thin, dark-eyed man; his face, though it wore a severe, not to say harsh, expression, was singularly handsome.

In 1847 he wrote some beautiful quatrains—"Qui laborat, orat"—which were first published in 1849. The circumstances under which he wrote them, while staying for a night with me at my London lodgings, are described in Mr. S. Waddington's monograph, *Arthur Hugh Clough*, at p. 138.

In the long vacation of 1847, Clough took a reading-party to the Highlands.

For several weeks he was established at a large farm-house—since turned into an inn—called Drumnadrochit, on the north shore of Loch Ness and not far from the Fall of Foyers. The party numbered, so far as I recollect, six or seven men; among them were Warde Hunt, afterward a well-known figure in the House of Commons, and Charles Lloyd, son of a former bishop of Oxford. It was this reading-party that gave occasion to the "Long Vacation Pastoral," which he published under the name of "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich." The origin of the name was this. Several Oxford friends, Shairp, the present Archdeacon Scott of Dublin, with a younger brother—Theodore Walrond, and myself, arranged to beat up the quarters of the Drumnadrochit party while making a walking tour, which we were minded to extend to Skye. On the way north, at Loch Rannoch, Shairp and I parted from the rest, in order to explore the western shore of the long and lonely sheet of water known as Loch Ericht. We were to rejoin the rest at Dalwhinnie the next day. The path along the lake was winding and rough, and at nightfall we had only walked as far as the forester's hut, about one third of the distance. All this side of Loch Ericht was said at that time to be Lord Abercorn's deer-forest; and there was no other human dwelling on that shore but this hut of the forester, which was named on the maps "Toper-na-fuosich." The forester and his wife were hospitable enough; such fare and lodging as they had were kindly tendered; and Shairp and I passed the night tolerably well. When we reached Drumnadrochit, Shairp in his cheery genial way made the most of the incident of the "Bothie" at which we had slept, and Clough chose to give the name of the hut to the home of Elspie his heroine (though that was far enough from Loch Ericht), and to find in the same name a title for his poem. Accordingly the first edition (published by Macpherson, an Oxford bookseller, in 1848) bore the title "Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich." Later on it was discovered that the maps were wrong, and that the true name of the hut was

* *Poems*, etc. i. 99.

† *Ibid.* i. 27.

Tober-na-Vuolich, to which accordingly it has been altered in all later editions.

The "Bothie" found me in New Zealand before the end of 1848. The force and variety of this extraordinary poem, the melody of great portions of it, its penetrating dialectic, its portrayal of passionate tenderness, the nearness to Nature in its descriptions and in its whole texture, filled me with wonder and delight. There was one man then in New Zealand, and perhaps only one, who was capable of valuing the treasure, and with him I hastened to share it. This was Alfred Domett, the poet, journalist, and politician, who was then Colonial Secretary for the Wellington province. A Cambridge man, he welcomed with generous fervor this strange product of the Oxford mind.

In this poem a sunny optimism reigns, which is dependent on the development of the principal character, Philip Hewson. A Radical, a passionate lover of human equality, and at the same time an idealist, Philip preaches the dignity of labor, and sees beauty in its humblest manifestations, incurring thereby the scorn and sarcasm of Lindsay, his Conservative fellow-pupil. The poem is too well known to require analysis here; it is enough to say that the tone of optimism holds on to the end; Philip marries his Elspie, and they sail for New Zealand.

When the "Bothie" appeared, its reception was of a mixed character. Kingsley devoted to it the whole of a warmly eulogistic article in *Fraser's Magazine*; but the *Spectator* was "contemptuous;" and in Oxford, Clough wrote to Emerson, the verdict was that it was "indecent and profane, immoral and communistic." The author of this sweeping criticism must, I think, have been a dear and excellent man, but narrow—a clerical tutor of my own college, who, when an epic poem called "Nature a Parable" appeared, was said to have praised it highly, declaring it to be equal to the *Paradise Lost* as poetry, and much more orthodox!

The tempest of the Paris Revolution

in February, 1848, was heard of in New Zealand soon after I landed in the colony. What a time of boundless excitement for the young and unsteady was that year 1848! Battles in the streets of great cities—constitutions torn to rags—insurrection everywhere—resignations of crowns—Chartist meetings—wars changing the frontiers of States—Italy rising against Austria—Hungary striking for independence—Russia sending her legions across the Carpathians—Rome turned into a republic:—this was the sort of "foreign intelligence" that my friends at home expected to find, and usually did find, in their morning papers. Even I at the distance of half the globe, having steeped myself in French revolutionary literature before leaving England, watched for the tidings of those mighty events, and seemed to feel the reverberation of those shocks. My brother, to whom literature then and always meant more than politics, wrote two admirable sonnets on the Revolution in France. Yet, with banter irrepressible, in the thick of the wild hubbub, he addressed to Clough a letter with the superscription "Citizen Clough, Oriel Lyceum, Oxford." Clough, having resigned his tutorship at Oriel in April, went to Paris in May, and stayed there some weeks. His letters thence to Arthur Stanley,* though of course they can only be regarded as those of an intelligent outsider, are extremely interesting.† Meantime the internal revolt against all spiritual fetters did not cease to work. "When shall I see you again?" he wrote to me. "Will you hire yourself out as a common laborer? I hope not, but one may do worse undoubtedly; 'tis at any rate honestest than being a teacher of XXXIX. Articles." Of course neither as Tutor nor as Fellow was he, strictly speaking, bound to any such duty: but the fact of having been obliged to sign the said Articles as a condition of teaching in the University at all made him chafe against his

* *Poems*, etc. i. 121.

† Still better, perhaps, was the summary of the general impression left by his visit, which he sent to me in a letter written in July, 1848 (*ibid.* 131).

academical position. In October, 1848, he resigned his fellowship, and wrote to me soon afterward that he was "loose on the world," but did not intend to seek any definite employment immediately. As he did not throw off his Master's gown, "his proceedings made no difference to him at Oxford, and he was extremely jolly meantime, rejoicing in his emancipation." In January, 1849, he accepted the headship of University Hall, which had just been established in connection with University College, Gower Street; but his work there could not commence till the following October. Following out his desire of making further researches in the real human world before settling down to work, Clough went to Rome in April, 1849, and remained there during the siege of the city by the French—saw their entry in July, and then went to Naples.

During this enforced residence at Rome his mind must have been in a wild, semi-chaotic state. He wrote many letters, chiefly to F. T. Palgrave, but also to myself and others; they tell nothing, however, of the thoughts that were surging within him. "Instinct turns instinct out,"* and impression impression. Rome disappoints him; at first he calls it "rubbishy," yet after a while he partly yields to its spell. He wrote here the *Amours de Voyage*, a long hexameter poem in five cantos, with lovely passages of elegiac verse scattered through it. The plot is very simple: Claude, the hero, meets at Rome, at the time of the siege, an English family, the Trevellyns, and becomes intimate with them. With Mary Trevellyn he falls in love, or at any rate becomes attached to her; she, sweet girl that she is, while guarding ever her maiden dignity and reserve, lets it appear that he would not woo her in vain. The siege ends; the Trevellyns leave Rome, intending to travel homeward by slow stages. Claude follows, thinking to overtake them at Milan or Como. But a number of small mishaps cause him to miss them; they proceed across the Alps to Lucerne; he, thinking that the Fates are against his love, and too

dejected to struggle, returns to Florence and Rome, and renounces hope.

This melancholy conclusion was not relished by some of his best friends. A curious letter* in answer to a friend whose name is not given (but who I think must have been Shairp) defends the inculcated *conception* of the poem in the strongest terms, while doubting as to the sufficiency of the execution. Emerson, too,† "reprimanded" him strongly for the termination of the *Amours de Voyage*. Clough admits that he may be right, but maintains that he intended the poem to end in this way from the first. After all, if the *Amours* be read carefully, and the circumstances considered under which it was written, the fiasco of poor Claude's love is intelligible enough. Amid falling thrones and the shock of warring nations, this gifted Englishman, if for the moment‡ we may allow ourselves to identify Clough with Claude—the Hamlet of the nineteenth century—whose inner being, once strongly rooted in the old-world faith and hope, had also gone all a-wrack, and could find no answer to the invading, paralyzing doubt, is unable to trust either himself or the woman whom he loves to be proof against change in a changing world. One of the strangest of his moods lands him in the conception that, but for the foreseen certainty that the marriage-tie could not bind forever, that death must sooner or later set the prisoner free, no reasonable men would marry:

But for the funeral train which the bridegroom sees in the distance,
Would he so joyfully, think you, fall in with
the marriage procession?
But for the final discharge, would he dare to
enlist in that service?
But for the certain release, ever sign to that
perilous contract?

But how about the other party to the contract? All he has to say is that "the women, God bless them; they don't think at all about it." Yet he loves Mary Trevellyn well enough to make great efforts to join her, so that

* *Poems*, etc. i. 167.

† *Ibid.* p. 235.

‡ Only for the moment, of course; for Clough could not possibly have acted as Claude acted.

* *Dipsychus*, ii. 124.

they may come to an understanding ; but when these efforts are baffled, doubt comes victoriously back, and his enterprise, only half willed, "loses the name of action." Courage in him, he seems to see, is "factitious," love "factitious," all strength of resolve "factitious"—aspiration to the Absolute, the most factitious of all. Nay, as to her, "Is she not changing herself—the old image would only delude me." He feels himself a "pitiful fool;" he has allowed the tide to ebb that was bearing him on to marriage and a happy life; yet help himself he cannot.

This poem, written in 1849, was not published till 1858, when the beautiful closing lines must have been added. Like Chaucer at the end of *Troilus and Creseyde*, the poet launches his "littel book" upon the world, and bids it,

—if curious friends ask of thy rearing
and age,
Say, "I am flitting about many years, from
brain unto brain of
Feeble and restless youths, born to in-
glorious days;
But," so finish the word, "I was writ in a
Roman chamber,
When from Janiculan heights thundered
the cannon of France."

At Naples, whither, as was said above, he went after leaving Rome, he wrote that terrible elegy, *Easter Day*. Strauss, the Hegelian critic, clad in an armor, seemingly of proof, of Pantheistic philosophy and cool all-questioning logic, had destroyed for him the faith in Christ overcoming death. An unutterable sadness is stamped on the lines which bid the believing women go to their homes and mind their daily tasks, the disciples return to their nets, because "He is not risen." Clough could not scoff like Voltaire, nor speak of such things lightly, like other Balliol men, his contemporaries. Nor does he let the matter stand there. None can say what was his precise meaning, but in the second "Easter Day" he seems to half recant the cold and cruel theory of the first:

Though dead, not dead;
Not gone, though fled;
Not lost, though vanished;
In the great gospel and true creed
He is yet risen indeed;
Christ is yet risen.

In October of this same year, 1849, he was back in London and beginning work at University Hall. Two years passed; then, toward the end of 1851, the principalship of a college at Sydney fell vacant; he stood for it unsuccessfully; but "this became the occasion of his quitting University Hall." No direct explanation is given; but we are told that "he found himself expected to express agreement with the opinions of the new set among whom he had fallen;" which of course he could not do. He had spoken of "intolerance," as we have seen; he had also written to his sister (p. 119), "As for the Unitarians, they're better than the other Dissenters, and that's all; but to go to their chapels—No!" Moreover, the *Amours de Voyage*, though not published, had been freely shown about; if the authorities at the Hall had become acquainted with it, they would have felt uneasy, and might have been glad of a decent excuse to get rid of him.

In the autumn of 1850, before the work began again at University Hall, Clough went to Venice, and there wrote or commenced his extraordinary Faust-poem, the *Dipsychus*. Superficially it much resembles the work of Goethe; nevertheless, substantially, it is an entirely independent creation. *Dipsychus* is the hero of the blank-verse dramatic poem which bears the same name. His mental conditions are much the same as those of Claude in the *Amours*, but he has braced himself up to the resolution to *act*, to give up waiting and wavering, and be a man among men. The "Spirit" is his worldly self—his own common sense; ironical, sarcastic, and prudent. In *Dipsychus* himself there are two natures: the earlier idealistic, descending from boyhood and youth; the later pessimistic, inspired by the destructive logic of the time, and somewhat embittered by the blows of adverse fortune.

In May, 1851, he sent me out a poem which is printed in his works as "A London Idyll." "Let it remind you," he wrote, "of the ancient Kensington Gardens. Fresh from the oven it is, I assure you, *tibi primo confisum*." It opened—

On grass, on gravel, in the sun,
Or now beneath the shade,
They went in pleasant Kensington,
A footman and a maid.

Perhaps this seemed to him rather too realistic, and the fourth line was altered before publication to

A prentice and a maid—

at the cost of introducing something of tameness and vagueness. Or, perhaps, the serious philosophy of the third and following stanzas appeared to him to clash a little with the half-ludicrous ideas which the original opening might suggest. Few things more profound in conception, or more perfect in workmanship, have been given to the nineteenth century than the following lines :

Th' high-titled cares of adult strife,
Which we our duties call,
Trades, arts, and politics of life,
Say, have they after all

One other object, end, or use,
Than that, for girl and boy,
The punctual earth may still produce
This golden flower of joy ?

Ah ! years may come, and years may bring
The truth that is not bliss,
But will they bring another thing
That can compare with this ?

In 1852, the hope of obtaining a post in the Education Department being temporarily frustrated by the resignation of the Liberal government, Clough went to America, and stayed at first with Emerson, who welcomed him with the greatest kindness to his house at Concord. Another kind and most faithful friend was Professor Charles Norton. But the climate did not agree with him ; the terrible east winds, prevailing far on into the summer, made him ever the victim of "a kind of rheumatic cold ;" and when the offer of a post in the English Education Office was renewed in 1853, he accepted it, and the end of July in that year found him in London. He married Miss Blanche Smith, a relation of Miss Nightingale, in 1854.

I returned from parts Australian in the autumn of 1856, with a wife and three children. If I rightly remember, Clough was in Westmoreland in the early summer of 1857, and there

we met again. I thought him a good deal changed ; his cheek was paler than formerly, and his beautiful dark eyes less bright. But his kind smile was the same as ever, and had our paths lain near together in the years that followed, I think that—in spite of mental differences that had risen up between us—the old intimacy might have in a great measure revived. Then, however, and for several years afterward, I was settled in Ireland, and had no other opportunities of meeting him than those afforded by rare visits to England. During one of these, he took me as a guest to the house of his father-in-law at Combe Hurst, and introduced me to his wife and child. Of another meeting—some time in 1858, I think—I shall speak presently.

The tales which compose *Mari Magno* were written abroad, while he was travelling on sick-leave in 1861. Much in these poems reminds one of what he was in his period of power and conflict, but much is different. The thought is lucid ; the expression generally admirable ; the versification easy and musical ; he is a "raconteur" in the style of Crabbe at his best ; yet all is pitched on a lower key. He who, "in his morn of youth defied the elements," now, subdued by nervous exhaustion, is the sage calm moralist, moving on a plane above which Crabbe never rose, but to which the author of "Qui laborat, orat" had to make a descent indeed. The two journeys for health were both made in 1861 ; from the second he never returned. All that is necessary for his friends to know about his last days is well and clearly told by his widow. At Florence in October he was compelled by fever to take to his bed ; a stroke of paralysis came on ; and he died on the 13th of November, in his forty-third year. In this last illness he was engaged in composing the beautiful stanzas beginning "Say not the struggle nought availeth," a lyric than which perhaps nothing more precious ever came from his pen.

A few words may be given to the religious difficulties of my dear friend. He became acquainted after coming into residence at Oxford with the writings of the Tübingen school, and seems

to have held that the mythical theory of Strauss, and the New Testament chronology of Baur, were alike unanswerable. But on the spiritual side his Christianity was not so easily shaken. Writing to his sister in 1847, he asks, "What is the meaning of 'Atonement by a crucified Saviour?' . . . That there may be a meaning in it, which shall not only be consistent with God's justice, that is, with the voice of our conscience, but shall be the very perfection of that justice, the one true expression of our relations to God, I don't deny; but I do deny that Mr. McNeile, or Mr. Close, or Dr. Hook, or Pusey, or Newman himself, quite know what to make of it."

There seems even to have been a time when he was drawn toward Catholicism; like Leibnitz he "*frappa à toutes les portes*." Writing in 1852 he says, "It is odd that I was myself in a most Romanizing frame of mind yesterday, which I very rarely am. I was attracted by the spirituality of it."

Amid all the perplexities of speculation, he kept, like Marceau, "the whiteness of his soul." On the moral side, and with reference to the distinction between good and evil, pure and sensual, he was firm as a rock. The following is an illustration. Being in

London in vacation time in 1858, I dined with him and my brother at a restaurant. My brother was in great force, and talked incessantly; Clough seemed to be out of spirits, and said but little. The name of Voltaire coming to be discussed, my brother said, with a wave of his hand, "As to the coarseness or sensuality of some of his writings, that is a matter to which I attach little importance." Clough bluntly replied, "Well, you don't think any better of yourself for that, I suppose." There is no harm in repeating this, because it is well known that my brother in his later years thought very differently, and regarded the French "*lubricity*," as he called it—borrowing their own word—as a moral stain which wrought unspeakable mischief on many of their finer minds.

But for Clough's early death, it is probable that he would, with Ewald, Tischendorf, Harnack, and others, have experienced a reaction against the extreme subjectivity and arbitrariness of Baur's views on the New Testament chronology. Such a reaction might, perhaps, have removed his sense of the intellectual impossibility of the popular creed, and reclaimed for religion a soul than which none more naturally devout ever existed.—*Nineteenth Century*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A POLITICAL AND SOCIAL CRITIC.

BY B. N. OAKESHOTT.

It may at first sight seem rather late in the day to examine the questions involved in Mr. Arnold's book *Culture and Anarchy*, first published about twenty-five years ago. But the problems with which it dealt are most of them still with us, still have in some way or other to be solved. Some of the conditions may perhaps have altered, but the main facts remain the same. Our point of view may possibly have changed; but it must be interesting, and it may be profitable, to see how these things appeared then to a man who was recognized as representative of the highest culture of his day. And then the book itself is such a gem

of literary art that those who have read it will be glad to have its charms recalled, and those who have not until now done so will feel grateful at having had their attention called to it.

It is pleasant to be able to "prophesy good things" about an author whose work has claimed many hours of reading and thought.

The book which is the *raison d'être* of this paper is a lasting memorial to the skill and talent of its writer, and will probably live longer as a standard of literary form and technique than as an exposition of political and social questions. Problems of vast importance are treated of in so ethereal a

manner, with a diction so easy and elegant, a style so flowing and melodious, and with such an absence of apparent care or effort, that in the end the reader rubs his eyes and is constrained to ask himself whether these serious matters which have been reviewed are, after all, real, whether they are not mere myths and dreams raised by a powerful magician and dissipated once again by a wave of his wand. With all seeming boldness Mr. Arnold approaches the difficulties that beset his argument, raises round them a cloud of graceful expressions, throws in a few phrases concerning the desirability of a "free play of thought on our stock notions," and an allusion to "marrying one's deceased wife's sister," and once more glides away on his even course like a skilful skater on dangerous ice, quite indifferent to the dark yawning abysses which he has but narrowly avoided.

It would be difficult to select a subject for study more attractive in its nature than culture, or to find a writer more pleasing in style than he who has been not unjustly called the apostle of the Hellenic dispensation. But still it must be admitted that the many-sidedness of the study of individual and general perfection would be more likely to be furthered by the precision and lucidity of Mr. John Stuart Mill, than by the vague generalization, inaccurate detail, and eloquent declamation, which seem to be inseparable from Mr. Matthew Arnold.

The ostensible object of the essay is "to commend culture as the great help out of our present difficulties," social, political, and religious, in fact, as an antidote to anarchy; its real effect, though no doubt without malice aforethought on the part of its writer, to teach a doctrine of refined indifference, of dignified *laissez-faire* so far as matters of mere everyday life are concerned, while those who have time, means, and opportunity employ themselves in becoming perfect—a theory very desirable were all mankind thus blessed, but which unfortunately takes little note of nine-tenths of the human race, and is about as practical as the suggestion of a princess of whom we have heard ere this, that bread being

scarce a starving crowd should be fed on buns.

Mr. Arnold discusses the practical portions of his subject with the air of a divinely sent teacher, to whom the momentous difficulties of active life are mere child's-play, social problems but bubbles to be pricked, vice and crime simply unpleasant accidents to be got rid of by a liberal use of rosewater, but unfortunately with much of the inutility with which a kid-gloved and bescented dandy might put his shoulder to the wheel of a brewer's dray. Our prophet has, moreover, the misfortune to be haunted; his *bête-noire* is "Non-conformity, the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion," the very mention of which is sufficient to throw him into a frenzy well-nigh approaching hysterics, and this fearful spirit is helped in its terrors by the bogies of "Disestablishment" and "The Real Estate Intestacy Bill," while the most cursory remark in favor of marriage with a deceased wife's sister causes him to shut his eyes and madly beat the air.

Despite all this, however, we admit fairly and freely that Mr. Arnold is a teacher, if not of truth, at least of half truths, and those of a very valuable kind. Indeed, could we but once convince ourselves, or become convinced, that the other half were already adequately taught and acted on, and that there is much danger of their being really too much taught, as Mr. Arnold maintains, we should be happy to adopt his theory, if not his applications of it. His real fault is that in his laudable anxiety to propagate "Hellenism," "spontaneity of consciousness," "the desirability of a free play of thought on our stock notions," and so forth, he lamentably under-rates the value of the other great means toward the attainment of perfection which he calls "Hebraism," and which consists mainly in the development of the moral side of man's nature and the striving to reduce at once to practice whatever of light a man may have.

O lover, striver after and teacher of culture, why hast thou closed thine eyes that thou shouldst not see, and stopped thine ears that thou shouldst not hear? Hast thou looked with

more than a mere purblind glance on the men around thee, and yet thinkest that too much time and effort have been given to moral teaching? Hast thou seen the multitudes of thy fellow-creatures, crushed under the load of undeserved poverty, which seems to them as inevitable as though it were a law of Nature? Hast thou heard them, sunk in vice, to which the Nemesis of a false civilization has driven them, crying out from the midst of their degradation for they know not what save "a deliverance," and yet canst elegantly offer them "intellectual development" and "the free play of thought on their stock notions"?

Behold! this is the panacea for all their woes. This is the patent medicine to cure all diseases! As well might one put before a hungry man a meal of stones and wind and tell him to eat and drink and therewithal be filled. Thy teaching may be good—nay, without doubt is good for those who are already dragged out of the mire; but for these?

Away! away! with such dilettantism, and let Hebraism, with its belief in the law of God, take these by the hand and lead them, or if need be, even with its terrors, drive them, to a higher moral level. Then, indeed, may there be some hope from Hellenism. No culture that was ever yet taught on this earth, of the intellectual sort, has stirred or could stir this helpless mass, could force or instil into a man's mind the infinite importance of every man to himself, and consequently of each to each, and the prime necessity of honorable existence, that a man should be honest with himself. The glorious example afforded in the Christian religion may indeed touch the heart of a man, sunk however deeply, when appeals based on the general culture of the Greeks, and the desirability of "harmonious perfection developing all sides of our humanity," would be as ineffectual to arouse him as the whispering of a passing breeze.

Lest it should be thought that thus far we have misrepresented Mr. Arnold's teaching, we will endeavor to give chapter and verse from his brilliant essay, and we hope to be forgiven should it be found necessary, in follow-

ing an argument supported by much generalization and little detail, to make somewhat wide excursions into topics bearing upon the matter in hand.

Says our essayist, "Culture is pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all matters which most concern us, the best which has been thought and said in the world, and through this knowledge turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits;" this also he calls "the love of light and of seeing things as they are;" and because this was so eminently a trait of Greek character as shown in Greek literature and art he christens his creed "Hellenism." Desirable above rubies is this treasure! Happy above many the man who strives for it; thrice happy the nation of which it can be truly said it conscientiously seeks after it! But woe to that man or that nation that puts trust in the object of pursuit. Increase of knowledge brings an additional burden of responsibility, while unfortunately a love of knowledge may exist without an equal desire to act according to it. May we not well ask to what extent the Greeks were the better for their "love of seeing things as they are," and wherein they are worthy to be held up as examples to those who would be devotees at the shrine of "sweetness and light." In poetry, in philosophy, in art it may be unapproachable; but what can be said of their religious rites and mysteries, and their social morality?

We join issue at once with this theory that the "getting to know" this, that and the other good thing is the main necessity for man; the getting the will to do the good thing when known is vastly more important; and the difficulties, social, political, and religious, from which Mr. Arnold would rescue us could never have become such stumbling-blocks and obstacles had the true spirit of Hebraism, which he disparages, been acted on. The solution of all the social problems and difficulties under the sun is contained in one short sentence of what Mr. Arnold calls "renovated Hebraism." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and when it shall have been proved that the cultivation of the intellect by

means of Hellenism tends more to the fulfilment of this law than the cultivation of the heart by Hebraism, then, and then only, will Mr. Arnold's position have been established.

"The operation of culture is essentially inward," says our author, and so far as it tends to clear the sight, remove prejudices, and enable a man to see things as they are it must be admitted to be an undoubted good. That a man should be refined in his tastes, polished in his manners, without prejudice in his judgments of men and things—these should all flow as natural streams from this great source of culture; but, according to Mr. Arnold's own admission, the cultivation of an individual here and there, though desirable, is not the object which should be held in view, but the pursuit of an aggregate perfection. Now, as it is self-evident that the vast masses of mankind, even in so-called civilized countries, can have little or no opportunity of profiting by his formula, it remains to be demonstrated that the best way of improving them is by cultivating a few select and highly favored persons.

That such a course can be effective is scarcely possible, for our author urges that these favored individuals should show their interest in the welfare of their fellow-men by refraining altogether from taking part in practical affairs, except so far as their position compels them, a notion which has already been put on its trial in America, with lamentable result. There, indeed, the best educated and most cultivated classes long withheld their aid from the working of municipal and political institutions, and there those institutions became, and until recently seemed likely to continue, the scandal and disgrace of the nation.

Herein lies one of the great faults of this theory as to the active beneficence of culture, for the selfishness of man is so great that Hellenism, which should conquer, serves only in most cases to intensify it, and those who attain to even a slight degree of culture are tempted to leave their less fortunate fellow-men to get on as best they may, while they enjoy the selfish ease of their more favored condition.

If we are to believe Mr. Arnold, England was, at the time of the writing of this book, in a most deplorable state; and as any alterations which have since taken place are simply differences of degree and not of kind, we may take his charges as being in the main as applicable now as then. Not only, then, do the English people bow down and worship the great fetish, "Machinery," forgetting the ends to which the said machinery should be only a means, but as a nation they are characterized by "a want of sensitiveness of intellectual conscience." "a disbelief in right reason," and "a dislike of authority." What may be the exact meaning the writer attaches to these phrases we have not been able fully to discover, though we have carefully pondered the various passages in which he supports his charges, and other passages which seem to have an indirect bearing on them.

As we are prepared to admit that the English nation resembles all others in not being as much under the influence of culture as it should be, and also that our most cultivated men, like all other cultivated men, would probably be the better for more culture still, and as "sensitiveness of intellectual conscience" is one of the many goods which flow from culture, we must admit that in this respect there is very considerable shortcoming. At the same time, we cannot help having a shrewd suspicion that the real grievance, covered by this elegant phrase, is the tendency of the English to be guided by a moral rather than an intellectual conscience, and consequently to incur the displeasure of such critics as the late M. Taine by sacrificing much that is apparently artistic in order to avoid much that is undoubtedly indecent.

The other charges, however, have not even this modicum of foundation. If "disbelief in right reason" meant disbelief in logic absolutely applied to all and several of our customs, laws, and institutions, we should freely admit, nay, even glory in the charge, and what other meaning it can have as applied to the English nation we are at a loss to know. The nation that should attempt to frame its constitution upon

logic, that should, in fact, worship the great idol of France, the logic mill, that should strive without regard to sentiment, and without modifications suitable to varying circumstances, to push to their extreme results all laws arising from a theoretically perfect system of government, would be in danger of having to pay a penalty such as that of which France is still valiantly struggling to get rid. It is the very belief in right reason as opposed to theoretic perfection that has made all Englishmen in most respects equal before the law, that has enabled England to make reforms while France has made revolutions, that has secured for England religious liberty, while Germany, until the last year or two, has been subject to a degrading slavery, and France to a disguised persecution; and that we trust will enable her to weather the storms likely to arise from the progress of democracy and socialism, and from the solution of the problem of labor *versus* capital.

It may be that England is too much wedded to machinery (by which we understand Mr. Arnold to mean Parliaments and all other distinctive representative institutions); but it is undoubtedly the fact that this machinery has hitherto done what it was intended to do, has given to us a stability and order which, sneers notwithstanding, is the envy of other nations, while securing to the individual a liberty of thought and action unknown elsewhere; and that from the very simple fact that it has gradually been built up by a nation loving "right reason" and still willing to alter its machinery whenever it may be found necessary so to do. It is noticeable that since this charge of devotion to machinery for its own sake was formulated, the efforts of our Legislature have resulted in a gigantic system of School Board education, in the establishment of county, district and parish councils, and of sundry land commissioners and commissions, not for the sake of the machinery, but with certain clearly defined objects, and that at the present time there is a marked impatience on the part of the average man at the inefficiency of certain portions of the machinery of legislation, and a reasonable

prospect of the alteration and improvement of that machinery.

The third charge brought against this much-enduring nation is that it has "a dislike of authority," which, again, would be true enough if by "authority" is meant "despotism," or authority without the sanction of any law save the will of one or more persons exercising an usurped power. Against all such "authority" it behoves every rational man to protest; for until an infallible man or an infallible class is found, a benevolent despotism must be regarded with suspicion and dislike as having no basis whatever in "right reason." Wherein is the "dislike of authority" displayed? First, and apparently this is the sin of sins and the forefront of our offending, we have no Academy like that of France, whose decision upon matters of taste in literature and whose judgments in art may be taken as final.

When we consider the treatment to which many of the most eminent French writers, notably Victor Hugo and M. Renan, have been exposed by this much-lauded institution, when we remember how large a proportion of its favored members have fallen into deserved oblivion, and how little respect it has inspired among the French people, we cannot profess to regret that here we have no literary trade union, bestowing privileges upon its devoted slaves, and prostituting its powers to the service of a religious sect or a political faction.

In matters of religion again the English nation has sinned deeply in that it has not seen its way clear to submitting to "authority," in which word is summed up what Mr. Arnold would have us believe is the glory of the whole earth, "the English Episcopal Church as by law established." Why we should stop here we cannot tell. At least this Church has never claimed for itself infallibility, and has as many varieties of belief and disbelief within its communion as all other sects put together. If "harmonious perfection" is the object to be attained, why should authority be vested in an institution so thoroughly divided against itself that for at least two generations it has only been held together by a legal tie and a due respect for the things of this

world? The love of "right reason" is prevailing against it as an Establishment, and there remain but few, even among doctrinaires, who profess to see any reasonable standpoint between wholesale concurrent endowment and total disestablishment. As no other sects will consent to barter away their freedom for endowment or privilege, we shall have in the natural order of events to submit to the other course, and some of us may live to see the time when the Church will be freed from its political shackles and the vast body of its lay members have some effective voice in its affairs.

Politically also we were, and if so still are, in a very bad way. We have rebelled against the authority of a monarchy, which gave place to that of an aristocracy, this again falling before an uprising of the middle classes, and now at the time Mr. Arnold's book was written the working classes all raising an uproar asking for their "rights." Since then the "rights" have been granted, the base of the political structure widened, and England still stands as she did, and still has the honor to be the most easily governed nation in the world.

Do we not stand condemned as a nation abhorring authority? Yet when we look more closely at the matter we find that injustice has been the great provocative and a love of "right reason" the great incentive to these outrageous and wicked proceedings. So long as kings deserved they obtained willingly from their subjects, loyalty; so long as an aristocracy ably and justly conducted the affairs of the country they obtained due respect and obedience; so long as king, lords, and middle classes were sufficient for their duties, the rest of the nation willingly left matters in their hands. But "right reason" has urged continually that increase of privilege and responsibility should go hand in hand with increase of power, and thus as each class has become more and more fitted for taking part in the joint government of the country, it has had bestowed upon it more and more of authority in the making and executing of its laws. And for this reason above all others has England obtained the reputation

of being the most orderly and law-abiding of nations. An Englishman's love of liberty is proverbial, but so also is his deference toward and respect for law, which for the time being is the best representation we have of the collective "best self" of the whole people, susceptible indeed of vast improvement and fortunately being continually altered and improved to suit the development of the nation and the continual increase of knowledge as to its social conditions and requirements.

Our system is indeed far from perfect, we have possibly among us as large a proportion of disorderly intentioned persons as any other nation, yet it is a curious comment upon the dislike of the nation for authority that a police force of some 12,000 men should be found sufficient to protect life and property and to preserve even an appearance of order in a city numbering upward of 5,000,000 of people.

The Cassandra-like lamentations of elegant dilettanti and highly cultured theorists have attended all practical reforms in the past, and will, we suppose, attend them so long as reforms are made; but until the prophets of ill and the believers in things as they were can agree among themselves as to which is the Golden Age of the past to which we should strive to get back, their prophecies and lamentations are likely to continue mere causes for laughter to practical men.

At present we have dwelt almost exclusively upon Mr. Arnold's theories, we will now endeavor to follow him briefly into the consideration of one or two practical questions which he has treated at some length and so far as we can judge with no little injustice.

The first of these is that of Disestablishment, which, at the time of the publication of this book, had just been commented on in a very practical manner by the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and which cannot fail to have special interest now, seeing that a Bill for the disestablishment of the English Church in Wales was recently before Parliament.

We have laid before us the grand notion that "The State is of the religion of all its citizens without the fanaticism of any," as though that at once settled

the whole question and proved without possibility of doubt that the duty of the State is to maintain the present Church establishment. Of course the formula has no bearing whatever on the question in hand unless that which is not a fact be assumed to be a fact—namely, that the Church as by law established is of the religion of all the citizens of the State without the fanaticism of any. If it were so the question under discussion could never have arisen. There may have been a time when Church and people were co-equal and co-extensive. At present it is a debatable point whether the Nonconformist and Roman Catholic population of Great Britain and Ireland is not quite as large as the population claimed on the very loosest and broadest grounds by the Established Church. And who can contend that the present Established Church is free from fanaticism when one of its most honored bishops denounced as works of the devil, beer-houses and chapels, when Nonconformists who are opposed to Establishment are daily denounced by bishops and Members of Parliament as sacrilegious robbers, when many of the Church's most open-hearted and wide-minded representatives are vilified and persecuted for holding social and religious intercourse with members of other communions, and when two of its great sections have successively prosecuted one another by law, bringing the whole system into contempt by the readiness with which they nominally conform with legal decisions in a way which among laymen would be deemed dishonorable.

Mr. Arnold, however, was so little influenced by his own Hellenic doctrines that he was never without self-evident prejudice in dealing with Puritanism in any shape, and so in this instance brushes on one side any argument adduced against an Establishment as of no importance, and rings the changes with much satisfaction to himself on the meanness and fanaticism of Dissent and its unreasonable antipathy to State churches.

The strongest argument against an Establishment, and that which most influences all those to whom religion itself is of more importance than the

human system by which it is maintained and promulgated, is the fact that connection with the State and dependence on it reduces the office of the priesthood to a profession. It makes the priest a State official, whose appointment and progress depend not upon any love for the work he undertakes, or any special fitness for it, but upon his acquiring a certain minimum of knowledge and receiving assistance and patronage from persons of influence in that branch of the public service, while the repeated and conflicting decisions of civil courts upon questions of doctrine tend to unsettle the minds of men and afford fresh scope for the scorn and sneers of unbelievers.

The evils of the system are perhaps best illustrated by the appointment of its highest officials, the bishops, nominated it may be by an infidel, a Jew, or an atheist, elected under the *congé d'élire*, and finally appointed by the head of the Church, who has always been regarded by the most orthodox as being to all intents and purposes a Presbyterian.

Mr. Arnold, however, does not conceal that his sympathies are with those who, misunderstanding the whole question, think that the antagonism of Nonconformists may be bought off by a wholesale system of concurrent endowment. We cannot help thinking that he does an injustice to culture by endeavoring to bring it to bear upon this question. Whether certain moneys shall be distributed among various religious sects, according to his theory at deadly enmity one with the other, and the most powerful of which has always been opposed to the cause of freedom of thought, without which culture is impossible, thus causing heart burnings and jealousy to prevail and perpetuating a sentimental grievance; or whether, on the other hand, reasonable indemnity should be given to vested interests, and the balance applied to works in which all good men of whatever persuasion are agreed, is a question which "right reason" would answer with little difficulty, and that certainly not in the sense in which Mr. Arnold has answered on behalf of culture. In this matter the prejudice of the advocate has injured his own cause.

It may be and no doubt is desirable that all men should worship together, but it requires the perception of a Matthew Arnold to see how such an object would be furthered by the distribution of large sums of money to assist them in worshipping differently.

The second practical illustration given is directed against the Real Estate Intestacy Bill, which was intended "to prevent the land of a man who dies intestate from going, as it goes now, to his eldest son;" a piece of machinery, according to our author, utterly opposed to culture. The only true way of rectifying any evils arising from the laws of entail, in his judgment, was to bring culture to bear by pointing out to the barbarians, Mr. Arnold's synonym for aristocracy, the great dangers to which their eldest sons will be exposed by the possession of so much wealth, and by plying them gradually with other like considerations. He was utterly oblivious of the fact that the Bill proposed to deal only with the property of those who were already beyond the reach of any such arguments, and that at the very worst it was but a rough-and-ready way of securing those ends, which he admits are suggested by culture, in particular instances, where culture itself was of necessity useless.

Says he, in pursuing his argument, "Does not culture point out that *pouvoir sans savoir est fort dangereux*," and is not the truth of this proverb illustrated continually by the careers of our younger barbarians? Truly it does so, and the proverb is painfully verified. In course of time, perhaps, the barbarians may admit these truths, and act in accordance with the promptings of culture; but does not "right reason" point out that it is not wise to continue an evil in cases where it can be checked without interfering in any way with the vested interests or the so-called rights of a class? Does it not imperatively demand that, in cases of intestacy, law should step in and assume that the deceased was a wise and cultured man, and that had he lived longer he would not have wished to expose one son to the dangers of inordinate wealth and the rest of his family to the ills and attendant degradations of an unaccustomed poverty? Does it

not, moreover, claim on behalf of society a right to guard itself against the dangers which may arise from the neglect of its individual members? Despite Mr. Arnold's protests, it is evident that culture and the Real Estate Intestacy Bill go hand in hand.

In dealing with his third illustration, Mr. Arnold, we regret to say, finds himself compelled to fall back upon sophistry instead of argument, and misrepresentation in place of facts.

Thus—because Mr. Chambers, in introducing a Bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister, strove to disarm the prejudices and superstitions of his opponents by showing that such marriages are not condemned, and even are permitted, by the Law of Leviticus—Mr. Arnold deals with the argument as though Mr. Chambers had endeavored to prove that, because they are not prohibited by the Bible, therefore they must be desirable, and not on any account to be made illegal. Again, Mr. Hepworth Dixon having written a book entitled *Spiritual Wives*, which treated largely of love and marriage in some of their strangest and most objectionable forms, Mr. Arnold seizes on the accident of its publication, and treats of Mr. Chambers's proposition as though it had been based on Mr. Dixon's book, thus, in his endeavor to bolster up a weak case, connecting two entirely independent subjects. To such shifts may an able writer be driven when the culture which he professes to teach has been insufficient to overcome the prejudices derived from early education and confirmed by the conventionalities of the society in which it was his lot to move.

The real line of argument used by Mr. Chambers and his supporters was that, there being no Scriptural law against "marriage with a deceased wife's sister," it is no part of the duty of an Established Church to promulgate such a law, ostensibly on Scriptural grounds, and thus endeavor to make an artificial sin. That this being the case, the matter becomes entirely of a social nature, to be prohibited by law only on the ground of injury to the State. Lastly, that it is not injurious to the State, and therefore should be left to the individual judgment.

With this argument Mr. Arnold does not even attempt to cope, but contents himself with playful sarcasms, vague generalizations as to the Philistine defect in delicacy of perception, and a repudiation of the Bible as a guide in the question of marriage.

As a last illustration, our author deals, in his lightest and most graceful manner, with the topic of Free Trade and its results, condemning the whole as unworthy of the assistance and furtherance of the disciples of culture.

That together with Free Trade, and the consequent increase of wealth and population, various social problems, including pauperism, have grown up and assumed alarming proportions must be admitted. But at the same time it must be borne in mind, that though the absolute number of paupers has increased, the relative number, as compared with the whole population, has diminished; so that the great development of commerce and manufacture holds out some slight hope of eventually remedying the evils attendant upon the consequent abnormal increase of population.

Mr. Arnold pictures in vivid language the misery of such a population as that in the East End of London, its poverty, wretchedness, degradation, and asks whether these things should be so? His picture is nearly as true now as it was then, and his question equally pertinent—whether “the dear God who loveth us and made and loveth all,” can be pleased that these things are so? Whether the constant increase of trade, wealth, and population can ever set them right or not rather serve in the long run to multiply the dangers and add to the difficulties? And then, having given his wrath full scope, suggests his remedy, and what is that remedy?

To adopt the Hebraistic plan of giving to the workers an additional share in the profits arising from their labor? No. To foster among them sobriety, cleanliness, thrift; to educate them so that they may be the better able to rise from their miseries? No. To establish among them mutual or charitable societies to assist the most distressed; to provide them with cleanly and airy dwellings? No. These all come un-

der the condemnation that they are Hebraistic, practical, and unfit for culture to meddle with. His startling, profound, and eminently common-sense suggestion is that culture should be brought to bear on the weltering ignorant masses to convince them that they should no longer continue to propagate their species, because they have not the means to bring up their children in decency.

Thus he calls, not for any sacrifice on the part of the well-to-do portion of society, not for any of that bearing of one another's burdens which should be a characteristic of a professedly Christian community, not for a free-handed or organized distribution from the abundance of the few to minister to the necessities of the many, but for an additional self-denial on the part of those whose lives are already well-nigh void of pleasure, a suppression of the most powerful of instincts on the part of those whose misfortune it is to have been born in a condition most nearly approaching that of the mere animal, a self-control which can only be developed in individuals from the education of successive generations, and which to pervade a whole class would probably be the work of at least a century.

Mr. Arnold's reasons for withholding, as a believer in culture, all assistance from the Free Trade movement were as weak as the suggestion to which we have last referred was ridiculous. Firstly, he was at variance with many of its supporters. Secondly, he was painfully conscious of many of the evils that have attended it. It does not seem, however, to have occurred to him that it is not always advisable to judge of a cause by the utterances of its most enthusiastic and consequently most fanatical advocates; or that those results which are most immediately apparent are not necessarily ultimate and most important. He saw that by Free Trade wealth and population have been wonderfully increased, and that the poverty and misery, which, while widely distributed, could be easily overlooked and conveniently ignored, have by its concentrative power been revealed in all their nakedness and bitterness. He did not see, or gave no signs of seeing, that through it the solidarity of na-

tions might come to be acknowledged, that by the inter-dependence of nations resulting from it obstacles would be raised in the way of international strife which may in time come to be invincible, and that by the aggregation of the individually helpless unity and the power of combination are placed within their reach, which is now rapidly tending to procure some approach toward justice in the distribution of the increment of wealth.

The case of Free Trade is, in fact, exactly one of those in which the sympathetic aid of the disciples of culture is most necessary, with a view to impressing on employers and employed a sense of their common interests and relative duties, and thus averting a threatened war of classes, a result which will never be brought about by supercilious reserve or sneering criticism.

We have now followed Mr. Arnold through his argument and illustrations, and have endeavored to point out to what extent we agree with him in his enumeration of the evils of the present system of social life with its accompanying institutions, political and ecclesiastical, pointing out at the same time wherein we differ from him in his estimate of the nature of the evils of which he speaks, wherein we believe he has mistaken symptoms of revival for signs of decadence, and wherein we think his remedy likely to be beneficial and where harmful.

We shall not have completed the task we have set before us unless we point out that all the social evils at which we have glanced are but symptoms of a deep-seated disease pervading society at large, with which it behoves each individual, and especially those who are regarded as teachers of men, to grapple most earnestly.

England has been, and still is, passing through a transitional epoch—an epoch of destruction and clearing away of old forms and systems preparatory to a reconstruction of society upon a firmer and truer basis, of which some signs are already making themselves visible.

"The old order changeth giving place to the new," but while the changes have become painfully evident—for it is impossible to view without

pain the fall of institutions which in the past have wrought mighty and good works—the arrival of the new order is thus far but dimly perceptible.

The ideal "God" of the past has been destroyed by a flood of Iconoclasm, the ideal "God" of the future is thus far earnestly sought after but not seen. All unity of purpose has been broken up by wave on wave of doubt and denial as to the truth of the central fact upon which society itself must be based to be enduring. Reverence has well-nigh fled from among us and with it all loyalty worthy of the name.

While priests have been teaching dogmas which common sense repudiates, while science and orthodoxy have been hurling curses and denunciation at one another and philosophers have been vainly endeavoring to define the infinite and bring "God" within the comprehension of man, the bands of society have been loosened, society itself has become disintegrated, from similarity of interests, has rushed together again into classes, and each class has made the principle of its life selfishness, bounded only by the endurance of its opponents.

Despite the traditional hauteur of aristocrats and the rabid destructiveness of communists, despite the logic of political economists and the eloquence of Free Trade fanatics, there is comfort in knowing that the laws of Nature have not changed, that a lie cannot live, and consequently that a society based on so monstrous a lie, so great a libel on humanity, so outrageous a repudiation of all the teachings of experience, must rapidly pass away. Selfishness as a basis for the reconstruction of society is an absurdity, implying as it does a war of class against class, of man against man, the existence of malice, hatred and all uncharitableness, and can only end in the triumph of the powers of darkness, anarchy, chaos, the apotheosis of the devil.

Facilis est descensus Averni. We have sunk somewhat in this direction, but always with such staying and modifying influences at work that it is not Utopian to hope for and even to expect far better and higher results. Harmony is the one thing needful, and

even now the keynote strikes faintly on the ear, faintly, but with an ever-increasing body of sound, which promises in time to influence all hearts and charm them back from darkness into light, from chaos into order.

It is upon this point of suggesting a remedy for the evils of the time that Mr. Arnold most lamentably fails. The development of the intellect, the bringing to bear of culture upon the troubles that arise, are doubtless good, but must be ineffective as long as the cry is "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" The danger is not that culture will not make progress—it is inevitable that it should—but that the moral sense will not develop with it. What is necessary is that men, whether sufficiently educated or not to appreciate the teaching of culture, should be influenced by the same faith, the same loyalty. The teaching that is most wanted in all classes is not from the intellect inward, though that is good, but from the heart outward.

To adopt a quotation which Mr. Arnold has used in his book as an argument in support of an Established Church, when he himself disdains to believe the dogmas which it teaches, Joubert has well said "The same devotion unites men far more than the same thought and knowledge." And it is this "same devotion," which must become a realized fact in order that society may display that unity which is sought after by all true lovers of their race.

It may seem strange, but it is undoubtedly true, that to ensure this we shall have to fall back upon the central teaching of the grand old Hebrew Bible, that *there is one God before all, beyond all, and supreme over all*. Our conception of the attributes of "the Holy One that inhabiteth eternity" may, and no doubt will, vary and develop in the future as they have done in the past. But this great central truth must inevitably come to be believed. Whether experience demon-

strates that there is "an Eternal, not ourselves, that maketh for righteousness," whether we adopt the Bible teaching as an inspired revelation, or whether the discoveries of science throw us back upon an unknown first cause to which we attach attributes derived from the study of Nature and of man—the conclusion is the same.

There is one God worthy of our devotion, and whose laws are those of righteousness.

The wisdom of the advice of the writer of Ecclesiastes—"Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man"—has been confirmed by the experience of nearly 3000 years, and the business of the teachers of the present is to strive to impress upon all its truth. The fact that the laws of the Eternal are based on righteousness, and that peace and happiness, as well for nations as for individuals, can be obtained in no other way than by acting in accordance with those laws, is supported by so large a mass of evidence as to be well-nigh demonstrated.

With the relations of the individual to that *God* we have here but little to do; for devotion may arise toward the same power in different hearts, with entirely different ideas as to its nature. So that whether the Eternal be regarded as a personal deity, the almighty and loving Father of the human race, or whether it be revered as an impersonal power, the law of the existence of which is that it should "make for righteousness," the same laws demand the obedience of all, the grand summary of which, as regards the dealing of man with man, class with class, nation with nation, is, "Do unto all men as you would they should do unto you." And belief in, and conscientious endeavor to act up to, this precept must needs effect the extinction of anarchy by means of the multitudinous and much-needed reforms necessary for a reconstruction of society.—*Westminster Review*.

MIND AS DISEASE-PRODUCER.

BY HERBERT CORYN.

I PROPOSE to inquire, with such data as are at our disposal, what share, if any, the mind, and subjective nature generally, take in the production of disease; whether errors of mind are answerable for the fact that, notwithstanding (as shown by the steadily decreasing poor-rate) that it is easier now than ten and twenty years ago to obtain a living, notwithstanding all the advances made in medicine and hygiene, and notwithstanding that the *average* length of life is lengthening, the actual number of years remaining to each man over thirty-five and to each woman over forty-five is fewer for every decade, we are increasingly liable to some of the more formidable diseases, and suicide increases steadily all over Europe.

Much has at all times been said and thought as to the relation of mind to body; and the dependence of mental states, or rather, of subjective states, and of mental powers, upon the bodily condition is perfectly well known. We know, that is, that some of the organs, and probably all of them, are so related to the mind that *their* disturbance entails *mental* disturbance. They are related to the general color of feeling; and upon the general color of feeling rests, not always the *power* of thought, but its deliverances. The man whose liver is out of order will think pessimism as clearly and strongly as, when his liver is healthy, he will think optimism. But beyond this we also know that clear and vivid thought requires healthy brain-cells supplied with healthy blood, and that if these conditions are wanting the thought will be confused, slow, or otherwise affected. The *current of general feeling* and the *quality of thought* are two distinct things. The river of thought moves across a background of feeling, or general nature, or emotional potentiality. A musician, a mathematician, an athlete, and a mystic may all *think* out a proposition of Euclid, but this stream of thought, identical in all of them, moves in each case through an aura of feeling, an inner nature, an emotional

potency, peculiar to each man. And the same man may at different times *think* out a problem while *feeling* musical, or amorous, or mystical. The *feeling* is the key in which any set of thoughts may be the melody. The blood may be anæmic and febrile, and the brain poisoned and sluggish, and yet the consequently disjointed and labored thought may be, in trend and feeling, radiantly optimistic; and the thought may be brilliant and finished in quality, yet, resting on gloomy feeling, incite those who follow its trend, to suicide.

On one side of the case, then, the general color of feeling, hopeful, gloomy, or what not, as also the sustained power of rapid and vivid thought, depend more or less upon the condition of the blood, brain, and other organs. On the other side, is it also true that the condition of the organs may depend upon the permitted level and color of feeling; and the healthy condition of the brain upon (other things being equal) the concentration, care, and connection of thought that is required of it? In other words, can we disease our bodies by looseness of thought, and by the permission of ill-regulated currents of feeling? More fully, can we distinguish between diseases, if any, due to want of control of *thought* and those due to want of control of *feeling*? Each kind of disease, once established, would tend to increase. The former group present the most difficulty. The latter we are more familiar with. We know, for example, that one who takes no trouble to raise himself or herself from the erotic level of consciousness may induce hysteria and even organic disease. Is it also true that one who lets his thoughts *drift*, even purely, and whatever his level of consciousness, may induce disease?

When a man is in the excited stage of alcoholism, that is, has had a quantity of alcohol sufficient, not to make him drunk, but to stimulate the processes of his thought, we find him talking rapidly and vividly, and, if we are

ourselves the man, we find ourselves thinking in pictures with very great rapidity; that is, each thought or mental picture leads instantly to another. But we know this to be morbid, and the result of alcohol poisoning. And we know it to be disastrous to the brain to repeat this process often. We know further that the same thing may occur without the alcoholic poison. In persons of a certain temperament, called sensitive or emotional, any little disturbance in circumstance or chance word will in the same way set the mind off rattling; it may happen even without any marked cause at all. Such an one will, in body, compose himself to sleep, in bed, but that is not what his mind is proposing. It passes from thought to thought, from memory to memory, from picture to picture, and at last the very possibility of sleep departs. By morning the wearied brain is unable either to think of anything or not to think of everything, and two more such nights would mean insanity or apoplexy. This form of wear and tear of brain, like the alcoholic, is morbid. No one would deny that. Yet that is what we all do, in lesser degree. It is an example of an extreme degree of that utter uncontrol and unconcentration of thought of which every one of us is in lesser degree guilty, and as in this form the brain may be destroyed unless help comes in a few days, so in the course of years we perhaps all destroy our brains and die prematurely from useless wear and tear, due to unconcentrated, wandering weakness of thought.

There is probably some form of distinct organic or functional disease attaching to each of the divisions of morbidity of consciousness. Take, for example, vanity. We have in vanity an excessively enlarged opinion of our own powers and importance. Carry this still further, and in this exaltation of self-esteem we have the early symptoms of general paralysis, and at first the only means for its diagnosis. Knowing what we do of the action of consciousness upon body, how tempting is the suggestion that general paralysis is the organic registration in the body and nervous system of the long-continued, even if concealed, mental habit

of self-glorification. If it is urged that in many of these cases there were no signs of such a habit till the malady began to appear, the reply is that a hereditary gout or cancer may take fifty years to appear, yet because they are hereditary their elemental causes must have existed from birth. Its appearance is no more surprising, given some insignificant exciting cause, than is the sudden appearance late in life of any other mental power or change, as when a drunkard or villain suddenly reforms. Genius sometimes appears late in life, and, believing, as I do, in the repeated rebirths of each individual, I regard them as the recrudescence of old habit.

But let us return to the study of thought as we practise it, and then we can say whether it be more correct to use the phrase, "I think" or "I am borne upon the currents of my thought;" whether we are active or passive.

As I sit in my study passively smoking, my eye falls upon the cat on the hearthrug. The sight of the cat calls up the associated picture of a kitten, and this in its turn leads to milk. Milk passes by an easy transition to cow, and cow suggests a green field. Then I remember that it is time for my summer holiday, and that my one chief desire is the green of country fields. But suppose I am an old lady. The cat calls up the picture of a hob, and upon that a steaming kettle, and the kettle suggests a cup of tea, which is what *she* wants. Or I may be a man of science, and then the cat will suggest rat, and rat, guinea-pig, and that the next experiment to be tried thereon, and the much-desired fame that will follow upon that piece of gained knowledge. So we "think," as we phrase it, along lines of associated ideas or pictures, and the association is not casual or the same for any two men, or any two periods in the same man, but is determined by the prevailing desire or state of feeling. For the cat may suggest nocturnal howls, and that, by contrast, music, and music Wagner's *Parsifal*, and in a moment I am lost in the mysterious temple of the Grail Brotherhood. That is, if my state of feeling, guiding the links of associa-

tion, is not only musical, but mystical. In other words, although we think along the lines suggested by association, from every link many lines branch, and we select the line that accords with our state of feeling. Thus "cat" leads equally to "kitten," or to "rat," or to "howling on roofs," or to "steaming kettle." And we move off more on lines that accord with our temperament or temporary feeling than along the links that happen to have been, in actual experience, most frequently associated together. And if we do not control thought, how much less do we control the area of feeling within which the river of thought tortuously runs; how much less do we consciously and voluntarily raise from time to time through the day the color of feeling from base to high, from indifferent to noble; in fact, how completely are we in danger of losing the art of what is truly called prayer or meditation—meditation, or the raising of the field of feeling till it touches its like and its source in the spaces of the universe. We permit a keynote of feeling to remain sounding at the root of consciousness, though we know it to be bad. We say, "I feel morose this morning," or "always am morose after dinner," and are content to have it so, as if it were an unalterable decree of Providence. Nay, we say as much, only for "Providence" read "Liver." But we forget that the poor liver may really be the innocent victim of the combined *mental* vices of gluttony and moroseness, long permitted, the liver and the mind now pleasingly co-operating, each to make the other worse. But since we can see our own level of feeling, and our own current of thought, we are really apart from, and, the spectator of these, can take hold of them and guide and readjust them, and can even help others to do the same. We know that to modify the consciousness of a sick man into the view that he is going to get better is to cause it to act on the cells so as to favor or even cause their bettering; and I have known a convalescent thrown back into death by the assertion in his presence that he would die.

We know a few things about feeling. We know that a congested liver pro-

duces gloom, perhaps leading to suicide; another kind of gloom is perhaps due to a congested spleen; a disorderly heart produces apprehension of coming danger; certain intestinal conditions produce fear; morbid conditions of other organs mar the sense of strength and manhood or womanliness. We know also a few converse truths: that gloom or despair may induce jaundice; that good news will make the heart beat vigorously; that cheerfulness will calm and regulate its beat; that fear and anxiety may paralyze digestion. Some cases of exophthalmic goitre present a curiously close symptomatic analogy to the phenomena of fear. There is intestinal laxity, sense of abdominal chill and emptiness, palpitation of the heart and about the abdominal aorta, carotid throbbing and tension about the throat with protrusion of the eyeballs. A case is cited by Guislain from Ridard of a woman who, after seeing her daughter violently beaten, was seized with great terror, and suddenly became affected with gangrenous erysipelas of the breast. Mr. Carter narrates that a lady who was watching her little child at play, saw a heavy window-sash fall upon its hand, cutting off three of its fingers, and she was so much overcome by fright and distress as to be unable to help. After dressing the wounds the surgeon turned to the mother, whom he found seated moaning and complaining of pain in the hand. Three fingers corresponding to those injured in the child were discovered to be swollen and inflamed. Purulent sloughing set in. Fothergill says that the most pronounced case of anæmia he ever met with was in a girl of splendid physique and magnificent family history. She was the type of health when her father fell down by her side at market and died then and there. She then became incurably anæmic. Emotion had ruined her blood. Both acute and chronic diabetes frequently own shock or prolonged anxiety as their cause. The same is true of chronic kidney disease, and the same causes form part of the factors concerned in cancer and epilepsy. The hair may turn gray in the course of a night of grief. The milk of a mother in animals and man may be instantly

suspended by emotion, and Dr. Carpenter records cases in which the milk of nursing mothers, though not suspended, became instantly fatal to the offspring. In the hypnotic state the influence of mind on body is perhaps still more striking. Binet and Féré record cases of much interest. Postage stamps were applied to the shoulder of a hypnotized subject and the suggestion was made that a blister would appear. In twenty hours, when the dressing was removed, the skin was thick, dead, and white, puffy and surrounded by an intensely red zone. The whole was photographed. The temperature of small parts of the body can be raised several degrees by suggestion. Nose bleeding and blood-sweat have been produced, and in one case the subject's name, traced gently on his arm with a blunt probe, stood out, long after, in times of intense congestion, accompanied by a little bleeding. It is needless further to multiply instances. The point is that if intense feeling, or slighter degrees of feeling, morbid, long sustained, can intimately affect every bodily process in a marked and vivid manner, producing great alterations of structure or function and chemico-physiological actions, or acute and chronic disease, then those slighter but much more prolonged errors and morbidities of thought and feeling of which we are all guilty from moment to moment and from day to day, those improper and unguarded states of consciousness which we all permit, not even recognizing them as improper, must be answerable, as causes, for a large part of the diseases of humanity. And answerable, too, not only for disease, but for the unhealthiness of what we count as health, for the undergrown, short-lived bodies in which we have to dwell so painfully and carefully even when we do not have what alone we call obvious disease. In the opposites, therefore, of those mental and emotional states that we know to produce disease, we have those that produce health.

It may be that now, less than at any time known to us, do men keep a certain light of peace in the heart. They have lost trust in the trend of things toward good, see or feel no conscious

guidance in the outwardly dark ways of nature; or, if they dimly feel it, *think*, and then *dogmatize* that consciousness has no instrument by which to *know*. But the powers of consciousness lie all dormant in most men, but slightly awake in any but the very few, and we have only just sounded the first few notes in the great symphony of *human* evolution. Life has only just awakened with the advent of man, from bare sensuous feeling to *self-knowing*, the first bit of real knowing; a change in *kind*, a whole level of advance in conscious power. The two-dimensional cannot conceive the three-dimensional; the simply *feeling* consciousness cannot conceive the *self-knowing* consciousness. Go farther, and say that the self-knowing present consciousness cannot conceive, but must postulate in supreme hope that mounts to certainty, the possibilities, the changes of growth, in *kind*, of consciousness, that lie in front of us.

We saw that the habit of *drifting*, in thought, of letting the mind roam at its own will, was easily capable of rising into a distinct and dangerous malady. Let us look more closely at the same thing. For not only is there a keynote of feeling or emotion sounding all the time, but the individual thoughts are themselves accompanied by smaller scraps of feeling. We know that a great and persistent longing will, *unless satisfied*, injure health; as when a home-sick man is far from home, or the subconscious longing of many women, which they must neither think of nor utter, for a home and children of their own. But I am not for the moment speaking of these great longings, but of others more temporary. But though more temporary and evanescent, in their degree they jar health and evenness of body. All thought is a stream of pictures, founded on memory and on present perception, recombined, perhaps, by fancy and imagination, compared, abstracted from. And with every such picture or thought-element of a picture arises a ripple of feeling, a twinge or shading of emotion, gleams of pleasure, shadows of pain, momentary touches of wish or dislike; of such, in millions for each daily, is made up the eternally moving kaleido-

scopic consciousness of man. And it is these feelings, not so much the thoughts that they accompany, that play upon the physical organs of the body and produce disease. We know they produce disease if long continued and acute. We must assume that in their slighter forms, continued in myriads as they are throughout life, they must be the hitherto unrecognized factors of disease and general shortening of life. Would one, then, recommend that man should pass through life without a single emotion, like a thinking statue of marble? Is *all* longing the chief root of disease? And therefore to be made an end of? *Can* one make an end of them, for they can never be satisfied? They seem to involve an endless waste of life-force, of resisting power, for we require to be always resisting death. If two men expose themselves to infection, one only may take the disease to which they are alike exposed. Both breathe the germs that are the immediate cause of the disease, but in the blood of one they are destroyed at once, and in that of the other they are not destroyed till after a great battle which we call a fever, and in which the utmost powers of the blood-cells are taxed. Remembering the effects on the blood, the anæmias resulting from grief, shock, and emotions of many kinds, it would be hard to deny that in the taking of infectious diseases there rank, as almost unsuspected previous disposing cause, the general habits of thought and color of the currents of feeling peculiar to each individual. And so, also, in purely functional disorders. I once saw a case of minor epilepsy gradually improve almost to cure by a prolonged attempt on the part of the patient to cure the irritability of temper to which he was a victim, and to cure the discontinuity of thought and lapses of attention which he had for years permitted to increase. It was an aggravated case of the ordinary mind-wandering in which we all habitually indulge, and the small fits occurred during the intervals of the lapsing of his attention from, and return of his attention to, the subject of which he was speaking. And epilepsy of the greater kind, when the fits are peri-

odic, frequently presents the phenomenon that some one fit may not occur, its place being taken by an attack of ungovernable rage. Taking this fact with my own cited case, the general connection of epilepsy with uncontrolled temper, and the sometimes striking effect of hypnotism in the reduction of the number of fits, I am strongly inclined to regard it as often an heirloom of long periods of time extending over many generations or lifetimes of the individual himself (if you accept the theory of rebirth), during which little or no control was gained of the moods, and in which every fit of irritability was allowed the utmost scope, allowed its fling. The connection of epilepsy and of general irritability of temper with the presence of uric acid in the blood, the gouty temper, admits of similar explanation. If rage, sullen moods, fear, anxiety, and some other emotions and colors of feeling can, as we know, upset the liver and cause the development of uric acid and urates, sometimes along with jaundice, then it would seem probable that, short of these violent outbreaks, a general state of irritability, proneness to acid criticisms, readiness to quarrel for one's slightest "right," to resent trifles, to see intentional offence in innocent acts, may maintain a slight and continued uric acid condition of blood, and, maintaining the mental state to which it is due, eventuate in a vicious circle. In a phrase, bad temper may be, not only one *effect*, but also one *cause* of gout and epilepsy, and of all other maladies due to chemical *autotoxemia*.

Haig has done much to enlighten us upon the connection of this crystalline poison, uric acid, with a large number of diseases, acute and chronic, functional and organic. It is normally formed in the body at a rate of about thirteen grains per day. Its presence and excretion in increased amount is associated with many phenomena, all morbid, both of body and mind. And notably with headaches, melancholia, depression of spirits, epilepsy, and in general with a lowered tone of consciousness. Normally the cells of the body excrete their waste products as the harmless body, urea. When, instead of producing urea, they produce

uric acid, as is normal among serpents, for example, the result is a set of changes of a most far-reaching character, which tend to vary with irregularities in the output of uric acid. In a sense, there is an attempt at reversion to the cold-blooded type. And the discrepancy is felt by the mind, giving rise to the associated mental phenomena. Conversely, there can be little doubt that the long-continued permission of unregulated emotional levels can influence the whole body and the liver in the direction of altering the normal proportion of uric acid present in the blood at any give time. For we know now what the mind can do in lowering and raising the activities, gross and fine, of the body.

In a single paper like this it is impossible to fully develop the argument, and it remains to look back and draw what lessons we can in the course of recapitulation. A large number of diseases and causes of death have been minimized or altogether done away with, and we have set ourselves to find at any rate a partial cause of those that remain undiminished or that appear to be increasing. Since large numbers of these appear to have a mental cause; and since that cause, as shown by the decreasing poor-rate, is not the tension due to an inevitable stress of mind in obtaining enough to live on (for *this* stress must be declining), we turn questioningly to the subjective nature itself and examine consciousness. We find that consciousness, perturbed or serene, continuously plays upon the body for good or evil; that it is capable of conducting to health and disease, of causing disease, of co-operating with it, of facilitating its departure. Finding that gross errors of consciousness can quickly cause disease, we assume that the smaller errors, acting over long periods of time, and transmitted from the individual himself, or, according to the usual theories of heredity and reversion, accumulated in the past ancestry, may cumulatively do the same thing. And it would appear that the two great errors of our consciousness are the habit of permitting thought to drift passively from point to point, from picture to picture, at its own will; and the habit of tolerating states of

feeling that result in great injury to body and mind. These phenomena are curiously well-marked in the humanity of to-day. We have seen that one form of disease results when the liver and bodily cells revert from the human *urea* type to the anterior *uric acid* type, and the same is true of some other diseases. And it is true of those mental states that are reflected in bodily diseases. Those mental states which in man we call hate, greed, quarrelsomeness, ambition, and anger, are states which, though out of place forever more in man, are the necessary conditions of animal progress. They progress through struggle, and their consciousness accords with struggle. Man progresses through peace and brotherhood; as man he retrogrades, and as body he becomes diseased, by any reversion to or persistence in the states proper to *animal* consciousness. Lust among animals is necessary, that the number of individuals in excess of the food-possibilities may allow, through struggle, of the influence of natural selection. In man, it is the cause of the profoundest, the most far-reaching diseases of body and mind. Vanity is the reflection in consciousness of the animal displays made to attract the opposite sex. In man it is a disease, and its signs make up the signs of early general paralysis. The animal is not self-conscious and cannot grasp and control his mind or feelings. Properly speaking, man, as distinct from the animal of him, is spectator of mind and feelings, apart from them, and capable of controlling them. One watches, at the time, and in memory afterward, the vagaries of the mind as it wanders from link to link. And one can interfere, stop and deflect it at any moment. At once, in some degree, and completely, by practice, one can learn to alter these, and create, for example, peace or love where was irritability or hate. "Forgive thine enemies" is practicable enough; it is a substitution of peace for hate. Thus we differ from the animal, who is without self-knowledge, and therefore without self-criticism, and self-alteration. Man is self-conscious, but if he fails to use his controlling power and is content to drift, as does the animal, along

thought and feeling, diseases arise ; nay, the drifting *is* disease. At the root of all the evils is the longing for sensational existence, and to have the largest use of objects of sensation. Hence lust, gluttony, all the forms of intemperance. Hence ambition, to be first that one may have most. Hence vanity, the sense of having most. Hence anger, jealousy, hate, directed against all that opposes our having and doing. Hence inconsequence of thought as one drifts in thought from object to object desired.

It is said by mystics and by all spiritual teachers everywhere that peace is to be had ; that a serene and lofty consciousness can be reached, which they say is of the heart in each man ; which was before birth, which will be after death ; which is the inextinguishable light of which our longing-ruffled, storm-tossed, thinking and feeling consciousness is the shadow. That it is reachable by all men, and that when its shining is seen, doubts vanish, longings are consumed, and the unborn and deathless nature in man is fully known. The dark problems of why, whence, and whither dissolve in Light, though the Light and what it teaches may be beyond mortal utterance. Wherefore, save by their helpful radiance and infective peace, the words and outward bearing of such an illuminate may but resemble those of other men. They say that this Light is alike in the Universe and in man, the eldest child of the Universe ; that it is the source of wisdom, that its shining is the love of man for man, and that it is the foundation of human Brotherhood. With this Light depart all pains ; and the

roots of disease die under its radiation. So between the faith that is passed and this knowledge that is sometime to come, we stand in a dark valley and must create a new faith that shall serve us till daytime, when faith shall pass in knowledge.

And practically ?

Let the day begin at its highest. There are books and passages in books which raise consciousness to its noblest ; there are people the thought of whom is an inspiration ; there are phrases of music that go home to the centre of our being. Any of these will do, and five minutes dwelling thereon at rising will give a keynote that will sound for the day, the morning bath of the mind. Then as the hours go on and consciousness sinks, moves to sensuality, becomes irritable, or inclines to darken with any of the lower states, *reach back* to the morning, re-create the higher, and thus destroy the awakening germ of disharmony in the soul and disease in the body. In this, as in all other things, practice makes perfect ; and the habit of *mounting* in all unoccupied moments, up from the animal, is as easy to acquire as is that of *descent* toward it. To some the easiest path may lie in a phrase of music, to some in the thoughts of some high book, to some in the memory of the radiance of some person, to some in the thought of human Brotherhood, and the coming days of peace on earth and the undarkened goodwill of man to man. About things like these the mind and soul can be trained to think, to depend on these through all dark hours, with aid of these to keep burning its light of hope and peace.—*National Review*.

A WALK THROUGH DESERTED LONDON.

BY ALGERNON WEST.

WHEN some grumbler met "that polished sin-worn fragment of the Court," the Duke of Queensberry, "old Q.," one September afternoon, and asked whether he was not bored with the emptiness of London—"Yes," he said ; "but, at all events, there are more people here than there are in the

country." This may be so, yet with its millions of living souls moments will come when the true Londoner discovers that a crowd is not company. His season is over, his Clubs are shut, his streets under repair, his friends fled, and their houses dismantled.

The baffled hopes have gone to Cowes, the broken hearts to Baden.

It is not pleasant, for we know that whoever delights in solitude is either a wild beast or a god. I am neither; but, as Rogers said, "to any one who has reached a very advanced age a walk through the streets of London is like a walk in a cemetery. How many houses do I pass, now inhabited by strangers, in which I used to spend such happy hours with those who have been long dead and gone!"

To be alone was my sad fate for some days of the autumn that is past. I had been engaged in the City, and about four o'clock I found myself walking westward along a noble embankment, which had not been commenced in my youth, and of which I had watched the construction and the planting; for in my early official days the Thames washed in under the arches of Somerset House, the finest building in England—a building in which, later on, I was destined to pass the best years of my life. My memory, from old habit of the mind, went dreamily back to those times when a graceful suspension bridge of immense span, now connecting Gloucestershire and Somersetshire, existed in the place of the hideous railway line which runs from Charing Cross to Waterloo. I well remember my father prophesying the fulfilment of Sir Frederick Trench's plans, of which he was an enthusiastic admirer. Hungerford Market then flourished. No underground railway, no gigantic hotels, no political clubs had been built, and the proud lion of the Northumberlands, turning his tail contemptuously toward the City I had just left, had not been banished to Sion. No Whitehall Court or Landseer's lions existed, and no miserable fountains, which, it was said at the time of their creation, were to rival the Grandes Eaux of Versailles.

Being in the humor to note changes that had taken place in my lifetime, I was relieved to find on crossing Whitehall that the dear old Admiralty still remained intact. Coming out of the gates, there is the great First Lord, Sir James Graham, to whom I owed my place in the office, and whom, not only for that reason, I look on with pro-

found respect and admiration. His magnificent figure and height made even the tall sentry of pre-Crimean days at the door a small man. Mr. Gladstone has frequently told me he considered Sir James the greatest administrator of his time and the only statesman whose merits never received due recognition from the press.

When I was a clerk in the office we used constantly to observe an old gentleman who daily came into the courtyard and took off his hat to the fouled anchor which is carved over the door, through which so many brave men and palpitating hearts have passed. I feel as if I could play the part of that old gentleman now, who has doubtless long ago preceded me. Now the Salamanca mortar and the Egyptian guns have been pushed away from the parade and put in the corner, like naughty children, and the garden is desecrated with a horrible half-French, half-English nondescript building which is grotesquely commonplace. The Horse Guards still, happily, remain; and here are the Life Guards without the grim bearskins—the awe and admiration of my childhood. Here, too, are the Foot Guards, but how changed from those of my early recollections! No white duck trousers, no swallow-tail coats faced with white; no worsted epaulettes, no cross-belts, no long muskets and pointed bayonets. In my mind's eye, I see the Guard turning out to salute the hero of a hundred fights, who lifts his two fingers to his hat in acknowledgment as he rides by. There is the house of the First Lord of the Treasury, so full of historical associations; and the little garden gate through which the Duke of Wellington escaped from a mob who had forgotten that his services as a soldier should have outweighed the shortcomings of a statesman. Only one cow-stand still remains to remind me of the happy moments in my childhood of curds and whey and soft biscuits. Walking up the Duke of York's steps, and forgetting that the column was said to be built so high to get him out of reach of his creditors, I wonder why so great a monument had been erected in honor of so small a man. It occurs to me how few people could tell whether at the top of the steps

there are, or are not, gates. I remember putting the question at a dinner party in Carlton Gardens, which for the main consisted of guests who either lived there or whose avocations took them down those steps every day of their lives, and only one person answered correctly. Could you do so, oh, my reader? From the top of the steps I espy Maurice Drummond striding toward the Green Park with an occasional puff at the pipe concealed in his hand, for smoking in public was then a crime.

Tennyson said to the editor of this Review, when revisiting Cambridge with him, that he saw the ghost of a man in every corner. Carlton House Terrace is to me indeed a very land of ghosts. I looked wistfully up at the shuttered windows of the room where, nearly thirty years ago, I had the honor and happiness of making my first acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone, and the darkened doors where I had enjoyed the friendship of George Glyn and his lovely wife; where I had known Lord and Lady Granville, with whom I had spent so many happy hours, and the house in which I had held such long official talks and friendly conversations with Freddy Cavendish, whose tragic fate had closed the brilliant political career which those who knew him best had prophesied. There, too, in my imagination, I saw Lord Grey riding his black cob, and Mr. Russell Sturgis, who gave us such sumptuous and constant hospitality, mounting his coach. As Thackeray says, savory odors emanate from the kitchen borne across I don't know what streams and deserts, struggles, passions, poverties, hopes, hopeless loves, and useless loves of thirty years. Toward the west I passed Count Bernstorff's house, and pictured myself entering the wide-open doors of Lady de Grey and Lady Palmerston, before she had migrated to Piccadilly, or struggling in a crowd to enter where Lady Waldegrave, with profuse hospitality, collected all the political and social society of her day.

I walk through a perfect *campo santo* of departed heroes who have lived and died since I was a boy and pass the empty Athenæum, recently decorated by the artistic hands of Alma Tadema

and Sir Edward Poynter—a comparatively modern club built on the ground of Carlton House, under the auspices of John Wilson Croker. The more luxurious of its members wished for an ice-house, but Croker insisted on decoration, and put up the frieze copied from the Parthenon. A wit of the day wrote:

I am John Wilson Croker,
I will do as I please;
They ask for an ice-house,
I'll give them a frieze.

Here in the porch I see Charles Bowen, George Dasent, and Rogers, the beloved rector of Bishopsgate, and I long to join them in the flesh and hear all the good things they are saying. It was not from Rogers that the name of Bishopsgate was given to the Club, but from the fact that it stands opposite the Senior United Service, which is irreverently called Cripplegate. In its hall the reconciliation of Thackeray and Dickens took place, and there poor Dicky Doyle, too early for us who loved him, breathed his last.

Turning into Pall Mall, I glance in imagination at the rooms where Sir Edward Walpole, son of the great minister, was about to entertain a party of musical men-friends at dinner when the lovely Mary Clements, with whom he had formed a great friendship, rushed in, saying her angered father had cast her out of his house on account of their intimacy, upon which Sir Edward, with an old-world courtesy, took her hand and led her to the bottom of the table, saying: "This, henceforth, is your proper place."

Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.

From one of these daughters—Lady Waldegrave, afterward the Duchess of Gloucester—descended the three Ladies Waldegrave (Lady Hugh Seymour, Lady Euston, and Lady Waldegrave), whose faces and figures, bending over their embroidery frames, are familiar to us in the lovely picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds which, till Lady Waldegrave's death, adorned the walls of Strawberry Hill.

The Reform Club, built on the model of the Farnese Palace by Sir Charles Barry, reminds me of Mr. Bright tell-

ing me that at the time of the Corn-Law agitation he took Mr. Rauston, the Secretary of the League, there, who put his hand on his arm and said, "John, John, how can we remain honest if we live in such palaces as this?"

Here, too, I see Lord Clarendon, and with him Charles Greville arm-in-arm, "hearing some secrets and inventing more," and a knot of eager politicians at the Carlton discussing whether the Peelites will join the Tories or the Whigs, and a few steps further on a brougham, which was then a novelty, with a very tall well-drilled powdered footman at the door, from which emerges a lady beloved by many generations of society, and familiarly called "Lady A." She possessed a low deep voice which was never used to say an unkind word of or to anybody, large curls on each side of a fine-featured face, and an appearance of everlasting youth.

Lord Sydney, with his hat well tilted over his eyes, rides from his house in Cleveland Square, now altered past recognition, while I am loitering at the corner of St. James's Street, to look into the window of Sams, the librarian, and study the last of Dighton's sketches; and while there, Lord Redesdale, Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords, in his swallow-tailed coat, his brass buttons, his buff waistcoat, white tie, and his low shoes with white stockings, no gloves and no stick, passes me with a jerk of recognition; while on the other side of the road I see Mr. Stephenson, the last wearer of Hessian boots, on his way to Brooks's.

Sailing along, I see Beauchamp Seymour, not then ennobled, but with an established reputation as the bravest of brave sailors, and the most popular of popular men — "The swell of the Ocean," as we called him then — always wearing an extensive shirt-front and white gloves, never buttoned, on his unaccustomed hands. After the bombardment of Alexandria I asked him if he would mind telling me as an old friend whether he felt any fear. "None whatever," he said, "except a terrible fear that I might be afraid."

Walking by Marlborough House gate I see Andrew Cockerell, who took away with him in his early death a fund of

kindly wit and humor. It was then the Vernon Gallery. For some time after the bequest of the pictures no place had been found for them, and a deputation of artists waited upon Lord Palmerston to remonstrate, saying they were stored away in what was little better than a cellar. "Ah!" said Lord Palmerston, "following the old precept, '*Ars est celare artem*.'" Passing the shop of Mr. Harvey's with its priceless engravings, I think of it when it was a tailor's shop, where George Augustus Sala tells us he began life as an apprentice. At Welch's, the print-seller's, who occupied the house just opposite Brooks's, now in possession of Outler, the tailor, are the famous caricatures of H.B., the father of Dicky Doyle. Walking out of St. James Place is the Banker poet Rogers, whom Frederick Locker describes as an ugly little man, a wrinkled little Mæcenas in a brown coat; but he was more than that. The older he got, the greater his position became. He had been a friend of Fox, of Sheridan, of Moore and Campbell, and Byron and Shelley, with whom he travelled in Italy. He was offered the Poet-Laureateship, which then was an office of honor. When a great robbery of his bank took place, he regretted the necessity of having to drive in a brougham—a carriage then almost unknown—but later on he was reconciled by finding it adopted by persons of fashion. Lafayette said that memory is the wit of fools. If it is, I am not ashamed of sharing in its pleasures with Rogers.

A sidelong view of Pratt's reminds me of many hours stolen from the night, and many matutinal chops consumed by me when, in my salad days, I had the honor of being a member of that institution. It had originally been a public billiard-room in Cork Street, patronized by old Lord Tenterden, Lord Dudley, and Lord Eglington, and other famous players, under whose auspices it was removed to Park Place in 1841. But in 1847 an Act of Parliament was passed which would have had the effect of closing it at 12 o'clock. This did not at all suit its *habitués*, who changed it into a club, which exists to the present day, where mutton chops, kidneys, and "bottom crusts"

are served to any hour of the morning to members after the theatres, or even after balls. Old Pratt, a real character, as much at home serving his guests at supper or sitting at table with them at dinner, died in 1861.

Here, too, I picture to myself the well-known form of "Bob" Grimston, the famous cricketer, on his way to Harrow or his beloved Lord's, with Frederick Ponsonby, to coach the boys for the public school matches; or as I have seen him in the hunting field, in his broad-brimmed hat with rosettes tied over his ears to keep them warm. These bosom friends, differing in their style of cricket, differed more absolutely in their political convictions—Frederick Ponsonby, a stanch Whig; and Grimston, a furious Tory. Hunting one day with Baron Rothschild's hounds, when he was chairman of Mr. W. H. Smith's committee in the Westminster election, he said, if he was beaten he would blow his brains out; and who knows whether the dogged old Tory would not have been as good as his word?

At the window of the Conservative Club I see John Heneage Jesse, the historian, talking over the riotous days of old, passed in the company of Lord Waterford and the brothers Frank and Charles Sheridan with "Tommy Grant" of royal descent.

And now "still being in a good dream," as Peter Ibbetson says, I come to a Club the members of which were cruelly said to exemplify the three degrees of comparison—fools, d—d fools, and old Boodleites. I pass the famous gambling hell, still, I think, called the Cocoa Tree, and Brooks's, peopled with the ghosts of Charles Fox and Lord Stanley, the Rupert of Debate, standing on the table and declaring that he would have the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill; or in later days, Macaulay indulging in rare and sudden flashes of silence; the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Foley, Sir David Dundas, and Poodle Byng, and all the Whig world discussing the politics of the hour. On the steps of White's are the ghosts of a past generation: Sir George Wombwell, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, the two inseparables; Admiral Rous, Lord

Cantelupe, Lord Chesterfield, the devoted admirer and companion of D'Orsay, and Lord Gardner mounting the smartest of smart hacks.

Nobody now rides in London as Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Charles Wood, Sir John Pakington, and many more used to do to pay visits or to attend the Houses of Parliament.

There are no rulers and gods of St. James's, no man whose fiat about dress is as powerful as the ukase of a Russian Emperor. Each man is a law to himself; a freedom within certain limitations is given to all; the tailor, the railway, the omnibus, the cab, and the photographer have democratized the English Society of my youth.

I paused awhile, on what Disraeli called that celebrated eminence at the top of St. James's Street by the refuge, opposite the famous bay window of White's, meditating on the uncertainty of human ambitions and human life; for on the pillar I spelt out the name of its founder, Mr. Pierrepont,* who was in the habit of frequenting White's and the Turf Club, which formerly was in Arlington Street. With advancing years and increasing traffic he became alive to the danger of the crossing, and begged the Vestry to erect a place of refuge in the middle of the street; this they declined, but expressed their readiness to meet his views provided he paid the cost, which he consented to do. One day, when the refuge was complete and his name embossed on it, he was proudly showing it off to a friend, and had stepped on one side to admire it the better, when he was knocked down by a passing coach and killed.

"We call these coincidences. I wonder what God calls them!"

Leaving the faded glories of Crockford's and the stand of hackney coaches, I pass into Arlington Street, where Sheridan, sickened with his losses at play, kicked a man over who protested that he was only tying his shoe. "D—n you!" said Sheridan, "you are always tying your shoe." Horace Walpole calls it the ministerial street, where Pulteney and Lady Mary Montagu lived, and on both sides of which Sir

* Now almost obliterated by the lamp-post recently erected.

Robert Walpole had a house, where in my youth the Duke of Hamilton, with a beauty like a god's, was often to be seen.

Turning into Piccadilly there is the chariot of Lady Peel, who never missed her daily drive with her daughter in the park, and the yellow chariot of the Duchess of Cleveland, with her two tall footmen in breeches and silk stockings and their long canes. She was a lady with a philosophic turn of mind, for when her husband died she asked a relation down to the funeral, and told him to bring his gun, adding; "We are old, we must die, but the pheasants must be shot."

Her sister, Lady Anne Beckett, called Flavia by her friends from the color of her hair, is in her green chariot as a contrast; Lady Harrington, whose servants with brown livery coats down to their ankles stand proudly behind, while Lady Foley's carriage with be-wigged coachman in white kid gloves, driving the finest brown pair of step-pers in London, gives them the go-by. Here, too, is the Russian Ambassadors, Baroness Brunow, with her well-known *accroche-cœurs*, not yet banished from her beloved London by the diplomatic exigencies of the Crimean War; and the famous horsewoman, Mrs. Jack Villiers, who so fearlessly followed Jem Mason over the strongly fenced pastures of the Ailesbury Vale.

The *vis-à-vis* of Frances Anne, Lady Londonderry, passes in the street, Lady Jersey and Lady Cardigan being the only other ladies who owned carriages now so long out of date.

Bath House is there, where in my mind's eye I see Thackeray, Carlyle, Abraham Hayward, and Brookfield chatting after their visit to the agreeable but formidable Lady Ashburton.

The old wall still protects the reservoir in the Green Park from Piccadilly, and runs down to Hyde Park Corner.

I continue my ramble past the Coventry Club, where Comtesse de Flahault, the wife of Napoleon's aide-de-camp, Ambassador from France, used to hold her *salon*; and Cambridge House, from which I saw the funeral *cortège* of the Duke of Cambridge emerge on an early summer morning in 1850, before it became the residence of Lady Palmerston.

Here is Strelecki, with his iron-gray hair *à la brosse*, his thumb erect as if he were condemning a hundred gladiators to death in the arena, while he was dividing his time between good works and society; Lady Palmerston's adherent, H. Fleming, called the Flea, stands below; while the old minister who mounts his white hack for his evening ride in Rotten Row (which now is vulgarly called "The Row," and loses its meaning of *route du Roi*), although the best known of English politicians, rides the whole length of the Park, recognizing no one, so fearful was he of bores. Wrapped in affectionate conversation are two sisters, Lady Canning and Lady Waterford, already famous for their surpassing beauty, their personal charm, and their love of art. Their extraordinary artistic gifts would have, had they gone through a little of the drudgery of technical education, raised them to high positions as painters. As they drive along, talking probably of the passing topics of the day, the thought never enters their imagination of how soon they will be parted, forever as far as this world is concerned, nor how soon the eldest sister would be called on to fill a splendid position. Far less does their imagination show them the dangers and responsibilities she would have to meet, and how among timid counsels, the abuse of Anglo-Indian society, and the cries for vengeance, she would through them all nobly exhibit the highest type of English womanhood in the undaunted heart and splendid courage which lasted her to the end, until she lay at peace in the garden at Barrackpore which she had so loved and beautified.

Hyde Park Corner is altered past recognition; the Duke's statue, which I remember being erected, is now taken down and the arch has changed its place. Lady Newburgh, whose eyes failed her in her old age, said when the changes in London were described to her:

"I can understand most of them from description, but the changes at Hyde Park Corner pass my comprehension. The abolition of the Morpeth slope, which led from Constitution Hill to the level of Grosvenor Place, opposite Halkin Street, where Lord Car-

lisle's house was, is gone, and all seems to me a world of confusion."

Here is a knot of fashionable young men, Bury, Seymour Damer, Augustus Lumley, and William Blackburn, discussing the fashionable arrangements of the week. While Napier Sturt, nearly the last man to wear a tie twice round his neck, and Henry Calcraft were speculating on the chances of the ring or the turf. At the corner was the well-turned-out yellow coach of Sir Henry Peyton, with his four grays, and the business-like team of Mr. George Lane-Fox of Bramham; and I see my youthful ideal of an old aristocrat in Lord Anglesey, driving his curricle, a form of carriage which Lord Tolle-mache kept alive till his death, a few years ago; Leicester Stanhope is seated in his four-wheeled carriage, which is now called a T-cart, which he invented and called after his name. Lord Cardigan, not alone, and Lord Wilton pass in their cabriolets, and Lady Pollington driving her pair of ponies, while the crowd which had assembled to see the Queen and Prince Albert drive up from Constitution Hill is diverted for a moment to see the Dowager Lady Foley, attired in white, sitting in her Venus shell lined with pale blue silk.

Turning by Apsley House, I instinctively put my hand up to feel whether my collar is stiff enough for the Park, and see in my imagination Rotten Row crowded with all the horsemen and horsewomen of London: Algernon Peyton, the greatest dandy of his age, and therefore called the sloven, on the principle of *Lucus a non lucendo*; Mackenzie Grieve, with his straight-brimmed hat and widespreading neckcloth, the fearless rider yet representative in Rotten Row of the *haute école*; Delane, the bold horseman of early days and now the social and genial editor of the *Times*; and towering over them Thackeray on his "little 'oss," and towering again over him Jacob Omnium of literary fame; the ladies in their ringlets, tall hats, and habits reaching to the ground, and the stately row of carriages along the north side of the Serpentine, occupied not only by ladies of fashion, but by frail ladies smarter and better known. Bending my steps through Stanhope Gate, I see it before its en-

trance was beautified by Dorchester House, or defaced by the florid vulgarity of a Barnato. Crossing from his house is Lord Fitzroy Somerset before he had embarked in his last campaign.

At the end of the street still stands Chesterfield House, which Lord Barton has done his best to preserve; but it is not the Chesterfield House of my youth, peopled by the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn and their beautiful daughters; the House, as Lord Chesterfield called it, of Canonical pillars, which were brought from Canons, the seat of the Duke of Buckingham, near Edgware, but now, in the miserable greed for money, shorn of its lovely garden and its ancestral rookery. I look in vain for a tablet to show the house where the great Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, breathed his last, and pass where Becky Sharp was found on that unlucky night by poor Rawdon Crawley in the arms of Lord Steyne. Here, too, is what I have always rightly or wrongly imagined to be Thackeray's Lady Whittlesea's Chapel, where Charles Honeyman preached in the morning, and coughed in the afternoon, "for the women like a consumptive parson." At any rate, it has its historical reminiscences; for, if it is not the building, it is the spot on which the chapel stood when the Duke of Hamilton married the beautiful Miss Gunning at midnight. The historical Misses Berry's house, No. 8, is still as it was in the days when their salon was famous, and their drawing-rooms crowded with the most brilliant society of London. Chesterfield Street, where Beau Brummell lived, the famous dandy of the Regent's time; and later on another dandy, with none of the faults of his predecessor, Alfred Montgomery, who, unlike Brummell, accumulated friends as he advanced in years, and whose death was bitterly regretted by them all. I look up at the windows from which the lovely Mrs. Norton leant, her hair, as Motley said, raven black, eyes very large, with dark lashes as black as death, the nose straight, the mouth flexible and changing, with teeth that would in themselves make the fortune of an ordinary face. When you add to her extraordinary poetic genius descent from that famous Sheridan who has

made talents hereditary in her family, a low sweet voice which would have been the delight of King Lear, you can understand how she twisted men's heads off and hearts out. And there is the house of Lady Bechar, who, as Miss O'Neal, had stolen tears from all who saw her "gushing passion" as Juliet and Jane Shore, who to the end of her life was ready to declaim Hohenlinden and the Burial Service, to the delight of her guests.

That inveterate gambler George Payne is on his way to White's. When Master of the Pytchley George Glyn had a bad fall, was picked up unconscious, and taken into a neighboring house. Mr. Payne kindly watched over him, and when Glyn was recovering consciousness he found him laying the odds on each leach put on his forehead as to whether it would take or not. He it was that discovered the card-marking of one of his gambling set. Lord Alvanley, feeling sorry for the culprit, called on him, for which he was reproached by his friends; he confessed that he had committed this enormity, but he said in extenuation, "I marked my card to show him it was an honor."

There at the corner is Watts's old studio, one of the great walls of which is covered with a life-size fresco taken from a story of Boccaccio's ("The Spectre Huntsman"), where a nude young woman, as a punishment for having jilted her lover, is pursued by furies and wild dogs, he to whom she had behaved so badly in her life bringing a party of friends to see the fate of this poor hunted girl. The room is now the abode of the Cosmopolitan Club, and it was a standing joke of Stirling-Maxwell's to say to any inquirer into the subject of the picture: "You have no doubt heard of Watts's hymns; that is one of his *hers*."

It is a remarkable club, which originally in 1851 met in Robert Morier's rooms in Bond Street. The original list of members contained the names of Robert Lowe, Layard, Harcourt, Watts, Ruskin, Venables, Brookfield, Spedding, Palgrave, H. Phillips, and Arthur Russell; it meets only on Wednesdays and Sunday nights, when painters and politicians, officials, soldiers, and

literary men, meet for a talk and a friendly pipe.

Visions of departed evenings rise in my recollection; when I have seen Alfred Wigan delight us all with his impersonation of the strong man or the bounding brick of Babylon, and Julian Fane give us wonderful impersonations of Rachel in her famous *role* of Adrienne Lecouvreur. There I saw Motley, Millais, Monckton Milnes, whom Carlyle called "The Perpetual President of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society;" Tom Taylor telling us how in his drive into London from Clapham he had been told by the omnibus driver—

"It seems to me, sir, that society's pretty well-nigh at a end in Paris."

"How so?" said Taylor.

"Well," he continued, "I was a reading in the paper last night that they was making barricades of omnibus's, and I thinks to myself, when they do that society's pretty well-nigh at a end."

It was on his return from this Club that Mr. Bonteen was murdered in Lansdowne Passage in Trollope's novel of "Phineas Redux."

Here I have seen Tom Hughes of Rugby renown smoking his old pipe and George Barrington his cigarette; Lawrence Oliphant, just back from the Lake of Tiberias; Browning, Tennyson, between whom no spark of jealousy existed; Millais and Thackeray, who never took in the spirit of the place when he said, "Here everybody is, or is supposed to be, a celebrity. Nobody ever says anything worth hearing, and everybody goes there at midnight with a white choker, to appear as if he had been dining with the aristocracy."

These are to the present generation only ghosts—simulacra. "On what shore tarry they now?"

Then into Berkeley Square, which Sir Robert Walpole was astonished to find built during his administration. There I see Lord and Lady Brougham, in their yellow barouche, coming from Grafton Street from their house, which was afterward the Turf Club till it was moved into Piccadilly. How full it is of delicious memories, of which I am happy to say Arthur Dasent is soon to tell us. There is a bonfire of early fallen autumn leaves, and my fancies

float through the smoke to the time when William Pitt received deputations at the house of his brother, the second Earl of Chatham, which is now rebuilt, where my mother was taken as a child to see the famous Horace Walpole, whose house, descending to his successors, was lost in payment of a gambling debt by Lord Orford to Colonel Henry Baring, who was introduced to the great Buonaparte as the "Napoleon de jeu." Here my mother looked on the young plane-trees planted by Mr. Edward Bouverie about 130 years ago. Next to it is where Admiral Rous lived and died, and where a greater and even more popular man than he once lived—Admiral Keppel, whose features we have so frequently seen on the signboard of old hostels. On the opposite side of the Square is the house which the Prime Minister, Lord Grey, dwelt in, and where Sydney Smith was a constant guest. Here lived and died Lord Olive, whose descendant is perhaps the only unprofessional gentleman who still keeps his name on a polished brass plate on his door; and I see coming out from the gates of Lansdowne House a venerable old man, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Cabinet of all the Talents in 1806, at the age of twenty-five; in whose house, after the death of Fox, all the disorganized Whig Party met; who had declined Premierships and Dukedoms, and while loving society and patronizing art, possessed an influence unique among politicians since the death of the Duke of Wellington.

He fought with Pitt and served with Fox. He shared the struggles of a fiercer time than ours.

Here, too, is the house, now occupied by a younger Prime Minister, of the famous Lady Jersey (who was married in it) and her beautiful daughter, Lady Clementina Villiers. It was from this house that the well-known elopement of Lord Westmoreland and Miss Child took place; and when Lady Jersey's daughter, Lady Adela Ibbetson, followed her example, Lady Londonderry wrote a letter of condolence to her

mother deploring the event, but adding that it was the natural consequence of her bad bringing-up. A few years later Lady Londonderry's daughter eloped, and Lady Jersey, who had kept her friend's letter, copied and sent it to Lady Londonderry—a correspondence worthy of a place among Punch's best feline amenities.

At the northeast corner, near Thomas's Hotel, there is a new house built where once George Paget lived, that gallant Colonel of the 4th Light Dragoons who had at Balaclava ridden through both the lines of the Russian Artillery, and never used his sword, holding that it was the duty of an officer, in command not to fight, but to look after his men.

Here, too, lived and died his lovely cousin and wife, and I am glad to think that, though not a stone of their house remains, their memory is fresh in the hearts of the few of their friends who still live. As Heine says:

All the world smells of dead violets.

I turn homeward into Mount Street, so long called Oliver Mount from the London fortifications built there by Parliament in 1643. There is that apostle of homœopathy, Quin, the incorrigible punster, with his asthmatic voice and wheezy laugh. His house, approached through a long passage, is as much a thing of the past as the parliamentary walls of 1643.

My dream is rudely broken by the siren of a motor-cab; and I fear that in my reveries I have been casting too sad looks behind me, and perhaps unduly regretting other times, other manners, and other men. "The days that are no more." This is natural in dreams of the old, but, thank God, in my waking moments, I still can contemplate with intense pleasure the glorious joys and blessedness of youth, the noble ambitions and splendid aspirations of many in this hive of working men; how day by day some ideal becomes a reality; how day by day some scandal is lived down, some grievance is redressed, and "not all good things are in the past."—*Nineteenth Century*.

FROM CANTON TO MANDALAY.

BY WILLIAM A. JOHNSTONE.

THE world has been by this time so extensively explored that few accessible spots are to be found where the foot of the white man has not trodden. It was a desire to get beyond the beaten track, to break a little fresh ground, that induced me to undertake the expedition, a brief sketch of which is given in the following pages. I was informed at Sze Mao that only a very few Europeans had traversed the route from Canton to Mengtze, which I followed. So far as I could gather, only one person, a Mr. Davies, of the Intelligence Department, had done part of the journey I undertook from Sze Mao to the frontier. South of the Red River I was in the same district that Prince Henri d'Orléans traversed, though on a different track. I have every reason to believe that I was absolutely the first European to visit several of the villages through which I passed. This, I hope, will be accepted as my excuse for attempting a description of the journey.

My first proceeding on reaching Canton was, of course, to engage an interpreter and secure a boat with the necessary attendants. When I first saw Lo, as my interpreter was called, the idea that I was well on the way to the discovery of the missing link, and that there was more in Darwin's theory than I had hitherto imagined, was forcibly borne in upon me. Lo, however, was to some extent better than his appearance warranted me in supposing. I found him fairly intelligent; he spoke English with considerable fluency, with no little happiness of diction, indeed, doing much credit to the education he had received in Hong-Kong. He was, I discovered, a man of some position, and, although he had never assumed the dignity of office, was entitled to rank as a sub-Magistrate. The examination for this post takes place in Canton, the chief part of it consisting of questions on various chapters of Confucius. The candidate whose memory enables him to prove himself most fully word-perfect in this highly prized Chi-

nese writer is sure to pass with greatest success. How such parrot work can qualify any man to govern and superintend thousands of his fellows is a problem only to be solved by the Chinese mind. Suffice it that the authorities maintain its efficacy, and that all public offices are competed for on the same plan.

But to return to "Lo." He was an efficient interpreter, and did all that he was paid for doing. But he never took the initiative, and the idea of volunteering a little information never seemed to enter his head.

My boat was my next thought, and having secured it, I arranged for the necessary crew. This consisted of four men, two women cooks, a baby, and a boy, together with Lo's servant. The boy was my personal attendant, by name Ah Fuk. To him I entrusted the purchase of the necessary provisions, cooking utensils, etc. Then, having got all the luggage on board, I was soon fairly off. For the hire of boat, including the wages of the captain—who paid his own crew—I was charged 1 dollar 70 cents, about 3s. 6d. per day.

On the 13th of January we started from the south side of the little Shamen Island, now used as a foreign settlement; but the journey up the West River considerations of space prevent me from discussing on the present occasion. Mr. Colquhoun, one of the little band who had crossed the route before me, has, however, written ably and exhaustively on the subject. My own notes are kept for later presentation in other form, and I pass over an expedition which occupied nearly three months, starting my narrative on practically unknown ground; for of my predecessors, Mr. Davies was, of course, unable by reason of his vocation to write, though Prince Henri's book has been published since this article was penned.

Mengtze, which I reached on the 9th of April, is built on a plain about ten to twenty miles in dimension. It contains some eleven thousand inhabitants,

and though only ranking as a district town, is one of the most important cities in the Province of Yun Nan. It was opened as a treaty port for trade with Tong King, the frontier being at Lao Kai, and Tong King, eight days' journey from Mengtze. The Taotai, who is an Inspector of Customs, lives here; he is Taotai of South Yun Nan, and has also the following Fus under him—Lin An Fu—in which he used to have his Yámen—Pu-Rh Fu, Kai Hua, and Kuang Nan. There are about nine Europeans living in Mengtze, exclusive of missionaries, and of these seven are in charge of the Customs under Mr. Spinny. The remaining two are attached to the French Consulate. The Consulate, Custom House, and residences are built half in Chinese, half in European style, the result being a series of picturesque bungalows, each standing in a large compound. There is one American lady here, the wife of the Commissioner, the first and only lady who has stayed in these parts.

On arriving, Mr. Henry, one of the staff, kindly took me under his wing. He put me up at one of the bungalows, and, during the few days I remained here, I accompanied him on botanical expeditions. I also learned what I could about the trade of the place. Tin is exported in large quantities from the mines of Ku Chu and Pin Ku. But the principal trade is with Hong Kong, *via* Tong King, which latter benefits, therefore, very little from this "port." In the western or business part of this city, the rubbish is allowed to accumulate till it becomes a source of a plague, which annually destroys a large percentage of the population. This is notwithstanding the fact that the city on the whole is a "clean" specimen of a Chinese town. In winter the climate is very dry and healthy, the sky at this period being remarkably clear. The plain on which the town stands is one vast amphitheatre, with, on one side, a lake which receives the drainage in the wet season. This lake is half its usual size in the dry season, and owing, it is supposed, to some underground passage, it never overflows in the time of heavy rains. There is no visible outlet, but it is thought to be connected underground with the northern branch of

the West River. All round the plain the limestone hills rise to a height of from three thousand to four thousand five hundred feet above it.

Various tribes, Miaotze, Lollo, Paie, Houni, etc., known also under different local names, inhabit these regions; those living in some of the villages among the mountains near Mengtze are savages of a very low type of humanity. I left Mengtze on the 18th of April, and in the evening arrived at the tin mines of Ku Chu, a place quite out of the beaten track, as few people visit this plain, or cross the Red River. Ku Chu is a prosperous town, which has only sprung up since the discovery of tin. There must be an enormous amount of ore in the mountains; but the Chinese are too lazy to work a mine, and prefer to wash the sand of the rivulets near Ku Chu. In this way they obtain their tin. My followers, I have omitted to add, consisted of Lo, two boys—our attendants—four muleteers, and a "mafvo," or groom. Previously, after leaving Pe-Se Ting, on the West River, I had depended on coolie carriers. We reached the Red River two days after leaving Ku Chu. This river lies at an altitude of eleven hundred feet above sea-level. We had to descend some two thousand to three thousand feet down a steep incline to reach the beautiful valley in which it lies. I was disappointed to find the water clear, not red, as I expected; but the natives say it is only red in the wet season.

The other side of the river is well-watered, and of entirely different geological formation, mica-schist, which very often contains large garnets. The huts at this part are mostly built of bamboo, and stand upon piles, so as to keep the floor well above the ground; the whole district is well wooded and covered with jungle in parts. The next day I reached Fenchun-lin, the chief village of one of the so-called Tus-su States. The chief's surname was Lung; and I found him a very agreeable man, a Chinese by descent. He welcomed me and put me up in a room over the Yámen, which was much superior to that usually found in a prefectorial city. Prince Henri d'Orléans and his party were remembered by Mr.

Lung, who had entertained them when they passed through the village. Mr. Henry also—my host at Mengtze—had stayed there when botanizing the preceding February in this neighborhood. The tribes known locally as the "Black Coat" and "Indigo," together with some smaller communities connected with them, inhabit the country through which I passed on my way to Ta Lang.

None of the chiefs of these tribes equalled Mr. Lung in wealth, nor kept up such state. I saw two, named Bon and Sah, like Mr. Lung, Chinese by descent; these had, however, aborigines for their subjects. All these chiefs govern according to Chinese law, which they must not break. The taxes (except a small amount of tribute which goes to the Chinese Government) the chiefs keep themselves. Lo told me that after the tribute was paid, Mr. Lung had about ten thousand dollars left—not a bad income for a mountain chief! The crystal button marked Mr. Lung as ranking with a Mandarin of the fifth degree, and his whole costume was that usually worn by Mandarins. The land is well cultivated in spite of its mountainous nature, paddy fields rising terrace upon terrace almost to the summit of the mountains. The opium poppy is less common on this side of Mengtze than between there and the West River. Tobacco plantations, found on the other side of Kuang-Nan, do not extend to here. In Lung's territory there are mines, chiefly copper and gold.

A few days after leaving Fen-Chuen-lin we passed at an elevation of six thousand eight hundred feet a mountain apparently about ten thousand feet high. It was of a sort of white granite formation, and five peaks of naked rocks rose from the jungle at its base. We journeyed through the State of the Chief Bon and into the Black River basin, where the mica schist gradually disappears. Then we came to Sah's tribe. This is a very poor one, only about a thousand in number. Sah himself has a Yâmen not much better than a pig-sty. He had a Chinese General among his ancestors. The chief village, in which he lives, is called Na Ka; and we arrived there on the 3d of May. It is situated on the side of a

deep and very pretty valley, at the bottom of which runs the Nor Mar Ho River, which rises in the forest. Sah's tribe is called the Ror-Ror, and they have a dialect and written characters as unlike Chinese as English is. Lo told me they were a branch of the Lollo tribe. I found them, as indeed I did all the aborigines, very pleasant people to deal with. The men are dressed in Chinese attire, with sometimes a white jacket; the women usually wear a short petticoat, with a pale blue jacket patterned with circles of red and white nearly reaching the knees, and drawn in at the waist. Their hats are blue, about an inch deep, quite flat, and with a yellow band.

Once or twice on our way we passed close by the primeval forests, said to be inhabited by savages not under the Mandarin's control. These people will not take money, which is a great nuisance, as we had to barter with opium, stopping to weigh it like silver. They decline to trade for anything else. The country after leaving Ror-Ror land changes; the mountains are not so high and the woods not so frequent. The rocks are stratified clay—a sort of reddish brown.

On the 6th we found ourselves among the Black Coat tribe again. As we journeyed we could see the Nor Mar Ho River always far down below us, flowing through the picturesque valley, and we passed pine and alder woods, instead of sub-tropical vegetation, till we reached the main road which leads from Mengtze to Sze Mao. On this road lies Ta Lang Chou, which is situated on the main route from Mengtze to Sze Mao. On all this part of the route the familiar telegraph wires are found. Telegraphic communication would seem to be in good working order—for China.

The approach to Ta Lang is picturesque in the extreme. Situated in a valley at a bend leading into the high road, as we turned the corner the town was seen in all its beauty. The main portion of the city lay in the valley. Behind rose the hills, on whose gentle slope other buildings nestled, the whole surmounted by a temple. Standing out against its background of trees the sacred building and its myriad terraces

shone resplendent in the morning sun. Despite its appearance, Ta Lang is a small place and of no great commercial importance. It is a sub-prefectorial town, and has little trade of its own, though situated on the trade route. In this valley is a stream which dries up after the rainy season; this part lies in the basin of the Black River. In the neighborhood I again heard of gold being found in dust in the river sands; the natives wash the sand and sift it to obtain the precious metal. Numerous different tribes and races inhabit this region. The Bay-i have the reputation of being friendly to strangers. They are, I think, a branch of the Chinese Shans. The Bay-i women wear a very distinctive costume of an indigo-blue color. They have turbans on their heads, with the end falling in a flap over the forehead, a long petticoat and open jacket, folds of the same blue cloth covering the breast, leaving the throat bare. Some of these women are handsome. The men of the tribe wear the usual Chinese dress, and are not different from natives of other parts.

The next day we reached the valley of the Bou Fou Ja Ho. The rainy season was just beginning, and what little water the river contained was of a deep red color. The bed of this stream is about two thousand six hundred to two thousand seven hundred feet above sea-level. Above the river hangs the suspension bridge, three hundred to four hundred feet long. It is made of twelve stands of iron girding about a foot apart, and kept together by iron bars. It is very narrow, and would only allow two horses to cross at one time. The pack animals always ford the river when it is low, that being the quickest way. Many of the villages in this district had been burned to the ground, and in the one in which we halted for the night only two houses were left standing. The whole village population was crowded into these two buildings. I decided to sleep in my tent, and my servant found a corner in the over-thronged house. The village is on a little ridge from which we could see the river again.

Passing Tung Kuan on the 12th May, we entered the Black River Valley, which lies about three thousand

feet above sea-level. The waters of the river were clearer now, and we followed the stream up to a long pool formed by the rubble brought down to the valley by a tributary stream which is said to be a roaring torrent in time of heavy rains. I was at a loss to account for the numbers of villages burnt in all directions. As we passed along we found ruins on every hand, and no one seemed able to suggest a reason for the devastations.

On arriving at Hsia Pa we were refused admittance at one or two inns, as the landlords were expecting some teams of mules coming from Sze Mao. However, we got into a shed at some distance from the village. Afterward, when I bathed in the river, I noticed the fish, which were very numerous, and mostly like large roach. The river itself rises about fifteen feet higher in the rainy season, and is about five times as broad. Here also was a bridge, rather longer than the first, and called Da jung-cho. This was begun in the sixth year of the Emperor Kuang Su, and took three years to build.

The first day after leaving the banks of the Black River we passed Mar Ho, where there are some brine springs, salt being obtained by evaporation after the water has been boiled. A small stream here was the last tributary I saw of the Black River. An important trade route follows the course of this stream till it joins the Black River, thence up to King Ting and on to Tali Fu. This route was followed by Colquhoun, after his attempt to leave China by way of Sze Mao. The journey occupies from ten to fourteen days, and is that usually taken by tea merchants. These merchants come from Ipang, the centre of the tea trade.

On the evening of this day we crossed the watershed between the Black and the Mekong River basin, at an altitude of about five thousand feet, and, descending, found ourselves in a plain covered with rice fields.

Purh-Fu, the chief town of this quarter of Yun Nan, is situated here at an elevation of about four thousand five hundred feet, and in its high position it bears resemblance to many other towns in the province. The trade of this town is not so great as that of Sze Mao.

Outside the south gate of the town I discovered an inn, but, as the rooms were very full and anything but pleasant, I put up my tent in the courtyard. No sooner had I pitched it than it began to rain, and the water ran right across, because I had forgotten to have a trench dug round it. The landlord had forbidden any one to dig it for me, so I just made the cutting myself, greatly to his astonishment and disapproval. The inn was full of merchants, who kept on bothering Lo to let them come in and see me; but as I wanted to be quiet, Lo kept them out, and so prevented them showing me any civility. They were mostly Cantonese traders in tea, who abound on this route.

During the next day I met a traveller from Muang Hu, on the Tong King frontier, who was returning through Mengtze to Hanoi. The more direct route being impassable at this season, he had to travel out of his way for an extra four hundred miles.

The rainy season was now beginning, and thunderstorms and heavy showers heralded its approach. We were one hundred li—about thirty-three miles—from Sze Mao, a journey we reckoned would take two days. The usual stopping-place on the way is Nakali, a very pretty village, built just in a fork of a valley where two streams meet; and here I found a better inn than one usually comes across in a prefectorial town. From Nakali we travelled over the hills and across a small plain in the direction of Sze Mao. Rising ground hid all but the towers of the city gate until we were close under the walls, passing which we reached the south gate, but found it shut. It is a Chinese custom, it appears, to close the city gate when they are in need of rain. I realized fully on this occasion the drawbacks of the practice, for it prevented our making a short cut through the city. Reaching the suburbs, I first visited the Commissioner of Foreign Customs. The Custom House flanks the north side of a large square formerly used as a drilling ground, and crowded, at this time of day, with pack horses and bullocks. Only two of the three European officers were in Sze Mao when I arrived—Mr. Carl, the

Commissioner, and Mr. Cary, who kindly put me up in the vacant place. After my twenty-seven days' march, without a day's rest, I duly appreciated my new quarters.

The city of Sze Mao ranks as a "Ting," or independent sub-prefectural town. It is governed by a Chinese official called a Ting, and this person I visited on the second day after my arrival. The Commissioner accompanied me. The Ting was a pleasant old man, about fifty years of age, very like a newly unrolled mummy, and he received me kindly, entertaining me in a mixture of Chinese and European fashions which upset me completely. First, after I was seated, came tea; then (in a Chartreuse bottle) an indifferent sort of claret, cigars, and cakes made of sugar and ground rice followed in unwonted order. I am not likely to forget that highly indigestible entertainment. The old man gave me much useful information about my journey; he also advised me to let him make up a passport, as the chiefs of some of the tribes I had to pass through would not understand the Cantonese passport I had already. The city is a Treaty port, and was opened on the 2d January, 1897, for trade with Tong-King, the frontier town being Muang-Hu, about six days' journey to the south-east. Most of the trade, however, comes from the Trans-Salwen Shan State of Kiang Tung. While I was there a merchant arrived from Mandalay, reaching Sze Mao forty days from the time of starting. There is a good trade in cotton, but, the Frontier Question being as yet undecided, it is impossible to say whether it comes from British or Chinese territory. Quantities of goods are imported; among the most singular items I observed in the lists with which I was kindly furnished were 37 piculs of deers' horns, value 301 taels; 3 piculs elephants' teeth, value 755 taels; 12 piculs elephants' bones, value 147 taels; 161 piculs young deer horns (the horns in these cases are soft and fresh), value 2440 taels. The horns are used as medicines. Betel nut, for chewing, was another article; and the list included Burmese cotton cloth, 2737 pieces, value 963 taels; foreign carpeting;

raw cotton, 6058 piculs, value 63,603 taels. It will be seen how large a proportion to the total value of imports, 69,814 taels, is derived from the last item. Among the exports is Yun Nan opium, which is only sent to Hong-Kong. The famous birds' nests are imported from Siam into Annam through Sze Mao.

There is a certain amount of shooting to be had here. I found snipe, pigeons, a sort of partridge, and hares near the city; farther away on the hills tigers and deer afford excellent sport, and there are a good many peacocks in the woods. The hills are bare of wood and covered only with a short thick scrub.

I left Sze Mao on the morning of the 21st. In 1867, this city was visited by Lagree; Colquhoun was here in 1882; and Morrison, Davies, Prince Henri d'Orléans have been since at different periods, before the Custom House was opened. I now come to a comparatively unknown part of China. So far as I could ascertain, Mr. Davies was the only European who travelled over the route I pursued from Sze Mao to Kun Long ferry on the Salwen. I endeavored to make rough maps of the district through which I passed.

Crossing the small plain leading out of Sze Mao, I then made my way over the hills. It was at the close of a fifteen-mile march, on the second day out, that I was able to buy some flesh of a fresh-killed bear. Bears abound in this district, and the meat I found by no means bad eating, especially as I was very hungry. On the 25th May, after crossing two rivers, one probably the same we had met between Pu Ru and Na-ka-Li, we reached Mōng-chu, four thousand eight hundred feet above the sea-level, our one important stopping-place on the way to the Mekong. It stands on a plateau covered with fir wood. Here, on May 25th, as there was no inn, I passed the night in a small temple, the doors of which were thronged with people, few of whom had ever seen a European before. Two days after we came to the ferry of Nam-Pa. It was too late to cross the Mekong that night, so I put up in a cottage, the village being on the other side. The appearance of the Mekong is somewhat like that of the Danube at the

Iron Gate, only the hills are higher here (fifteen hundred feet to two thousand five hundred feet above the river), and you can see the course of the stream for a considerable distance, narrow, straight, and deep. This Mekong is a most remarkable river, lying in a valley two thousand two hundred feet above the sea-level, and I was struck by its great swiftness and extraordinary depth, though I judged that it was barely four hundred feet wide. It is called Nam-Pa River by the villagers. Here I encountered about the worst three-quarters of an hour I ever spent; it thundered, lightened, and rained in torrents while I wandered about trying to find my muleteers, of whom I had lost sight. In and about this district the people are like the Bay-, and live in small villages. In the morning the old ferry-boat came to carry me over to Nam-Pa. It took one hour and three quarters for three boat-loads to cross over. My entourage consisted of myself and my servants, four riding horses and eleven pack mules, with their loads.

If it had not been for the rain, and the long delay in crossing the river, we should have been able to reach Chen-Nör before dark. As it was we had to stop at Nar-Pou-Ten, about eight miles nearer the river. This place is about four thousand three hundred feet above sea-level. I noticed a number of wild fig-trees about here, the ripe fruit being of a very pleasant flavor. About eleven next morning we arrived at the mud whitewashed wall of Chen-Nör. First of all we called on the Sun Chung, or petty Mandarin, who gave us the use of a temple as lodgings—one dedicated to the God of War. As the Mandarin was said to be ill, I did not see him then. The day being fine, I explored the city, and some children near the gates ran home shouting "Yang Quai," the sight of my ragged appearance and dirty clothes probably suggesting the idea of some evil spirit. The mothers then came out, but, though curious, they were quite friendly. I was just in time to receive a return call from the Mandarin when I got back to the temple. He came to visit me because he wanted some quinine, to which I helped him liberally. He was named Yen-Chung Yin, and, I surmised, did

not hold high rank, as he rode upon a rough-looking pony instead of coming in a chair. He evidently took a great interest in foreign affairs, unlike most Chinamen, especially considering the remote region to which he belonged. He told me that my shortest route to the Burmese Shan States would be *via* Man-Ho-Chai; but I did not go that way, as I wished to see the Kun Long ferry. Vegetable gardens and rice fields cover the plain surrounding Chen-Nör, the hills beyond being bare, or covered with short scrub.

The next day we passed up the hills into a pretty valley watered by a stream, in crossing which a slight accident occurred to one of the mules. The animal, which was loaded with baskets and cooking utensils, happened to stray from the ford into a deep hole, and was nearly drowned. It took some time to haul the creature out, the sides of the pool being so steep, and it was then a long and tedious business to fish out of the mud the utensils which had fallen from his pack. From the opposite side of the stream we had another view of Chen-Nör in the distance.

Rather an unfortunate thing happened in the evening. We had to camp out for the night, for the village we wanted to stay at had been burned, and in the darkness we could not find another. This was a further instance of the disastrous fires of which I have before spoken. The country here is strewn with huge boulders of what appears to be water-worn granite. We passed a rather uncomfortable night, four sleeping in my tent, which was only meant for one. The four muleteers had a tent of their own, about the size of a dog kennel. The local guide, in half an hour, built a shelter for himself and the mafvo. He made it by driving stakes into the ground, with boughs laid on top, and thatched with the long grass which grows in abundance about here. It was, luckily, a fine night, so my boy could cook outside without getting wet. The mules and horses were unloaded, and turned loose. A huge bonfire was also made of the half-charred stumps of small trees which had escaped the hill fires a few months back. This was to keep off the tigers, which the muleteer

said were plentiful about here, and to give our animals warmth during the night in case it was wet.

The summit of the ridge along which we passed next day is nearly seven thousand feet high, being the highest point I had traversed on this journey. On our arrival at a suitable camping place in the evening, we found an old shed, big enough to put all the luggage in—an improvement on the previous night's experience, as we could make a tent of the waterproof luggage coverings. All around were small woods and open spaces covered with bracken. The next day, as we journeyed on, the ridge broadened into an undulating plateau with patches of bracken here and there, the scenery, indeed, having some resemblance to our own English rural landscapes. At nine o'clock we had reached the end of the plateau, and saw a small plain some distance in front, where lie the two little villages of Mong-Nyim-Nö and Mong-Nyim-Tau. It took us two hours to descend the three thousand odd feet from the plateau to the plain. The views we got on the way were very fine; rice fields made green oases in the plain, and through gaps in the hills we caught glimpses of them, as well as of the picturesque towns below. It is curious to notice the little effect a very heavy shower has on the hills after the drought of winter and early spring. The rain as it falls runs off the dry ground like water off a duck's back into the rice fields below. Of course this is only at the beginning of the rainy season. This small plain has been cleared in many parts of the low scrub, and well cultivated. It is a change to see mango plantations as well as jack-fruit trees instead of the everlasting rice fields. On the well-wooded hills which surround the plain are many monasteries dotted about here and there. One of the largest of these is in Mong-Nyim-Nö. The first Mong I went to was ruled by a Tussu, or native Chief, who sent word on my arrival that I could put up at the Buddhist Monastery. Most of the natives and the inmates of the monastery were Shans; their form of Buddhism resembles that of the Burmese, but there were a few Chinese traders staying here, as well as the offi-

cials in the Yâmen. I found there was a market, and that supplies in plenty of beef, pork, various sorts of fowl, eggs, mangoes, bananas, jack-fruit, melons (papyx), cabbages, Chinese potatoes, turnips, onions, and a sort of spinach, among other good things, were to be had. Game was plentiful about here, and resembles the species I saw at Sze Mao. The temple of the monastery where I stayed was painted in dull red and dead gold. Inside was a gigantic and anything but flattering statue of Buddha; he was represented sitting, and the whole was heavily gilt. The ornaments in the temple consist chiefly of bright-colored balls, such as one would see on a Christmas-tree, only rather larger. Pillars are ranged round the walls, and this leaves the centre space clear. The books used in the temple were written in Shan characters, which bear some likeness to Chinese. The monks are decked in the yellow robes of the Indian Buddhists, such as might have been worn in the time of Gautama. With them they wear red caps and girdles. There is a trade route from here to Shun-Ning Fu, one of the places Davies passed through. Thence it is easy to get on through Tali Fu to Yum Nan Fu, the capital of the province. In these villages salt is the current coinage. Two cash equal one cake of salt about two inches square and half an inch thick.

The next night I spent at the monastery of Mong-Nyim Tau—a much finer one than that at Mong-Nyim-Nö. I found the priests here a great deal more curious than those I had met on the preceding night: they kept continually coming into my room. In front of the temple was a large terrace built of glazed bricks, overlooking the village. A Tussu of the name of Dow Hwar governs this village and part of the country round. His Yâmen is in the middle of the village, and lies between this monastery and another situated on rising ground opposite. Here I found a market, too, as good as, if not better than, that at Mong-Nyim-Nö.

On my journey I often heard of Mr. Davies. The natives frequently inquired whether he was a relation of mine, thinking all Europeans alike, I suppose. It is curious that Europeans

are also apt to fail in distinguishing one Chinaman from another. The plain in which I now found myself was drained by a stream, which runs past the little village where we halted, through a gap in the hills back to the Mekong River. One or two traders here had rupees with them, and wanted to exchange them for their weight in silver; a truly profitable arrangement—for the traders. Salt is the usual medium of barter in this part of the country. It is about eighty to ninety li to the next stopping-place, which seems a very long way, considering that until you get to it you meet with hill after hill. I was heartily glad to find there was a military camp about midway, where we could get shelter, and decided to avail myself of it. I started for this place on the 4th January.

This camp has been established for the protection of the villagers, who are constantly suffering from the inroads of the Was. It is situated six thousand feet above sea-level, and is just on the borders of the Wa country, a wild forest region, as strange as the cannibals who inhabit it. These Was are probably the lowest tribe of mankind in Asia. They are in the habit of making raids on the villages, decapitating the inhabitants, and they then worship the heads of their victims, under the impression that thereby they ensure the speedy growth of their rice. From one village alone which I passed through these cannibals had taken seventy heads since March. The Wa's favorite weapon is a crossbow, with which they shoot poisoned arrows. Occupying the borderland between Chinese and British rule, the Wa tribe defies all authority.

It is related that an English officer, with some Sepoys, once fought their way out of the Wa country, and, losing men on the way, stopped to bury them. Some time after the English heard that the Was had dug up one of the Sepoys and feasted on the body. No wonder the poor villagers are in a constant state of terror. They never go out except in parties of some dozen or more together, and it was only after a great deal of difficulty that I managed to hire a guide at the camp. This camp is just a number of rough huts enclosed in a fence made of stakes driven into the

ground on the edge of the ditch, which is mostly filled up with a sort of very prickly mimosa bush. The villagers also plant the mimosa round their houses, as it is very useful in securing them from the Wa raids by night.

When we reached the camp I let my servants and mules stand inside for safety, but I preferred to stay outside. I made myself very comfortable, after pegging my tent well down; the wind was very strong that night. A kind peasant brought me some grass, thinking I was going to sleep on the ground, and it came in useful for stopping up the crevices at the bottom of the tent. There I slept soundly, only waking occasionally as the wind rose higher and higher, and I drowsily wondered if it were going to blow the tent away.

When morning dawned I was ready to go on, but could get no guide. Such was the fear the natives have of the Was, that I found I must either take a body of guides, or one guide fortified by Chinese guards, and I chose the latter. We made our way along the edge of the dreaded Wa-land, greeted on all sides with tales of the Wa raids and their general cruel character. I was curious to see if their land resembled its owners, but never were country and inhabitants more strikingly at variance. Forests crowned many summits and covered the sides of the mountains, which rose on our left eight thousand feet above sea-level. The wood fires which make such havoc round the villages are never heard of in Wa-land. The forests are dense, and like nothing so much as a succession of primeval woods—perfect in beauty, vast in extent, the very perfection of a gift of Mother Nature's own planting. The fairy tale forests were never more lovely than this. Orchids of rare shape and exquisite loveliness grow here in richest profusion. I have never seen any to equal them.

Our next stop was at the village of Nawng-Hpaw. The Wa raids are so dreaded that the inhabitants arm themselves with old matchlock guns, swords, daggers, crossbows, and even pitchforks, when they go to the fields. They asked me if I would load my gun, as they would be very pleased if I managed to kill a Wa that night, and

thought some of them might be lurking about. I purchased some poisoned arrows found near the village after a raid. Here also a mimosa hedge surrounds the houses.

As we quitted this place we had still forests on our left, and also a stream, into which, farther down, the smaller ones empty themselves in coming from Mong-Nyim-Nö. This stream was in a valley on our left. On the top of some hills near here we found a second camp, also garrisoned by Chinese soldiers.

Next day we came to Wing, one of the chief villages of the Mōng Su State, which is tributary to Mōng Ka, and governed by a cousin of the ruler of the latter city. It being market-day when I got there I did not run short of supplies.

Here I was met by the cousin in person, who, after having asked to see my passport, said he would send word to the Chief, telling him of my arrival. The Chief lived at Mōng Ka, the principal village in the Mōng Ka State, two easy days' journey from here. The mid-way village is known as Mōng Leung, and is inhabited by a tribe called Ka Wa, who, I am told, are half savages. These people wear round their necks a metal ring, which looks like silver, heavy earrings, and also a necklace of small shells. The women are attired in a blackish blue jacket and a striped petticoat. Men, women, and children have pipes in their mouths all day long. The villagers here as well as at a good many other places I passed, could seldom speak Chinese. The forest is still on the left, though some distance away. We have again merged into a limestone district.

After one day's journey down the open valley, which is in some places about two miles wide, and mostly taken up with rice fields and marshes, we reached a village where another largish stream joins, and here we stopped for the night. From here two days' climbing over the limestone mountains brings us to Tawnio, called by the Chinese Mar Le Pa.

On the 11th June we reached Mōng Ka. This is beautifully situated in a fertile valley with many rice fields irrigated by a pleasant stream, the headwater of that at Wing. Information

from his cousin at Wing having probably announced my coming the day before, I was welcomed by the Chief's officials, whom he had ordered to receive me in his absence. The chief of Mōng Ka was absent, having been called away to the scene of a Wa raid, in which several villagers were murdered and decapitated.

The next day at an altitude of about six thousand feet we crossed the watershed between the Salween and the Mekong; then on past a pretty village hard by a stream with a beautiful waterfall, over hills, down dales, and always around us the lovely sub-tropical forests. Here the rainfall is very heavy. The villages are all very much alike, and with no special objects of interest, unless various Buddhist monasteries—where the monks are all extremely kind and obliging—can be so described. The district owes much of its plentiful rice crops to the clear streams which are always running. The forests add to the contrast which all this region presents to the dry streams and parched, almost treeless, country of China Proper. I first noticed this change after leaving Wing; and for four days we journeyed on through these leafy shades, often by the side of sparkling streams, till we reached the Nam-Ting Valley on July 16th. Here is Mōng-Ting, the next halting-place of importance. Mōng-Ting is not more than two days from the frontier, or rather it is two and a half days' journey from Kun Long ferry on the Salween passing Nam Hu, which is close to the frontier. Mōng-Ting, though no bigger than Mōng Tseze, is marked on Bretmeider's map as a district town, and was in former days on one of the old, but now little frequented, trade routes between China and Burmah. It is noted for its mangoes. We left it to journey on down the valley. The Nam-Ting River, one of the largest tributaries of the Salween, flows through this valley.

Tawnio is in the sub-State of Ko Khan and a part of North Theinni, formerly part of Yun Nan. It is governed by a Chinese official called the Heng. There are several Chinese here, subjects of the Saubwa of North Theinni. Besides the Shans various tribes live in these parts, including:

The Paloungs, who come up from Taing Bang Shan State.

The Los, closely connected with the Was (the difference being that they are Buddhists) and also called Lawas.

The Kachins, called here Khongs, spirit-worshippers, who came originally from the region between the rivers Mehkha and Malikha and the far north of Burmah.

Not far from here lives the son of the so-called Sultan of Yun Nan, among a colony of Panthuyes, or Chinese Mohammedans.

It was at Tawnio I spent the Queen's Jubilee. In honor of it there were athletic sports, which the Heng attended, a sight which few of the inhabitants had seen before.

Market day at Tawnio is a gay scene, as all the different tribes gather there in their varied and brilliant costumes. It takes place every fifth day. I stayed here ten days for the shooting. Game is very plentiful. Barking deer, black partridge, pheasants, quail, teal, plover, peacocks, etc., kept me busy till I left on the 29th of June.

Two days' journey over the hills again brought me to the Kun Long ferry on the Salween, where I stopped the night. The Salween lies one thousand eight hundred feet above sea-level, and I found it in full flood and very muddy. At this time of the year it is somewhat over a thousand feet broad and very swift and deep, so swift, in fact, that the bullocks would not swim over. I managed, however, to get three of my four horses across, by leading them from the boat; one was torn away and I lost him. The canoes used for taking people and luggage across are about two feet wide and thirty feet long, cut out of a trunk of sound wood. When the current is very strong they lash two together. I, however, got away safely and continued my journey toward Lashio, also in North Theinni. Mr. Johnson, of Tawnio, had sent some Sepoys of the Burmese Military Police with me, so that I was spared all annoyance from the villagers on the other side. They are Kachins, and in a constant state of feud with the Shans. My bullocks I had to replace, but did so with little difficulty.

The country is densely wooded and

very mountainous. The Kachins live in long, narrow huts, each containing several families. They are like the Paloungs and Ka Was in appearance, the women having thick, short hair and well-formed figures. Over the hips and down to their ankles they wear many hoops made of some stuff, the nature of which I did not discover. Like the Shans, they bear rolls of some material stuck through their ears. In other ways they resemble the Was.

I did not see anything of the Paloungs. The country is very beautiful all the way to Lashio, and most of the stopping-places are provided with open sheds, where we put up, unless, indeed, we were fortunate enough to find better accommodation at a village temple, or Phoongyi Kyaung, as they are called in this part. There, little temples are built of bamboo, as are most of the Shan huts, and several times I have rested my head under the protection of Buddha. About four days before arriving at Lashio, we crossed the watershed between the Salween and the Ira-

waddy, and entered an open plain containing the villages of Mông Yaw, Mông Yang, Mông Tim. The word "Mông" is the Shan for an open space in the mountains. One of these villages (Mông Yaw) was formerly much larger, as is shown by the ruins of pagodas and temples. I arrived on the 13th July at Lashio, where several Europeans reside, as it is the seat of the British Government in the Northern Shan States. I was put up by Mr. Leveson at the Residency, and spent three days very comfortably. Here the cart road begins, and also the earth-works of the Kun Long Ferry Railway. With no little satisfaction I got rid of my tediously slow oxen, and bought mules instead, with which I finished my expedition, and nine days later, after passing through the State and town of Thebaw and the hill station of Maye Mew, I reached Mandalay on the 23d July, just six and a half months from the time that I left Canton.—*Fortnightly Review*.

WHEREFORE THE ROSES FADED.

BY PERCY L. OSBORN.

WHAT hath befallen, tell it me,
The roses that I sent to thee?
For, ere thou didst receive my posies,
They still were fair and still were—roses;
And certès I could never send
A worthless guerdon to my friend.

Why, when thou hadst them, did they lose
Their scent? or what hath marred their hues?
The reason true I know not well;
For what it was they would not tell.
But this I think, they could not bear
Comparison with one so fair,
And, touching thee, whose fragrant bloom
Outbragged their own, they met their doom.

So when a little lamp is lit,
The blazing fire doth vanquish it;
And when they cannot face the Sun,
The stars are blinded every one!

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND THE ROENTGEN AND OTHER X RAYS.

BY N. W. SIBLEY.

A GREAT poet once said, "We cannot express our inmost thoughts, they are incomprehensible even to ourselves. . . . In our present gross material state our faculties are clouded; when death removes our clay coverings the mystery will be solved." But if we accept the speculations—to use his own term—of Professor W. Crookes, F.R.S., which he promulgated at the Psychical Research Society, it will be no longer necessary to join in Shelley's pathetic confession of ignorance of the problems of life and mind. The discoverer of the tubes which have been the necessary medium for the Roentgen rays, it is true, advanced the hypothesis of telepathy, following the example of the Platonic Socrates in the *Phaedon*, purely in a tentative spirit. But then Socrates was trying to prove the immortality of the soul, and rejected physical explanations of psychical phenomena as odious. This Professor Crookes does not do, partly because his problem is different from that of Socrates, and partly because psychical research is, and natural theology is not, a progressive science. Professor Crookes admitted that, even if we accepted the hypothesis of telepathy, we should be perhaps as far as ever from knowing what mind is. We only know that it is, and have an additional proof of its existence by the transmission of thought and images directly from one mind to another without the agency of the recognized organs of sense. Broussais, following the cerebro-physical school, boldly declared that mind is "Un cerveau agissant, et rien de plus." But Professor Crookes said: "We may explain molecular and molar motions and discover all the physical laws of motion, but we shall be as far as ever from the solution of the vastly more important question as to what form of will and intellect is behind the motions of molecules, guiding them and constraining them in different directions along predetermined paths." Professor

Crookes makes a more explicit confession of ignorance as to what mind is than Socrates did when he attempted to define a cause. Professor Crookes admitted that psychical science is yet in a nascent stage only. But he predicted that "psychical science as pursued by the Society of Psychical Research is the embryo of something which in time may dominate the whole world of thought." As reported in the *Times*, that portion of Professor Crookes's address which referred to telepathy ran as follows: "Passing thence to the speculation of Professor W. James, of Harvard, which dealt with the possible difference in rapidity of sensations on the part of beings presumably on a larger scale than ourselves, Professor Crookes applied the general conception of the impossibility of predicting what unseen forces might be at work around us, specially to telepathy, or thought transference, *i.e.*, the transmission of thought and images directly from one mind to another without the agency of the recognized organs. Was it inconceivable," he said (after making an elaborate calculation as to the vibrations which produce sound and light), "that intense thought concentrated by one person upon another with whom he was in close sympathy, should induce a telepathic chain along which brain-waves should go straight to their goal without loss of energy due to distance? Such a speculation was," he admitted, "new and strange to science; it was at present strictly provisional, but he was bold enough to make it, and the time might come when it could be submitted to experimental tests." The *Times*, in a leading article criticizing this address, said telepathy was conceivable, but asked if it was true. The leading organ even went so far as to declaim that the hypothesis of Professor Crookes involved *l'abus de l'inconnaissable*. But, according to an extract from his Presidential Address, given in the *Lancet* of February 6,

Professor Crookes explicitly declares that by adopting the hypothesis of telepathy "no physical laws are violated, neither is it necessary to invoke what is commonly called the supernatural." If the supernatural is not invoked it cannot be said to be abused. The connection between the newly discovered Roentgen ray and telepathy is thus demonstrated: "We are introduced to an order of vibrations of extreme minuteness as compared with the most minute waves with which we have been hitherto acquainted. It has been demonstrated that these X rays, as generated in the vacuum tube, are not homogeneous, but consist of bundles of different wave-lengths analogous to what would be difference of color could we see them as light, some passing easily through flesh, but partially arrested by bone, while others pass with varying facility through bone, but less easily through flesh." In the annotations of the *Lancet* (February 6, 1897), the passage is quoted and the article continues: "Professor Crookes considered it possible that other X rays exist in which vibrations are of a more extreme minuteness, as there is no reason to suppose that we have reached in the Roentgen rays the limit of frequency, and that some of these unknown rays may supply the key to much that is now obscure in psychical phenomena, as in telepathy—the transmission of thought and images directly from one mind to another without the agency of the recognized organs of sense." By adopting such an hypothesis no physical laws are violated, neither is it necessary to invoke what is commonly called the supernatural." Objections, he allowed, may be taken to this hypothesis; but, in making objection to, or in answering these, it must be remembered that we cannot express life in terms of heat, or of motion, and other purely physical conditions. Doubtless molecular movements strictly obey the law of the conservation of energy; but what is called law is simply an expression of the direction along which form of energy acts, not the form of energy itself. He continued: "We may explain molecular and molar motions and discover all the physical laws of mo-

tion, but we shall be as far as ever from the solution of the vastly more important question as to what force of will and intellect is behind the motion of molecules, guiding and constraining them in definite directions along predetermined paths."* All thinkers, from Anaxagoras, Sir Isaac Newton, Hegel, and More, to Professor W. Crookes himself, have believed in mind as the efficient or emanative cause—the *nous demiourgos* of Greek kosmical speculation. But though all say that it is, no one, not even Professor Crookes, says what it is.

The *Times* concluded its article by a challenge, "Suppose Mr. Crookes, before explaining the facts of telepathy, makes it perfectly clear to us all that they exist?" There seems no indication in the medical and scientific world to throw doubt on the extremely provisional and tentative hypothesis of Mr. Crookes in the *Lancet*. "Fairy tales of telepathy" are even current about distinguished lawyers, as, for instance, the one related about Mr. Benjamin in the *Still Life of the Middle Temple*. Why should this be a subject on which one should "wed with doubt in Plato's shade?"

Dr. Johnson, since he lived in an age before the discovery of rays, either X rays or cathodic, certainly cannot be accused of serving the occasion in having allowed Boswell to relate of him that he believed more or less in second sight. And it is more significant that Johnson told Boswell that second sight, whatever it was, was not a fortuitous phenomenon, thus hinting at the possibility of a scientific solution of the subject. The *Times* says that Professor W. Crookes offers explanations. No one ever refuted ghost stories more circumstantially than Dr. Johnson. But if, living in the age that he did, the "harmless drudge," who undoubtedly possessed some of the rays of genius, could keep an open mind as to the more mysterious of psychical phenomena, we, who live in the age of the Roentgen ray, have not got the excuse for "wedding with doubt in Plato's shade" that the lexicographer had. The

* *The Lancet*, Art.: "Psychical Research and the Roentgen and other X Rays." February 6, 1897, p. 391.

path of science trends to the goal of certainty, and the rampart of doubt that the past furnishes us with is almost overthrown. As Shelley once

wrote, "the whole web of human things," even birth and the grave, "are not as they were."—*Westminster Review*.

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS SOCIETY: THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

BY F. G. KITTON.

ONE of the most remarkable instances of disinterested philanthropy recorded during the Victorian era was the foundation of an institution, the purpose of which was to benefit necessitous authors and artists without injuring their susceptibilities or prejudicing their sense of independence. This brilliant idea was originally conceived by Mr. Richard Hengist Horne (author of "Orion," known as the "farthing epic"), but some years elapsed before it attracted serious attention.

In the late autumn of 1850, Charles Dickens and a distinguished company of amateur actors (including Mark Lemon, John Leech, Douglas Jerrold, John Foster, Frank Stone, Augustus Egg, etc.) gave three private performances of Ben Jonson's play; "Every Man in His Humor," in the great hall of the Lytton family mansion at Knebworth, and it was during the presentation of this celebrated comedy that Mr. Horne's excellent notion was eagerly discussed. Charles Dickens and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton (afterward Lord Lytton), fully realizing the importance of the proposal, occupied themselves in maturing a scheme for the formation of a society, in aid of which Sir Edward offered, free of cost, a portion of land upon his Hertfordshire estate, in a locality suitable for the erection of a college, and further agreed to write a comedy, to be acted with the view of raising a preliminary fund.

The project speedily assumed a definite shape. It was decided to designate the new Society "The Guild of Literature and Art" (which, as Dickens sententiously observed, "may be a good name or a bad name"), the objects of which should be "to encourage life assurance and other provident

habits among authors and artists; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new institution where honorable rest from arduous labor shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties." In connection with the Society, by which it was intended "to commend and enforce the duties of prudence and foresight, especially incumbent on those whose income is wholly or mainly derived from the precarious profit of a profession," it was proposed to establish and endow an institute, having at its disposal certain salaries to which certain duties would be attached; together with a limited number of free residences, which, though sufficiently small to be adapted to a very moderate income, would be completed with due regard to the ordinary habits and necessary comforts of gentlemen. The offices of endowment were to consist, first, of a warden, with a house and salary of £200 a year; second, of members, with a house and £170, or, without a house, £200 a year; third, of associates, with a salary of £100 a year. Among other conditions it was stipulated that each member should deliver, either personally or by proxy, three lectures annually on subjects relating to Letters or Art, one of which should be given in London, and the others at Mechanics' Institutes or some public building suited for the purpose in the principal provincial towns. It was further designed to select for the appointment of members (who were to be elected for life) those writers and artists of established reputation, and generally of mature years (or, if young, in failing health), to whom the income attached to the appointment might be an object of honorable desire; while

the office of associate was intended partly for those whose toils or merits were less known to the general public than their professional brethren, and partly for those who in earlier life gave promise of future eminence, and to whom a temporary income of a hundred pounds a year might be of essential and permanent service.

Theoretically, the excellence of the scheme was made manifest to all who were concerned in formulating it, and Dickens, with characteristic energy and impulsiveness, threw himself heart and soul into the good cause, practically considering it for the time being the object of his life. Needless to say, he was regally supported by his friends, those distinguished artists and authors who constituted the little company of actors of which Dickens himself was the honored chief. We learn from the great novelist, by the way, that the public existence of this association of amateur Thespians was quite accidental; it was originally formed for the private amusement of a leisure hour, but, yielding to urgent entreaty, it rendered service to the Sanatorium (referred to by Dickens as "one of the most useful and most necessary institutions ever founded in this country"), and was subsequently enabled to afford timely assistance to three well-known literary men, who were afterward placed on the pension list.

Charles Dickens's select little theatrical company having already obtained a considerable share of public appreciation and applause, it seemed natural and appropriate that a series of dramatic performances should be given by the members in order to promote the welfare of the "Guild," the proceeds to be devoted to the fund then being raised for this purpose. The new comedy, specially written by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton with this object in view, was entitled, "Not so Bad as We Seem; or, Many Sides to a Character,"* the copyright of which, both for acting and writing, being unconditionally given to the Association, enabled it to realize a handsome sum of money. In a letter (dated January 5,

1851) to Sir Edward, having reference to the various rôles, Dickens proposed to call the company together to agree upon one general plan of action. He suggested playing first about three weeks before the opening of the Great Exhibition, so that the performances might be the town talk before the country people and foreigners arrived in the Metropolis; and further expressed his belief that (for cheapness and many other considerations) it would be desirable to construct a portable theatre, which could be easily erected and taken down—"say in the Hanover Square Rooms"—and moved into the country, an idea speedily carried into effect. In concluding his letter the novelist said: "Now, my dear Bulwer, I have come to the small hours, and am writing alone here, as if I were writing something to do what your comedy will. At such a time the temptation is strong upon me to say a great deal more, but I will only say this—in mercy to you—that I do devoutly believe that this plan, carried, will entirely change the status of the literary man in England, and make a revolution in his position which no Government, no power on earth but his own, could ever effect. I have implicit confidence in the scheme—so splendidly begun—if we carry it out with a steadfast energy. I have a strong conviction that we hold in our hands the peace and honor of men of letters for centuries to come, and that you are destined to be their best and most enduring benefactor. Oh! what a procession of New Years might walk out of all this after we are very dusty."

In a very few months everything was ready for the first representation of "Not so Bad as We Seem." Dickens was to have composed a farce to follow the comedy, but the unexpected cares of management prevented him from completing it in time. "I have written the first scene," he informed Mr. Forster, "and it has droll points in it, more farcical points than you commonly find in 'farces' really better. Yet I am constantly striving, for my reputation's sake, to get into it a meaning that is impossible in a farce; constantly thinking of it, therefore, against the grain; and constantly impressed

* The title proposed by Dickens was, *Knowing the World; or, Not so Bad as We Seem*.

with the conviction that I could never act in it myself with that wild abandonment which can alone carry a farce off. Wherefore I have confessed to Bulwer Lytton and asked him for absolution." A new farce by Mark Lemon was therefore substituted, entitled "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," to which, however, Dickens contributed so many jokes and so much fun of his own, that it is no exaggeration to say that the success of the little play was due as much to him as to the acknowledged author.

The authors engaged in the inaugural performance of Sir Bulwer Lytton's comedy were Charles Dickens, Mark Lemon, Douglas Jerrold, Dudley Costello, John Forster, Richard Hengist Horne, Charles Knight, Robert Bell, Peter Cunningham, and Westland Marston; while Art was represented by Augustus Egg, A.R.A., F. W. Topham, Frank Stone, and Mr. (now Sir) John Tenniel, the latter being, alas! the sole survivor of this remarkable company. The stage architect and machinist was Sir Joseph Paxton (designer of the Crystal Palace, then just completed for the Great Exhibition), and those responsible for the scenery were Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., David Roberts, R.A., Louis Haghe, and Mr. William Telbin. Among the painters who took an interest in the "Guild" scheme was Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., by whom an admirable design was drawn for the card of membership. As an illustration of the thoroughness with which the preparations were carried out, Dickens informed Sir Bulwer Lytton that in the matter of dresses there was not a pocket-flap or a scrap of lace that had not been made from an old print or picture—indeed, every detail was in perfect truth and keeping, which, of course, greatly enhanced the artistic merits of the enterprise.

Apart from the above considerations, the initial performance of "Not so Bad as We Seem" marks a red-letter day in the annals of the Stage, for it was honored by the presence of Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort. As soon as Dickens became aware of this graceful act of condescension on the part of the Sovereign, he acquainted the Duke of Devonshire

with the fact, and plainly intimated to his Grace (to whom he was then a stranger) his desire to secure the loan of Devonshire House for the auspicious event; whereupon the Duke responded in a most friendly manner promising his earnest and sincere co-operation, and offering with princely munificence the loan of his mansion for the benefit of the new endowment. For purposes of the play his Grace accorded the use of his large picture-gallery, to be fitted up with seats for the audience, and the library adjoining for the erection of the portable theatre, the rear portion of the latter apartment being screened off for use as a "green room." A special box for the Queen was also provided. In the erection of the theatre not a nail was allowed to be hammered into the floor or walls, the lateral supports being held by the pressure from end to end of padded beams; none of the valuable pictures were removed, but were protected by planks draped with crimson velvet.

The date of the Royal performance was May 16, 1851 (not the 27th of that month, as incorrectly stated by Mr. Forster, the latter being the date of the second representation, at which the Queen was not present). When the comedy was first enacted there was no after-piece, as the curtain did not rise until the late hour of nine o'clock. Mr. R. H. Horne, who has placed on record many interesting incidents relating to the rehearsals and inaugural performances, mentions that the tickets for the first night were priced at five guineas each, and that Her Majesty forwarded the sum of a hundred guineas for her box. The initial representation of the comedy went off without a hitch, if we except an amusing little accident, whereby the jutting-out sword of one of the actors passed rigidly across the surface of a table, sweeping therefrom the entire contents—decanters, glasses, grapes, pine-apple, painted pound-cake, wooden peaches—all of which rolled pell-mell upon the stage toward the footlights, the humor of the *contretemps* being apparently much relished by Her Majesty and the Royal suite. (Mr. Horne's memory failed him when, in jotting down his recollections some

twenty years after the event, he definitely asserts that the after-piece—viz., “Mr. Nightingale’s Diary,” was also produced on this occasion.) The actual date of the first performance of Mark Lemon’s laughable farce was May 27, when “Not so Bad as We Seem” was enacted for the second time at Devonshire House—a confusion of dates which probably originated the error in Mr. Forster’s biography. The plot of the after-piece was so very slight as scarcely to merit that designation, and the characters were expressly invented with a view to the special histrionic talents of Dickens and Mark Lemon. Seven personages were actually in the cast, Dickens assuming that of Mr. Gabblewig, an over-voluble barrister, and Lemon that of Slap. Other characters not named in the bill were freely introduced by the authors of the play, and not the least remarkable feature of the performance was the extraordinary manner in which the two principal actors more than “doubled” their parts, Dickens impersonating no less than five distinct characters, two of whom strongly resembled Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp, his make-up and appropriate vernacular being unsurpassable.

In honor of the second presentation of Sir Bulwer Lytton’s comedy at Devonshire House, the Duke gave a magnificent ball and supper to the actors and the entire audience, which, as may be imagined, proved a very brilliant scene. After these two eminently successful inaugural nights (never forgotten by those who participated in them) and a few performances at the Queen’s Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, there followed the grand provincial tour of the distinguished amateurs in aid of the “Guild” fund. Manchester, Liverpool, Bath, Bristol, and other large towns were visited, the reception being everywhere most cordial. Dickens, as usual, took the whole management on his shoulders, and one night, after supper, he announced to his *confrères* that having already accumulated £3000 without much trouble, he thought they should continue their efforts until the sum of £5000 was realized, for with that amount in hand he considered they

would be fully justified in laying their prospectus before the public for the establishment of “The Guild of Literature and Art,” with the intimation that “We have done thus much ourselves toward the foundation; now what will you do to help us?” It was, therefore, unanimously agreed that this “splendid strolling” should be extended, and as the same pieces were played in each town, and no rehearsals were required, there was plenty of leisure for private study and work of another kind. It was an established rule that all members of the “Guild” should dine and sup together—the ladies, by the way, who took part in the plays were professional actresses, who occupied private apartments in the vicinity of the concert-room, or hall, engaged for the “Guild,” or else came down by express train on the nights of performance—and after supper various forms of recreation were usually indulged in by the gentlemen amateurs, the favorite “game” being leap-frog, which was played all round the supper-table. “Very much of the fun of this,” remarks Mr. Horne, “consisted in special difficulties, with their consequent disasters, for Dickens was fond of giving a ‘high back,’ which, though practicable enough for the more active, was not easily surmounted by others, especially after a substantial supper; while the immense breadth and bulk of Mark Lemon’s back presented a sort of bulwark to the progress of the majority. Now, as everybody is bound to run at the ‘frog-back’ given, and do his best, it often happened that a gentleman landed upon the top of Mark’s back, and there remained; while with regard to the ‘high back’ given by Mr. Dickens, it frequently occurred that the leaping frog never attained the centre, but slipped off on one side; and we well remember a certain occasion when a very vigorous run at it failed to carry the individual over; the violent concussion sent the high-arched ‘frog’ flying under the table, followed headlong by the unsuccessful leaper. Mr. Dickens rose with perfect enjoyment at the disaster . . . exclaiming that it was just what he expected!” All this, doubtless, is unmitigated frivolity, but

great minds, like average intellects, may occasionally unbend.

Charles Dickens, in letters home, gives a vivid idea of the public furore attendant upon the provincial tour. Writing to his wife from Clifton in November, 1851, he says: "We had a noble night last night. The room (which is the largest but one in England) was crammed in every part. The effect of from thirteen to fourteen hundred people, all well dressed, and all seated in one unbroken chamber, except that the floor rose high toward the end of the hall, was most splendid, and we never played to a better audience. The enthusiasm was prodigious. . . . We were all thoroughly pleased, I think, with the whole thing, and it was a very great and striking success." To Sir E. Bulwer Lytton he wrote three months later: "I left Liverpool at four o'clock this morning, and am so blinded by excitement, gas, and waving hats and handkerchiefs, that I can hardly see to write; but I cannot go to bed without telling you what a triumph we have had. Allowing for the necessarily heavy expenses of all kinds, I believe we can hardly fund less than a thousand pounds out of this trip alone. And, more than that, the extraordinary interest taken in the idea of the Guild by 'this grand people of England' down in these vast hives, and the enthusiastic welcome they give it, assure me that we may do what we will if we will only be true and faithful to our design. There is a social recognition of it which I cannot give you the least idea of. I sincerely believe that we have the ball at our feet, and may throw it up to the very Heaven of Heavens. . . . I can most seriously say that all the sights of the earth turned pale in my eyes before the sight of three thousand people with one heart among them, and no capacity in them, in spite of all their efforts, of sufficiently testifying to you how they believe you to be right, and feel that they cannot do enough to cheer you on. . . . We have won a position for the idea which years upon years could not have given it. I believe its worldly fortunes have been advanced in this last week fifty years at least. . . .

Believe me, we may carry a perfect fiery cross through the North of England, and over the Border, in this cause if need be—not only to the enrichment of the cause, but to the lasting enlistment of the people's sympathy."

Unhappily, the singular run of good-fortune attendant upon these histrionic efforts did not continue to keep pace with the hopes and aspirations of the energetic promoters of the "Guild" project. The public response was so far satisfactory, however, as to justify the erection (after a considerable interval) of some houses on the land at Stevenage, near Knebworth, which had been generously given by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, and on July 29, 1865, the members of the "Guild" journeyed to that pretty Hertfordshire village for the purpose of inspecting the buildings, handsomely designed by Mr. Darbishire, the honorary architect. They consist of four self-contained residences, constructed of stone, in the Gothic style, and constitute one side only of what was originally intended to be a quadrangle. After their survey of the "Guild" houses, the appearance of which is now so much enhanced by ivy and trailing creepers and flower-gardens, the party drove to Knebworth to partake of the hospitality of Sir Bulwer Lytton. Dickens, in the course of a speech proposing the health of the host, remarked that these houses could never have been erected but for his lordship's zealous and valuable co-operation, and added: "The ladies and gentlemen whom we shall invite to occupy the houses we have built will never be placed under any social disadvantage. They will be invited to occupy them as artists, receiving them as a mark of the high respect in which they are held by their fellow-workers. As artists I hope they will often exercise their calling within those walls for the general advantage; and they will always claim, on equal terms, the hospitality of their generous neighbor."

According to the stringent and express prohibition of the Act of Parliament, no pension could be granted until the "Guild" charter was seven years

old !* On discovering this remarkable clause, Dickens immediately recommended that there should be no expenses in connection with the "Guild" affairs—that the interest on the capital should be invested as accrued, that the "Guild" should have the use of the *Household Words* office rent free, and the services of Mr. W. H. Wills (his assistant editor) on the same terms, all of which was duly approved and affected.

Dickens, as we have seen, avowedly anticipated the absolute success of the grand project into which he threw himself with such extraordinary energy. There was, indeed, abundant justification in the belief that a scheme such as this, so auspiciously initiated and so powerfully championed by many of the leading lights in the world of Arts and Letters, could not but achieve its magnificent purpose. Alas! there proved to be a bitter disappointment in store for the promoters, than which nothing could better illustrate the vanity of human wishes and aspirations. The very class the "Guild" was meant to benefit did not look upon it with approbation, and every renewed exertion to secure public appreciation more largely added to the failure. It is said that so unfortunate a result was partly attributable to the ridicule poured upon this altruistic movement by certain pseudo-facetious journals, some of which jocosely anticipated a rush of passengers by the Great Northern Railway (close by), to see "the literary lions at feeding time." The "Guild's" non-success is more probably to be found in the suggestion that the unexpected *fiasco* was due not only to the circumstance that such a form of charity militated against the sense of delicacy and refinement usually appertaining to genius, but may be also accounted for by the fact that the "Guild" houses were situated in a locality remote from London and not easily accessible. These attractive residences, after remaining unoccupied for nearly

twenty years, at last found tenants on being converted into "suburban villas," the rents being available for the relief of those unfortunate persons whom the "Guild" designed to benefit. Nearly opposite the "Guild" buildings, by the way, may be observed a modern public-house rejoicing in the sign of "Our Mutual Friend," in compliment to Charles Dickens, who was at that time (1865) engaged upon the story bearing the familiar title. Anent this place of refreshment, wittily disposed people observed that it must have been established for the purpose of entertaining Literature and Art, in the persons of its impoverished representatives, with grog and cigars, in company with those who came to visit them.

It would be superfluous to mention that Charles Dickens and his coadjutors were deeply grieved by the non-realization of their high expectations. The very hopeful anticipations regarding the "Guild" scheme which the novelist experienced are made fully manifest in the letter to Sir Bulwer Lytton previously quoted, so that the depth of his disappointment may be approximately gauged. Certain advantages, however, accrued as the result of the united efforts of the members of the "Guild," for the fairly substantial sum of money raised by means of the dramatic performances was practically devoted to the desired object. For several years the number of members of the "Guild" has gradually decreased, and no new members have been elected, nor have any subscriptions or donations been received by the "Guild." There are now no annuitants, and none of its members reside in the dwelling-houses at Stevenage; but grants have from time to time been made by the council to necessitous persons. The "Guild" property consists of £2112 invested in "Goschens," a small balance at Coutts's, and the land and houses already described. The funds derived from these sources have always been carefully and economically administered by the council, in conformity with the provisions of the Act of Parliament, under which the "Guild"

* *A propos* of this, Dickens observed to Lord Lytton, "It appears to me that the House of Commons and Parliament altogether is just the dreariest failure and nuisance that has bothered this much-bothered world."

has a corporate existence. The active members of the council were, until quite recently, Sir John Robinson, the editor of the *Daily News*, Mr. John Hollingshead, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens the younger; but the council were eventually reduced to two—viz., Sir John Robinson and Mr. F. Clifford.

We now arrive at the final chapter in the history of this famous institution. Among the private (and unopposed) Bills proceeded with in Parliament during the last Session was one to which a melancholy interest attaches. It was that which the Earl of Morley's Committee had ordered to be reported, with amendments, to the House of Lords, the object of this Bill being the winding up and dissolution of the once celebrated "Guild." The Bill having been passed, it is now pro-

posed to divide the money in equal moieties between the Royal Literary Fund and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution; the land and houses to be assigned to either, as may be agreed, or placed in trust for the joint benefit of both or either, subject to a right of purchase within twenty-one years by the present Earl Lytton. By this arrangement the generous and charitable movement which Dickens and his friends had so much at heart will practically be carried into effect, although in a manner somewhat differing from that originally conceived by its projectors. All honor to those who, nearly half a century since, were actually responsible for the inception and foundation of a scheme intended to benefit the less fortunate but worthy representatives of Literature and Art.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

ARE NATIONAL HOME INTERESTS WORTH TAKING CARE OF AND CULTIVATING?

BY N. M. TAYLER.

To answer this question fully it is necessary to compare the benefits to be derived by any nation from the different large departments into which trade is necessarily divided, which are:

1. Home Trade in Home Productions.

2. Import Trade.

3. Export Trade.

4. Through Trade from one country to another passing through a third.

The advantages of the first are:

(a) That the market is the nearest and the best known to the traders.

(b) That there is no waste of energy, time, capital, or damage on the way by sending to markets farther off.

(c) That the trade gives employment to the people, and thus tends to keep them happy and contented; it also tends to keep their faculties, mental and physical, in good order. It tends to keep the people from speculation, and generally from evil courses; it prevents the necessity for emigration, unless over-crowded, which is a point which has so far been seldom, if ever, reached—that is, for any country to be

crowded all through; and that all or nearly all the natural resources of either the country in question or the people have been brought out.

(d) As regards foreign nations, it makes any nation more independent of others, more self-reliant, more patriotic, and much more likely to progress, both as individuals and as a nation.

2. *Import Trade*. If what I have stated as to the benefits to be derived from cultivating home trade in home productions is correct, then the imports required, and the only ones which it is good to encourage are:

(a) Supplemental supplies of any articles which from any justifiable cause cannot be produced at home in sufficient quantities or as good as can be produced by other nations; or (b) which cannot be reasonably produced at home at all.

Anything more than this implies something wrong in the home industries, and therefore is productive of decadence.

It must be manifest that the employ-

ment given by imports, except of articles for manufacturing purposes, is in comparison much smaller than that given by home industries.

3. *Export Trade* is good, if natural, not speculative—that is, gambling—and that the object is to supply good and suitable articles. Of course the manufacture of poor, unsatisfactory articles tends to lower any nation's character.

If either import or export trades have special advantages given them, it disarranges trade, and in some way or other produces harm, such as, for instance, drawing off the people by artificial means from supplying their own nation's wants by home industries.

So long as neither special advantages are given nor disadvantages laid upon these trades, they may be safely left to take care of themselves, except so far as any impositions, deceit, or robberies are concerned.

4. Through trade gives so little employment and is comparatively of such small importance, it need not be further alluded to than to say, that it ought not, and there is no good reason why it should, have special advantages—and to do so is always playing with double-edged knives.

Clearly, the only trade to cultivate specially by any nation is its home trade in home productions. How? By the nation seeing on its own account and through its rulers that every reasonable opportunity and means are given to the people generally to understand and practise their occupations in the best way and under the best and most favorable circumstances known; by seeing that all means of communication are kept in the best working order at the lowest reasonable rates, that the nation is supplied with ample markets, and any other means of supplying themselves, governed by and for the people, so that each man and woman may have a personal interest in what is going on, and feel responsible for a satisfactory state of things. All these truths are so self-evident that it might well be asked, What justification can there be for bringing them prominently forward?

The justification is that for the last sixty to seventy years import and ex-

port trades have been specially favored, and home trade in home industries has been specially loaded with heavy disadvantages; that very little attention, in the interests of the people, has been bestowed upon markets; that the railroads have not been so managed as to give the greatest reasonable facilities for this trade, or for personal locomotion, but something like the least. That the canals and rivers which are most valuable for agricultural purposes, heavy and other traffic, have been allowed to silt up, or be filled up entirely; they have for the most part not been kept in working order, and certainly not adapted, as they certainly should have been, to modern means of locomotion. This is the more to be regretted as there is ample traffic for both railways and canals; and owing to the influence and apathy of landed proprietors throughout the United Kingdom there is a very great dearth of house accommodation for workmen, and what there is, to a very large extent, is grievously inferior and unsuitable. This is so much so that it seems to be not uncommon for men not to be able to take work because there is no house accommodation to be had.

It is well to look back at something like the state of things before the beginning of the nineteenth century.

In some respects there was a stronger feeling in favor of home industries than latterly. The City Guilds prove this. But the roads were partly private investments, and no special endeavors were made that the means of communication should be the best which could be brought about.

It was thought best to place duties and other restrictions upon imports, partly for the purpose of revenue, and partly because up to that time it was thought that home industries ought not to be allowed to be destroyed by foreign competition; at the same time little attempt was made to see that the people generally were placed under the best conditions to produce necessary supplies for the nation. Hence deficiencies in supplies, low wages, notwithstanding that there was really ample work for all, and the necessary results, starvation, discontent, and disturbance.

The Chartists and others saw that the people had not sufficient or proper control over public affairs.

Afterward, what is called Free Trade, but which only referred to import and export trades, was brought about by Messrs. Cobden, Bright, Villiers, and others; at the same time the enormous powers of steam, and afterward of electricity, were brought into use, which, being linked with the ideas of making import and export trades free from artificial restrictions, the energies of the nation were at once devoted to these trades, and home trade in home productions was left out in the cold.

So much so, that even now in the daily papers the supply of home wants by home industries is seldom alluded to, and when it is, often with cynical remarks that we are beaten in the race by foreigners, and that it does not matter supplying our own wants by our own industries as far as we can reasonably do so; that cheapness of provisions goes before either their goodness or that the people should be employed. If they cannot find employment—if they cannot do so while laboring under such very great disadvantages, let the people emigrate; we have plenty invested abroad, and can do with little or no home agriculture or home manufactures: import and export trades are everything, etc.

The immense impetus given to import and export trades by steam and the large number of persons who get their incomes from abroad, and the large amount of export trade in manufactures, have given something like encouragement to these ideas, and hidden largely the real state of things.

But it may well be asked whether any nation which is not supplying its own wants by its own industries so far as it can reasonably do so, is not destroying its own backbone. We have had before us a startling example in Ireland for more than seven hundred years. Every attempt which has been made to establish industries in Ireland upon any fair basis, such as those of Malcomson Brothers, of Portlaw, and now under co-operation, have apparently succeeded; and if Irishmen leave Ireland they succeed; also English settlers in Ireland, as Mr. Gladstone

has pointed out, do not succeed any better after a time than the native Irish; and England and Scotland are rapidly getting into the same state from the same cause—that the supply of home wants by home industries has been and is under a ban.

It must be evident that just as home industries are destroyed the monetary and practical means of gaining knowledge and experience in any nation are also diminished. This is now occurring with the British nation.

Any population in any country gets its living by agriculture, breeding and selling cattle, etc., manufactures, teaching, all the necessary work of government, etc.

If the ports are left open for trade, as the population increases this increase always proportionally increases the means of subsistence.

The only limit to population is deficiency of reasonable space, which probably has never been reached anywhere as a necessity. Hence, when poverty and trouble come upon a nation it always arises from bad government in some way.

The British bad government mainly consists in thinking more of external than internal matters; and in handing over to private persons the natural national income from the rent of land and from national enterprises which require land to carry them out. Yet our law does not admit that land is private property, though, strangely and inconsistently, it allows it to be treated as such.

It is common to hear persons say that we cannot from our own land supply all we want: that may be so; but they go on to argue that if so, then any destruction or unfairness to our home industries is justifiable. But this does not follow at all.

If these views are true, then what ought to be the rotation in importance as regards the deliberation and action of the rulers of this or any nation?

1. Home prosperity, and progress in every way, as a nation, not the prosperity of the rich only and the poverty and degradation of the majority, which means ultimately the degradation and poverty of all.

2. The prosperity of any dependen-

cies. In the British case, as the colonies are now fortunately self-governing, have got Home Rule, India should be the second point of interest.

3. As to our relations with other nations. The greatest safety and most profitable arrangements are plainly those of commerce, intercommunication, and mutual respect.

4. As to extension of dominion. Clearly the first rule ought to be not to extend till we can govern what we have, decently at any rate.

What, then, has been the rotation of importance generally adopted by our legislators?

1. Size of territory.

2. As regards foreign nations, war-like preparations, frequently of a very inefficient character, instead of friendly relations chiefly.

3. Home industries, home preparedness, home trade in home productions have been mainly left out in the cold, and import and export trade substituted.

The great reform necessary is to invert this order of things completely; otherwise the British nation, apart from its colonies and dependencies, is bound to fall, just as other nations have done from the same and similar causes.

It is said, Look how prosperous we are. The income of the nation is constantly increasing. Trade also constantly increases—that is, import and export trade; but it is stated, and I expect truly, that more than half of the income of the nation is derived, directly or indirectly, from investments abroad. If so, then more than half of it is not to be depended on, because it is only dependent on the nation so far as it is artificially supported by preferential rates over our railways—an arrangement which plainly means, as in Ireland, sooner or later, ruin to the nation and no dividend from the railways. It is not only possible, but quite likely, that a large portion of foreign and colonial investors may leave the United Kingdom just as the landlords left Ireland. Will there then be an appearance of so much prosperity? The United Kingdom is even now at their mercy, or subject to their inclination for the time being, and, whatever

may be said about our prosperity, at least three-fourths of the people have an extreme and unnatural struggle to keep their footing. This now affects, and is admitted to affect, the landed interests. Looking beneath the surface, it is clear, therefore, that we are in a shaky condition, and are constantly, so far as legislation is concerned, in the main making it more shaky.

It is said that the low rates of interest mean plenty of money. There is such a thing as congestion of the human frame, which means stagnation in some part, either from some injury or because the constitution is enfeebled. And it is just the same with this case of plenty of money. The preferences allowed on the railways for the last sixty or seventy years unfairly in favor of imports and exports have enfeebled the nation by largely destroying home industries, and also little attention has been paid, notwithstanding and excepting the Board schools, local government, and private endeavors, in preparing the nation to do its work in the best way. Hence capital has got to be congested in guaranteed shares and stocks of all descriptions and wild speculations. These have gone up to artificially excessive prices, and, owing to the dearth of home investments, there still is a large amount of money seeking employment.

This congestion is looked upon by most persons, including all, or nearly all, the daily press, as a sign of robust health. I say it is a dangerous sign of apoplexy. Increased imports are also looked upon as a sign of health. To my thinking they are a sign of something grievously wrong, especially coupled with the decadence of agriculture and manufactures. It shows that imports are *supplanting*, not merely *supplementing*, our own productions.

It should also be borne in mind that, as each nation adopts machinery and becomes equal to others, trade between nations will have a tendency to decrease, except to supplement and supply articles which one nation is more capable of producing than another.

How is it that other nations supply us with a vast amount of their productions, which it would be (as I have

shown, and as is generally admitted) very much more advantageous for our own people to produce?

Simply because those nations and their Governments look after their home industries more than we do. They also get favorable rates over their railways, and still more favorable rates over our railways, as well as in some cases being paid bounties on exportation by their own Governments.

Again, it is supposed that the railway directors have done the best, or something like it, for the nation, and, at any rate, for the shareholders. What are the real facts?

Beyond Parliament making for each railway a most complicated and various mode of charging, which has been constantly departed from, and also much increased in complexity and impracticability, no check, or next to none, has been imposed on the directors in the interests of the nation.

The first genuine, and almost only, efficient attempt in this direction has been the heavy damages given in law courts for accidents to passengers. This has been the chief means of keeping the railways in decent working order. Even now there is a constant fight going on as to adopting reasonable precautions for the safety of their work people.

Now, as to the shareholders. When a ship-broker loads, say, a 5000-ton ship, if there is plenty of freight to be had, he makes his rates for all at least paying ones, and, at any rate, generally charges all shippers the same rate. If there happens to be a small amount of freight in the market, he reduces his rate, and, for the purpose of securing any large lot, will reduce considerably.

The railway directors have always been in the first position and never in any other, they could and can get any quantity of freight they can carry *if they do not charge prohibitive rates*, either of home or foreign produce, yet for half to three-quarters of their traffic they charge low, and a great deal of it *very low*, rates, namely, for import, export, and favored persons, and for home trade in home productions high rates, to a large extent so high as to be prohibitive, and then having destroyed or not cultivated the home trade in

home productions, they turn round at Parliamentary and other inquiries and legal actions and say, Why, you have not got any trade, hence we are obliged to cultivate imports and exports.

To take imports, &c., much lower than necessary or reasonable, and to kill or severely damage home trade in home productions, the only reliable and permanent trade, cannot possibly be in the interests of the shareholders.

Taking into account the enormous expansion of import and export trades through steam and electricity during the last sixty years, it would have been a hard matter for the railway directors to kill the railways and the nation entirely, but they have done nearly as much as they could in this direction, and any dividends or prosperity are not on account of, but in spite of, their suicidal actions.

On June 16, 1896, R. Price Williams, M.Inst.C.E., read an essay before the Royal Statistical Society, Sir Courtenay-Boyle, K.C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. Among other statements he made were the following: "The gross goods traffic receipts on the London and North-Western Railway for 1894 were £4,160,131, or just 36½ per cent. of the entire revenue of that railway, being respectively £2075 per mile, 8s. 9d. per train mile, and 0.8759d. per ton per mile, with an average net load of 120 tons." *These receipts, it should be noticed, include the station and service terminal charges at both ends.* As the station and service terminals are seldom if ever charged on import or exports, and that the rates for home productions for home consumption are not only high, but that they are charged for terminals and service charges as well, it proves how excessively low must be the rates charged on imports. Again, he said, the London and North-Western Company is allowed to charge on the seven higher classes of merchandise for not exceeding 150 miles, 1.79d. per ton per mile, whereas the company only receive gross an average of 0.88d per ton per mile and net 0.44d. per ton per mile. It therefore seems to be evident that the railways on an average do not receive a penny per ton per mile gross and not a halfpenny per ton per mile net. The

railway directors have so far kept as a secret how they make up their through rates, and when they do give an analysis, the particulars are so various, even for the same charge, that no reliance ought to be placed on such information. As the *average* receipts from the railway goods traffic is under one penny per ton per mile, and the charges for home trade in home productions range from one penny to sixpence per ton per mile, it is hardly possible that the charge for imports can be more than, even, if as much as, one farthing per ton per mile.

It is therefore quite clear that if there were a uniform charge of one penny per ton per mile all round at weight and measurement, the same as when shipping abroad, the following would result :

Home trade in home productions would get a fair chance, which would cause—

(a) Home trade to go up in a way it has never done before, and there would be universal employment.

(b) Land and houses would become of their natural value.

(c) This prosperity would not be of the speculative character because speculation—that is, chance caused by uncertainty of knowledge, is chiefly confined to import and export trades, mining, horse racing, card playing, and bubble companies.

(d) The nation would altogether become healthier and stronger.

(e) Capital would no longer be congested.

I have not dealt with the question of passenger traffic, which has been treated in ways equally adverse to the interests of the nation and of the shareholders.

I hope I have made it clear that the case could hardly be stronger than that we ought to turn over a new leaf as soon as possible as to our home interests—that is, our most important interests, and that the matter is very urgent.

To sum up as to railways. It should be borne in mind that the power of

steam is a new experience of over sixty years.

That, as a matter of course, such an enormous power is capable of being used to the immense benefit of humanity, and it can also be misused to the very great detriment of any nation.

As a matter of fact, it has been greatly misused in conjunction with private ownership of land and other ways. In no way has it been so much abused as by the power it has given to railway directors over the trade of the United Kingdom, and hence over the happiness, prosperity, and even lives of the community. Hence our agriculture is to a large extent dead or dying, so is our engineering, iron and cotton trades, and manufactures of all sorts, so far as home consumption is concerned. And as a consequence occupations such as the professions, shop-keeping, clerks, etc., are overcrowded, and there is a most unhealthy, artificial, and unfair competition.

No hope can be expected from the action of the great majority of railway directors; the whole subject seems to be beyond them, or not to interest them.

Mr. Gladstone passed an act in 1844 (I am informed), still in force, for taking over all the railways at three months' notice, paying for them (by Government Stock) twenty-five years' purchase on an average of the net receipts of the three previous years. These terms might have to be made higher, as railway stocks have gone up so much.

There is no serious difficulty about this, as the present staffs of the railways are ready for the most part and would be glad of the change.

There would also be a large additional income to the nation in reduction of taxation, because the railways have not produced anything like what they are capable of.

This should be done without any delay, or most serious results, such as have only been experienced to a very large extent in Ireland, must result sooner or later.—*Westminster Review*.

PASS FISHING FOR TARPON.

BY HUGH V. WARRENDER.

It was my good fortune one afternoon last March to find myself in company with my friend T. on board a Cunarder bound for America, and, to be exact, that part of America in which the tarpon has his home.

To most Englishmen this fish is little known, but we were fortunate in being primed with information by two friends who had been out the previous year, and who had enjoyed good sport. As this is a tarpon article and not an account of our voyage across the Atlantic, it will be sufficient to say that after spending twenty-four hours in the throes of sea-sickness, we recovered sufficiently to develop gigantic appetites and to rather enjoy a severe storm which we encountered in mid-Atlantic. Few people, I imagine, who have ever visited the States can have spent less time in New York than T., for we landed at 8 P.M. and by 9 o'clock he was in the train on his way to Florida, while I remained in New York to buy the necessary tackle. Our reels were all that we had brought from England, they having been lent to us, thus saving our pockets considerably, as a tarpon reel of the latest pattern costs no less than 30 dollars. For pass fishing the tackle is simple: a strong stiff rod of about seven to seven and a half feet long, a multiplying reel containing 200 yards of moderately fine but strong twisted line, some five feet of piano wire, a swivel or two, and a large single hook. Breakages, however, occur frequently, and it is necessary to have spare rods, lines, and hooks. A strong good-sized gaff with a barbed point, and last but not least a belt to go round the waist with a socket in which to rest the butt of the rod when playing a fish. Personally I omitted buying one, and was forced to rig up a primitive affair with a rug strap and a revolver pouch, which answered well. Such a belt adds much to one's comfort, for the butt end of the rod is small, and one experiences unpleasant sensations in the region of the waist when playing a heavy fish without one.

After some forty weary hours in the train and a few hours in a steamboat added to that, I rejoined T. and found that he had made good use of his time, having hired a yacht and provisioned her, engaged guides and boats for each of us, and a man to cook our food. In fact, all was ready for us to start off fishing at once, and we were impatient to do so. This yacht, which for the following three weeks we made our home, was a roomy schooner of about eleven tons, with a comfortable deck house in which five of us slept, while the cook lived in the galley together with many cockroaches. Strange to say, we had neither an American nor a nigger on board. My guide, by name Bill Bartley, was a native of Liverpool; he had left England in 1862, and after sailing in many ships and in many waters he had married and settled down in Florida. Charlie Johnson, who acted as T.'s guide, and our cook were both Swedes, the former as good and keen fisherman as the latter was execrable cook. Of course we were both anxious to get to work at the tarpon immediately, but the weather was against it. With a bright sun there was a strong chilly wind, and for the first two days we were forced to put up with what is locally known as small fishing. Fish of all sorts abound among the islands on the west coast of Florida, and we had good sport and much variety. A species of trout, bass, jack-fish, lady-fish, sheepshead, Spanish mackerel and snapper were among those we caught, and of these the trout, mackerel, and especially the snapper, were excellent eating. All of these fish rose greedily to a medium-sized salmon fly, and a home-made creation of T.'s, composed principally of the blue feathers from a jay's wing, proved specially attractive. It was pleasant fishing, gliding silently in and out among the small islands—some of which consist merely of a clump of mangroves growing out of the water—and casting under the boughs, reminding one of happy hours fly-fishing for

chub on the Thames. Trolling a fly, on a single hook baited with a strip cut from the side of a lady-fish, was equally productive of sport, and indeed, given a warm day without too much wind, fish could be caught until the angler was tired of catching them.

On the third day from the start the wind had abated and the water was warmed by the sun, so we weighed anchor, and a few hours' sail brought us to the spot from which for three weeks we did not move. The fishing ground was a pass about half a mile long and the same distance across, between two long islands. Outside the pass was the open Gulf of Mexico, and inside was comparatively shallow water right up to the shore of the mainland. The tides behaved most erratically; occasionally there was a flood tide for a whole day, when it would start running out again for six hours, and then run in again for another twelve hours, or *vice versa*, and this at a rate of six or seven knots an hour. It was when the tide was flowing or ebbing its fastest that sport was obtained, and of the two, the ebb tide was the best, for there seemed then to be more tarpon collected in the pass. The natural history of the tarpon is not yet well understood, but it may be well to mention here what little is known about it. *Megalops thrissoides*, the tarpon, is the largest and most important variety of the Clupea, or herring tribe, and is found in greatest numbers in the Gulf of Mexico. As to the size of the fish, there are several instances of specimens being caught weighing upward of 200 lb., while in length they run up to seven feet. Shaped like a huge herring, they are most remarkable for their metallic brilliancy when alive and for the size of their scales. Before me, as I write, lies a scale the dimensions of which are: width in its broadest part 4 inches, depth $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches, tipped with silver of such dazzling brightness to the extent of an inch or so down the scale, that it looks positively artificial. The food of the tarpon is the gray mullet and the smaller fry of other fish, and although belonging to the salt water, a tarpon will go many miles up rivers in pursuit of these schools of fish. The one blot on the sport of

fishing for these "silver kings," as they are sometimes called, lies in the fact that their flesh is worthless as food, being soft and soapy, and when the excitement of landing the fish is over, it is always unsatisfactory to remember that this magnificent fish must be thrown into the sea as rubbish, and end ignobly as food for the sharks.

The tarpon are supposed to come in from the outside sea with the flood tide, and disperse to feed over the shallow water among the islands toward the mainland, returning to the pass with the ebb tide. Practically, however, there is always a chance of a fish, and the fisherman who perseveres and works the hardest is certain to have most success.

When the tide is slack the boat is rowed backward and forward, up and down, all over the pass, while the angler sits in the stern holding a rod from which trails some twenty-five yards of line terminating with the five feet of piano wire and the single hook baited with a six-inch strip of gray mullet. Unlike other forms of fishing, the reel is fastened on uppermost, instead of on the underside of the butt, as is usual. On one of the bars of the reel is sewn a leather pad, and in playing a fish one or both thumbs are pressed firmly against this pad, which, bearing on the line on the reel, acts as a very effectual break or drag. Until one is accustomed to it this break is rather awkward to manage; if one presses too hard a breakage and the consequent loss of fish and line may occur; while if the pressure of the thumb is too suddenly relaxed, even the best reel may overrun, and then one is indeed lucky if the loose coils and loops of line can be readjusted before similar dire results ensue. The object of this leather break is twofold: firstly, to enable one to put a strong and even drag upon the line while the fish is running; secondly, to enable one to hold the fish firm when he is being led in toward the shore, or brought to the gaff, the ordinary check of the reel not being nearly powerful enough. When the tide is running its strongest the boat is anchored and the second rod is put out and held by the boatman, or guide as he is called, and

it is as well to have a longer line out on one rod than on the other. The tarpon seizes the bait much in the manner of a salmon or a trout, and then the line on the other rod is reeled up with all speed. A buoy attached to the anchor line is thrown overboard, and the guide gets out the oars and manages the boat. When hooked the tarpon invariably leaps out of the water immediately, and a magnificent sight it is to see him, like a bar of silver six feet long, flashing in the sunlight! Not once only does he jump, but ten to fifteen times, and even when one thinks he is dead beat and without a kick left in him, he usually has strength for another leap. With jaws wide open, the fish shakes his head, twists himself in the air, and often turns a complete somersault in his endeavors to rid himself of the hook, which in nine cases out of ten he succeeds in doing, for the mouth is so plated with bone that the tongue and the corners of the jaw are almost the only places into which the point of the hook will penetrate. After each leap without freeing himself, the hopes of his eventual capture increase, for it is in the first efforts of the fish that the hook is usually thrown out. It is the aim of the fisherman to lead the fish in toward one shore or other of the pass, and at times a tarpon will be extraordinarily docile and will allow himself to be pulled in toward the beach, which the guide is straining at his oars to reach, before the tide carries boat and fish out into the Gulf. Not infrequently, however, the fish that has allowed himself to be easily towed in shows renewed fight when the boat is grounded, and it may become necessary to embark again lest the whole of the line on the reel should be taken out. As the fish tires, the fisherman, with his right thumb pressing hard against the break, and his left hand, protected by a glove, clutching tightly the line against the rod, walks backward until he is ten or twelve yards from the water's edge, upon which he relaxes the pressure on the break and quickly reels up the line, walking down toward the fish. The last act of the drama is approaching, and with stealthy steps the guide stalks the fish, watch-

ing his opportunity neatly and surely to strike in the gaff just behind the gill covers. A good guide seldom fails at the first attempt, and it is a glad moment when the silver king is lying high and dry, impotently flapping his tail on the white shells of the beach.

Although our time passed quickly and pleasantly, it would be of no interest were I to describe the events of each day at the pass. In the morning we got up with the sun, and at night we were in bed and asleep by nine o'clock, and during the day most of the time not spent in fishing we were ashore on the island catching butterflies, taking photographs, or prowling about with a gun. The man from whom we hired the schooner had lent us an ancient 10 bore, and in consideration of T. being a better shot than myself, it became his duty to keep our larder as well supplied with game as possible. Ducks, when we shot any, and when we could retrieve them, were excellent to eat, and a welcome change from our usual fare; but it was more often a pelican or a cormorant, and on one occasion a coon, that he brought home, and on those nights our ordinary dinner of boiled ham and cabbage had to content us. We lived on tinned provisions almost entirely, which although good became very monotonous, and I shall not mind if I do not see rolled ox tongue or corned beef for some time to come. From time to time our supplies had to be renewed, which was done by sending a boat to intercept the steamer which passed daily within two miles of us. By this steamer we would send a note to the storekeeper of the nearest town, telling him what we required, and on the following day the steamer brought the packages, when we would again send out a boat to fetch them. Sometimes, however, we were unable to send to meet the steamer on the right day, and then the ice, if we had ordered any, melted away on the steamer, so that a sack full of damp sawdust was all that remained to us of a fifty-pound block. The storekeeper occasionally sent us parcels of fresh meat, but it was not a success. It appeared in the oddest-shaped chunks imaginable, and it was tough, stringy, and of an unpleasant color. T. and I at last

came to the conclusion that it was nigger and not beef at all, and considering that Florida produces more niggers than beeves, I have but little doubt that it was so.

Twenty-one days in all we remained at the pass, of which five were useless for fishing owing to the weather. March had been an exceptionally fine month, and it was in the order of things that we should suffer for it in April, which we did, and for the inside of one week there blew a strong cold wind, and considerable rain fell, with the result that the tarpon disappeared from the pass, or at least they were not to be seen leaping and disporting themselves as usual; and certainly, whether they were there or not, they would not look at a bait. These were trying days, for we did not know whether to seek sport elsewhere, or to wait on for the weather to improve. We did the latter, and at least we had the satisfaction of having sport when the weather did change, before the other fishermen returned who had gone away disgusted. Of our varying success with the tarpon it would take too much space to give a detailed account, but there were individual fish of which the circumstances attending their capture will always remain fresh in my mind.

Who ever forgets the smallest incidents connected with the hooking, playing, and landing for the first time a new kind of fish? Surely no one does, and especially if he has travelled more than four thousand miles with the sole object of catching this fish. It was on the same afternoon as we reached the pass; the tide was running in at a rate of about six knots, and there were already four or five boats out, when T. and I in our respective boats dropped anchor in the middle of the current. We lay midway between the two islands whose tropical vegetation almost reached the water's edge, having only a narrow shell beach of dazzling whiteness. Some five miles away in front of us stretched a long pine-clad island, and behind us the Gulf of Mexico with a well-defined line of breakers marking the bar across the mouth of the pass. It was not long before we got both rods out, I holding the one, and my guide, Bartley, hold-

ing the other, and we settled down into comfortable positions to wait until hunger or curiosity should prompt a fish to take one of the baits. On a sudden I heard a sound in the water behind me, followed by a loud and prolonged sigh, and I turned round thinking that Bartley was letting his memory go back to the happy Liverpoolian days of his youth, and prepared to lend a sympathetic and attentive ear to his reminiscences. But the stoical Bartley was merely lighting his pipe, and I may here remark that his pipe used to require more lighting and refilling and relighting than any fire laid with damp wood, and as each of these operations was performed in a deliberate manner, the rod being laid down and left to take care of itself meanwhile, I was continually on tenterhooks lest a fish should seize the bait and either break the line, or get rid of the hook, before the rod could be picked up again.

However, to return to the origin of this sigh. I saw nothing to account for it, so I asked where it came from, and was told that it was a turtle—either of the loggerhead or more valuable green variety—that had come up to the surface to breathe. They soon became very familiar objects, and it always appealed to my sense of humor to hear their undisguised and heartfelt sigh of relief when their foolish heads appeared above water. Once I asked Bartley if it never happened that a turtle rose near enough to the boat to admit of its being gaffed, upon which he removed his pipe from his mouth, and in all seriousness replied that he had constantly heard them knocking their heads against the bottom of his boat! I admit that I was unprepared for such an answer, and my emotions choked my utterance.

I had not yet seen a tarpon hooked, and it was with much interest that I watched the occupant of a boat some way in front of me have a strike. It should be explained that the term "strike" is used when a tarpon takes the bait and leaps out of the water while still hooked. In nine cases out of ten, as I have said before, the fish throws out the hook in his first leaps, but whether he frees himself at once,

or whether he is eventually killed, it is counted a "strike" if the fish has broken water while hooked. A little later the same boat had another strike, and I followed with envious eyes the fight 'twixt rod and tarpon, which ended in about twenty minutes with the fish being landed.

The afternoon wore on, another fish was caught, and many others hooked and lost, but Bartley and I remained inactive. Presently, however, the tide began to slacken, so pulling up the anchor, we started trolling, and then my turn came. Almost immediately I had a good hard pull from a fish, which I answered by striking hard enough, as I thought, to strike the hook in over the barb into the mouth of any fish, and out of the water he leapt. With one savage shake of his head, I had the mortification of seeing him throw out the hook a dozen yards away. Another bait was quickly on, and in five minutes I had hold of another fish. In his first jump he sprang five feet clear of the water, and as soon as he regained his native element he made a rush straight away from the boat. In my excitement I clean forgot that I had a break on the reel, and, neglecting to use it, the reel overran; and on looking down I saw to my unspeakable horror graceful festoons of line hanging all round the reel. If the tarpon had continued his rush the line must have jambed, and that fish would have spent the evening swagging among his companions with a New-York-made hook in his mouth; but fortunately he jumped again, turned, and came straight for the boat, jumping twice more on his way, and falling the second time with a huge splash within two yards of the boat, drenching me and momentarily blinding me with the salt water. From that moment the fish played me, but Bartley took charge of us both, and in about ten minutes I felt the boat grate on the beach, and I was ordered to get out and to finish playing the fish from the shore. Then I collected my bewildered senses and began fancying myself as a tarpon fisher, for it appeared to me that I had the fish within twenty yards of the beach, which sloped steeply down to the water's

edge, so that right up to the shore the water is comparatively deep. At this point my attention was distracted by a fish jumping persistently some eighty yards out, and a glance at the line on my reel forced me to the unpleasant conviction that it was my fish. In fact, to use a Tweed fisherman's expression, I was as completely "drowned" as any one could be! However, I yanked and pulled, and walked backward up the beach, and then back to the water's edge, reeling up busily the while, and it was at this moment that I realized the discomfort of having no belt with a socket to hold the butt of the rod. An American gentleman, who, with his wife, was watching my antics, noticing my difficulty, sent his guide to fetch his own belt, and, with real kindness, insisted on fastening it round my waist, thus giving me much needed assistance. There is little more to be said about the landing of this first fish; his struggles grew feebler, his rushes shorter, and when at last he was almost within reach of the gaff, and I could admire his silvery proportions, I felt absolutely convinced that I was on the eve of landing the largest tarpon that had ever been seen, for my eye was as yet unaccustomed to fish of that size. As a matter of fact when we weighed him on board the yacht, he turned the scale at ninety-five pounds, and was pronounced by experts to be a well-shaped fish. That I was lucky to land him nobody knows better than myself, for there was hardly a rule or principle of fishing that I had not unwittingly violated, having at different moments allowed the reel to overrun, the fish to have a slack line, and the line to be drowned.

Thus my first afternoon's fishing resulted in two strikes and one fish landed, and a simple rule of three sum showed me exactly the number of tarpon I should catch at this rate during my stay at the pass. Alas, sport did not continue as it had begun, and although T. and I did better than any other party there, we had many days that were altogether blank, and many days with only strikes from fish which either broke us or got off the hook.

One morning we had been fishing for some hours and with fair success,

having each caught a small tarpon ; indeed, mine was so small that it was contemptuously termed a "sardine ;" and as the ebb-tide was growing slack, we decided to go back to the yacht for luncheon. As Bartley pulled up the anchor I said to him, "Now we will just row slowly across and pick up another fish on our way," and we had not gone far before I had a strike from a fish, which on breaking water I saw at a glance was by far the largest tarpon that I had yet had on. That fish bounded in and out of water like an india-rubber ball ! No sooner did he strike the water after one leap, than he was in the air again. After a dozen jumps or so he settled down, and made straight off with the tide for the open sea, but as he went at no great pace I soon had him on a fairly short line, and putting on a good strain I tried to turn his head toward the shore. But it was no use, the fish took out moreline, and Bartley had to row after him. Fully six times did I think he showed signs of yielding, and bade Bartley pull for the shore, but each time in vain, and at last I felt certain that he had either got the wire twisted round his body—in which case one might as well have tried to drag a log against the tide—or that he was foul-hooked. At the end of half an hour, and although we had contested every inch, we were a mile and a half from land out in the Gulf, which fortunately was perfectly calm, and the fish as strong as ever ; so it became apparent that if the tarpon were to be landed he would have to be gaffed from the boat. At this period of the struggle the fish started jumping again, and then I saw that I had been right in my conjecture that the wire had been twisted round his body, for in one of his leaps I felt the line become free, and then I had

him by the head and with some command over him. The tarpon was getting very exhausted now, and so also was I, for the sun was beating down fiercely, and I had been pulling a strain of over twenty pounds for the last thirty minutes. The fish was not more than ten feet from the boat and rolling over on his side, but nearer than that I thought I should never bring him, for the figures of Bartley and myself scared him each time that he seemed coming within reach of the gaff. As his resistance became weaker, the space between fish and boat became gradually narrower, till at last he lay, a helpless giant, alongside the boat, and deftly Bartley struck the gaff into him just below the gill covers, securing the fish literally by the chin. Even then the tarpon had no strength left to struggle, and while I leant my weight over on one side of the boat, Bartley hauled him in over the other side, and the sight of this silver king lying there gave me a moment of more triumphal feeling than perhaps any that I had hitherto experienced in all my fishing career.

It took us nearly three-quarters of an hour to get back to the yacht, rowing against the tide, and when we weighed him, my tarpon scaled 160 pounds, measured 6 feet 7 inches in length, 40 inches in girth, and was the biggest fish of the season up till then.

After the capture of this fish, there were only a few more days left to us of as pleasant a three weeks' fishing as I have ever known. We each caught several tarpon, though none of great size, and we delayed our departure as long as possible, but the last evening came all too soon, and it was with real regret that we said good-by to the yacht, to our guides, and to the tarpon in the pass.—*Nineteenth Century*.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER AT WASHINGTON.

BY J. W. LONGLEY.

THE visit of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier, and Sir Louis Davies, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, of Canada, to Washington in November last constitutes an important epoch in the politi-

cal history of the race, and is a link in the chain of events which are rapidly developing, changing, and widening conditions in respect of Imperial growth.

Twenty-five years have scarcely elapsed since leading statesmen and influential journals in England were advocating the setting adrift of the Colonies and the limiting of the mission of the Empire to the safety of, and money-making in, the British Islands. It was a transition period. The question of how far Imperial statesmanship would be able to expand and adjust itself to the widening horizon of national events was in its experimental stage. By degrees, however, the larger aspect began to seize upon the imagination of all that was best and broadest in the Empire. And the fact that larger views came to take possession of the people of Great Britain is due in no inconsiderable measure to the influence of healthy, manly, and patriotic sentiments which came from large-minded men in the Colonies.

Now the "Little Englander" is a relic. The events of June last gave the final touches to the large and universal conception of the true scope and mission of the Empire. Henceforth it is to be the aim of the rapidly growing communities of British people located in various parts of the globe to identify their interests with the Empire and to give all the weight of their expanding power to secure prosperity, progress, and strength, and it is to be on the other side the concurrent aim of the present stronger forces controlling the home of the Empire to draw toward a common union and a common purpose the large family of nations which are growing up under the ægis of the British flag throughout the globe. This opens up not only encouraging prospects within the Empire, but it affords a scope greater and grander than has presented itself in any stage of the British history.

The largest, and at present most important, portion of the Colonial Empire is that embraced in what is known as the Dominion of Canada. Between five and six millions of people united under one Government, unflinching loyal to the Crown and Empire, the possessors of half a continent and with unlimited capacities for expansion, constitute no mean factor in the future of our race. In the course of fifty years Canada will be a nation of more

than fifteen millions of people. But in addition to the potentiality of Canada as an expanding nation, she occupies a position which makes her relations to the Empire delicate, and sometimes difficult. It happens that she is situate immediately adjoining a nation of over seventy millions of people, which has largely sprung from the loins of the British race, and has secured a position among the nations of the world which can hardly be surpassed in wealth, freedom, and political influence. Between Great Britain and this other great English race there should be nothing but friendship, nothing but cordial relations. They ought to be allies and coadjutors in the great work of permeating the world with Anglo-Saxon freedom and civilization.

Unfortunately, the history of the past hundred years establishes the fact that while not for over eighty years in open hostility, yet during that period they have both had frequent occasions for serious differences in relation to national aims, and on both sides there has been wanting that spirit of general amity and good-will which every good Englishman and American should desire to see, and which the interests of both would undoubtedly suggest. It is idle to attempt to adjust the responsibility, but, looking at it in as impartial a manner as possible, it does seem that in recent years at least there has been a distinct desire on the part of the British people to cultivate friendly relations with the United States, and very considerable indisposition on the part of the people of the latter country to reciprocate this aim. It is quite true that the utterances of the larger portion of the American Press are not quite a fair indication of actual public opinion in the States. But, making allowance for this and for the overt hostility of certain classes in the United States toward Great Britain, the fact remains that the sentiment toward Great Britain in the United States is not as warm and cordial as could be desired.

Nearly all the events which have led to misunderstanding between Great Britain and the United States have arisen from questions in which the people of the British Islands are not

directly interested, but which chiefly concern the people of Canada. Canada is the next-door neighbor to the United States, and none of us can be insensible to the important incidents which attach to the mere fact of neighborhood alone. Canada has important fishing privileges. It is most natural that American fishermen, while seeking for profitable cargoes, should sometimes come within three marine miles of the Canadian coast when fishing is found to be abundant. Here at once is a fruitful cause of difficulty, misunderstanding, and irritation. Canada has a Pacific coast situate very near the sealing-grounds adjoining Alaska. The Americans have, for some reason or other, absorbed the idea that these fishing-grounds and all that was therein belonged to them, an assumption which could not be recognized by any nation, but which was a matter that did not concern any other nation except Canada, whose sealing vessels were wont to frequent the Behring Sea. Here was another fruitful cause for misunderstanding. Boundary questions are constantly looming up. Rights upon the great lakes which constitute the boundary line between the two countries are apt to occasion difficulties. A line of customs houses extending for three thousand miles along the boundary offers another avenue for difficulty. The bonding privilege as it applies to great railway lines belonging to one country and yet having extensions and connections in the territory of the other is also a source of complication. The alien labor law enacted by the United States, while scarcely affecting other parts of the world, is bound to cause constant irritation to a considerable number of people who live in the immediate vicinity of the boundary line.

As Canada is not an independent country and has no recognized diplomatic status at Washington, the discussion and settlement of all these vexed and disagreeable differences is entrusted to the British Foreign Office. It is quite true that from her size and importance Canada has taken a conspicuous, in fact, a commanding, part, in determining the lines which British policy should pursue on these ques-

tions, and Great Britain has very properly given the weight and sanction of her whole power to maintaining in any of the controversies with the United States the just rights and privileges of her colonial subjects in Canada. But the result has been that in upholding Canadian interests Great Britain has exposed herself to hostile and unpleasant relations time and again with the great English-speaking nation, the United States.

Hitherto scarcely any effort has been made on the part of the Canadian Government to seek direct communication with the American Executive in the elucidation of these matters of international misunderstanding. The late Dominion Government, indeed, may be fairly classed as a Government hostile to the United States, and was regarded with no very friendly eye by the governing bodies at Washington. This was partly due to the feelings and instincts of the men constituting that Government, but it was also intensified by circumstances not wholly within their control.

Prior to the General Election of 1891 the Liberal Party in Canada, feeling that a broader and more liberal trade policy was essential to the development of the country, and recognizing the fact that owing to immediate proximity the United States constitute a most important market for a great number of the leading products, adopted the policy of reciprocity with the United States. Unrestricted reciprocity it was called, but that only meant that the Liberals were prepared, in the event of being called upon to assume power, to go to Washington, not restricted by any special lines upon which a reciprocity treaty could be drawn, but to go there with a free hand to seek such reciprocal relations as it seemed just and practicable to obtain, having in view the interests of both countries.

This was at once seized upon by the Canadian Government and their friends as a determination, or even a plot, on the part of the Liberal Party to hand the country over to the United States, and to ally its policy with American aims to the exclusion of its obligations to the Motherland. No such aim was contemplated by the Liberal leaders.

Trade was all they were seeking, and no thought entered the mind of the leading promoters of the reciprocity movement of in any way ignoring our paramount duty to Great Britain or to touch in the slightest degree the political relations so warm and cordial which then prevailed, and which we hope and believe will always prevail.

But it suited the policy of Sir John A. Macdonald and his associates to raise the loyalty cry and to denounce the Liberals as traitors to the British connection. To make this a battle-cry it became necessary to assume the policy of denouncing everything American and condemning in the most noisy and conspicuous manner the United States and everything connected therewith. Hence the feeling between the two countries, instead of developing in the direction of greater cordiality, was confronted with a series of events which were bound to aggravate all matters of difference between the two countries.

At length, in 1896, the Liberal-Conservative Government of Canada was defeated and Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberals took office. Probably by this time it has become sufficiently apparent that a Liberal Administration in Canada means no less devotion to the interests of the Empire and no narrower conceptions of Imperial aims and purposes. The first business of the new Administration, outside, of course, of the domestic affairs of the country, was to establish full and satisfactory relations with the Imperial Government and to discuss, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier last June did discuss with the Colonial Secretary in conjunction with the representative men from the other British Colonies, questions of enormous moment in relation to Imperial interests.

This being done, the next step was to endeavor, if possible, to get on a friendly footing with the Government at Washington. The history of the world reveals the painful fact that many, if not most, of the great wars which have desolated the world have been the result of misunderstanding that a few hours of frank explanation between national representatives could have prevented. No serious idea of war between Great Britain and the

United States is entertained by any person, but it is unfortunate to have even occasions for irritation existing and marring the pleasant relations which ought to exist. No pains should be spared to secure a cessation of the disagreeable utterances which have too long and continuously marked the public Press, and often the public men, of both countries.

With a full recognition of this, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Louis Davies, not indeed purely upon their own motion, but upon the invitation of the United States authorities, went to Washington in a quite informal manner and there for several days discussed with the Secretary of State and with the President himself, who entertained them at the White House, all the questions which are now, and for some time past have been, disturbing the relations between the two countries. Most of their time no doubt was spent in discussing matters which, while originally arising between Canada and the United States, nevertheless from the nature of things must be practically matters which have to be settled between Great Britain and the United States.

The spectacle of such a frank and friendly discussion between the highest authorities of the two neighboring nations is one in every way most pleasing to contemplate, and affords a picture the outlines of which cannot be too greatly magnified. Such a conference was quite possible. The Administration which formerly took pride in declaring its hostility to everything American had passed away, and the public men at Washington were sufficiently familiar with Canadian political affairs to know that the existing Canadian Government was one naturally friendly to the United States and cherishing no hostile designs and compelled to play no ostentatiously aggressive part. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has acquired wherever he is known, and wherever the English language is spoken, the reputation for urbanity of manner, kindness of heart, generosity of disposition, and elevation of sentiment which marks him as the most fitting possible person to conduct with the statesmen of the United States friendly negotia-

tions in relation to topics which are of mutual importance.

The subjects for discussion were varied: first and primarily it is quite likely that the seal question in all its phases was up for full consideration. The alien labor law, which is now a subject of constant friction, was likewise freely considered. Probably the matter of International postage regulations was among the subjects embraced in this informal conference, and last, but not least, commercial reciprocity on certain lines consistent at once with the industrial welfare of the country and with its obligations to the parent State was freely discussed. Other topics, as, for instance, the opening up of the Klondike, the maintenance of order, and the prevention of suffering, may have been considered as well, but those named above constitute the leading and important issues which were within the purview of the conference.

It is impossible, of course, to speak of the results of this conference. International courtesy makes it indelicate and improper for the negotiators to take the public into their confidence in regard to what was said or done, but enough is already known to justify the pleasant conviction that the conference can only result in lasting good between the two countries. Whatever foolish Jingos may think or say, the true policy of Canada is to live on terms of the utmost friendship with the United States. All neighbors enhance their mutual pleasure by being on friendly terms, and there is hardly a limit to the capacity which neighbors, actuated by a wrong spirit, have to make each other's lies unhappy. It is equally desirable in every way, as has been already hinted, that the United States and Great Britain should be on terms of the greatest cordiality. However much nations of other race and blood may quarrel—and this is altogether undesirable and ought to be avoided—every possible reason exists for amity and friendly alliance between all the members of the great English-speaking

world. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier, acting for and on behalf of the Dominion of Canada, can assist to bring about a termination of the causes of misunderstanding and irritation, between Canada and the United States, he has gone a long way to remove all causes which militate against friendly relations between Great Britain and the United States. No higher mission could present itself to a Colonial statesman, and no incident now happening within the purview of the Empire should engage the more sympathetic interest of the British people.

Of course all omens of satisfactory negotiations may be doomed to disappointment and failure. It is never quite wise to prophesy in the midst of the whirlpool of political caprice as to the issue of international questions, but the signs are undoubtedly promising, and the efforts of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues in this direction are certainly worthy of unqualified commendation.

In assuming a national policy which is to draw all the colonial possessions close to the Empire and bind them together with a common purpose, a common responsibility, the statesmen and people of England must keep their eyes open to all events which give color to this Imperial scheme. None of us can afford to dwarf the scope of our great aim by drifting into the narrowing rut of provincialism. It is our special business to follow with the closest interest all developments of significance in every part of the Empire, to treat nothing lightly which has a bearing upon the ultimate welfare of the whole. The people of Great Britain have certainly awakened within the last few years enormously to the proper realization of the wider topics of Imperial grandeur; and while looking over the whole field to note what is passing and the general trend of Imperial aim and Imperial action, this visit of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to Washington may be looked upon as one of paramount significance and interest.—*National Review*.

PAGES FROM A SURGEON'S JOURNAL IN THE CRIMEA.

BY THE LATE SIR GEORGE H. B. MACLEOD, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., ETC., REGIUS
PROFESSOR OF SURGERY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

FIRST PAPER.

[Several circumstances at the outset of his professional career led to the appointment of Sir George Macleod to important posts in connection with the army. Being then on a cruise in the Mediterranean, he went to Constantinople when the war broke out, and on his return to Scotland he was commissioned to bring home an officer who had been wounded in the cavalry charge at Balaclava. When he reached London with his patient, he was taken to the War Office, and there described the scenes of confusion and suffering he had witnessed, and was invited to suggest methods for meeting the requirements of the wounded. The plan he recommended was adopted; and as the Government were then taking steps to send out a "civil staff" of surgeons to supplement the military doctors, he was asked to go back to the East, receiving senior rank. He accordingly joined Major Storks, who had been entrusted with the duty of organizing hospitals for the wounded at Smyrna. That place was reached on the 25th February, 1855, and Macleod found himself at once made Senior Surgeon and Interim Superintendent. He remained at Smyrna till the end of May, 1855, when, anxious to see service at the front, he obtained leave, and, being furnished with an introduction to the late Sir John Hall, principal Medical Officer in the Crimea, he received from that gentleman a hospitable welcome, and in a few days found himself in General Orders posted with military rank, and senior in charge of the hospital at the front.—Ed.]

SMYRNA, May, 1855.—The hospital is rapidly emptying, and there are many rows in the air arising from idleness, so, having the good excuse of an attack of Smyrna fever, I have asked for leave, and intend making tracks for "the front," being determined to see active service somehow.

We meet crowds of officers "going up," clean and fresh and happy; more "coming down," dirty, worn, unshaved, and disheartened. The Black Sea, so often enveloped in mist, seemed to shroud a mysterious land which devoured shiploads of our people. Through the Bosphorus day by day flowed a constant stream of big ships with French, English, Turks, and Sardinians—all cheering and piping. They passed beyond the misty veil and

into the silence which was only broken by the return of draggled vessels laden with skeletons, who were disembarked in hammocks, or wearily drew themselves along—often the sole survivors of whole regiments and battalions. But the very risk was half the attraction. We could not, even when face to face with these mutilated and fever-stricken men, realize that the Crimea was a place where those whose duty did not specially call them there should avoid, but, on the contrary, we longed to be in the thick of it, and see for ourselves what rumor did so much to exaggerate. The whole air was full of rumors—"shaves" of every kind. The smoking-rooms were full of men who had been up—military, and above all civilians—and the scenes and turmoil in front did not suffer diminution in their narratives.

On June 12th, we got off in the *Servern*, after a terrible search for her, as she lay in the stream "somewhere." We found her at Beikos. She was a hospital-ship and dirty and uncomfortable, and I was out of sorts, so I embarked in rather low spirits, and with the nasty forebodings which usually spring from physical causes. We passed the Cyanean Rocks, at the entrance to the Black Sea, where the Argonauts had so much difficulty in their celebrated voyage after a wool market, and then sailed 275 miles to the curious old harbor of Balaclava in thirty-six hours. We had a large shipful of horses in tow, but as the sea was on its good behavior we did very well.

June 13th, 1855.—In sight of land! The Crimea at last!

As we got nearer, the old Genoese castle which stands over the entrance to Balaclava came into view, a relic of the days when these remarkably "pushing" bagmen ransacked the world in their commercial ventures.

The great gale of last November has strewn the rocks with the spars and wreck of ships.

We see nothing of the enemy and have no fear of him at sea, so completely has he been driven from his own "lake" by the cruisers of the Allies.

The occasional rumble or low growl of the big guns, which comes at intervals upon the breeze, was the only token of the struggle which was going on a few miles away.

There is a large fleet of store-ships and transports about, and troops are coming in from the Kertch expedition, which was a brilliant success. Such a row and hurry! Every one was intent on something which seemed to him of the first consequence, and men of every arm were mixed up in the motley crowd which struggled about the quays. Officers and men were hairy and sunburned, and mules and horses were dirty and overworked. Guns, shot, shells, and stores heaped in every corner, and the Queen's English mingled with every Eastern language, and seasoned with the strangest and most powerful expletives. A riding party of ladies went by and seemed oddly out of place in such a scene.

I was quite bewildered, and having no *raison d'être*, was stranded with my luggage amid the seething mass. Colonel Napier was good enough to take compassion on my helplessness, and gave me his pony, on which I put my pack and set off to trudge to the "front," a distance of four miles.

The road, or rather worn track, up to camp was thronged with English, French, Sardinian, and Turkish soldiers, and troops of the nondescripts of every nation who hang about an army. Greeks, Jews, and Proselytes yelled and struggled, ready to aid you when they were paid, or, if not, by robbing you or cutting your throat. Every house was in ruins except that used for headquarters, which, though dilapidated, had still a roof and enclosures of farm buildings which served very well amid such desolation for the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan, and his Staff. It was placed on the top of the plateau, and amid a city of white tents whose extent seemed with-

out limit, as they stretched as far as the eye could see.

I went straight to Dr. Hall.* He was most kind and took me in. I remained with him for a week, and was able to make myself useful arranging papers, returns, etc.

It was "eerie" at night. I slept in a sort of shed. My bed was a hospital bedstead, but I had otherwise only a coverlet and my plaid, and for a pillow a very small travelling bag, but I got on wonderfully! Just before retiring for the night, word came that a large force of Russians was collecting on the right to attack, as was supposed, the French at the Mamelon. This was followed by the marching of heavy columns through the camp, and after I went to bed the frequent flashes of the big guns lighted up my den; the bit of sky visible was constantly traversed by the comet-like passage of twinkling shells; and finally a terrible outburst of musketry told that the attack had begun. As all this seemed to go on at my very door, and the combined row was sufficient to waken the Seven Sleepers, it was no wonder that a novice should have sat up and quaked. After a time, however, the "collieshangie" ceased or faded away into the normal regular "thud, thud;" and I went to sleep, not, however, without a thought of those whose long sleep had begun during those few moments of onslaught.

I heard much from Dr. Hall of the cruel lies and exaggerations regarding his department which had got currency in England, and he gave me proof from the returns of their venomous character. It is a terrible ordeal our public men have to go through when they are thus attacked and misrepresented, while they are from the usages of the service prevented from replying. Miss — did much harm at first by her sensational stories and the facility with which she gave heed to every complaint and currency to every statement. Afterward she suffered herself from the prevailing mendacity, and so became more tolerant and cautious. Two facts I noted. Miss — wrote that

* Afterward Sir John Hall, principal medical officer in the Crimea.

there was an almost total want of "lint" for dressing wounds in the hospital at Scutari, yet the returns for that period, which I saw, showed that an enormous quantity lay in store quite close to her quarters. Mr. — wrote that the Crimean hospitals were destitute of sago, arrowroot, port wine, and lime-juice in January and February, while the returns showed that at that very time over 1000 pounds of these very stores and 580 dozen of port wine had been actually used in these very institutions.

The weather was splendid. The day after I arrived I rode with Dr. Hall and soon learned the chief localities. As we passed headquarters old Lord Raglan was sitting peaceably at his door.

The great plain of Balaclava and the scenes of the wonderful charge of the Light and Heavy Brigades were points of much interest. The valley up which that rash but extraordinary charge of the Light Cavalry took place was a good way from the camp, and led to the position well *behind* our army where Liprandi held his battalions in the winter ready to pounce on our communications. A line of hungry Cossacks constantly shuffled up and down a line of low hills on their hairy ponies, watching everything that was done. From where we lived Sebastopol was invisible, lying as it did behind the fold of the hills below, but the huge forts at the mouth of the harbor could be seen, and the great blue sea beyond, calm and unruffled, with many white sails and long streaks of black smoke where the fleet and merchantmen lay. The camp was in constant commotion—troops moving to "tuck of drum," bugles sounding, artillery flashing along, and movement and activity in everything.

We went down another day to a point where the whole panorama of the city was laid out at our feet, and what a heart-stirring sight it was! There lay the great white city of which I had for months heard so much, with its buildings basking and glittering in the summer sun as if pervaded by peace and happiness. The blue harbor with the Russian fleet, the great many-cannoned forts rising tier above tier near

the entrance to the fiord-like arm of the sea which constituted the "Grand Harbor." Steam-tugs kept pottering about, and beyond we were able with our glasses to examine every nook of the "North side," where there were large dense bodies of troops under arms. Near at hand, apparently within stone's throw, were the oft-described Mamelon, Redan, and Malakhoff, which were low hills heavily fortified with ramparts of earth which compassed them about as with a great brown wall. Seaming the whole ground immediately in front of us were the "trenches," deep zigzag ditches, along which our "approaches" to the enemy's fortifications were made. The air was clear and full of light. The sky was almost cloudless, and hardly a sound was heard as the firing had for the moment ceased, though now and then a white puff would come from some of the batteries, followed by a heavy thud and a cloud of dust, as a gun was fired just to show they were on the alert.

In some places, as in the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," which we rode up, the ground was literally paved with iron, round shot, and fragments of shell.

A surgeon attached to the general hospital having died (very opportunely for me), I was placed by Dr. Hall in order to succeed him, and that in certainly the most responsible surgical position in the army, as the general hospital was of considerable size and was "general"—i.e., for no special regiment or division. It was in the "lines" of the 3d Division, and I had for colleagues Dr. Rooke, surgeon of the *Dreadnought*, and Dr. Alex. Smith, who had been in the "Bays," and nicer, more gentlemanly, or better fellows could not be found. We had several assistants, and the P.M.O. was Dr. Mowat, *V.C.* This was a tremendous affair for me, and realized my "wildest dreams." I was given army rank (that of major of comparative rank, and first-class surgeon in the Medical Service) and was told to provide myself with uniform, etc. I was quite startled when I saw my name in "General Orders," and suddenly found myself such a "swell." I remained

"Senior Surgeon to the General Hospital before Sebastopol" from the time I joined until the Crimea was evacuated in June, 1856.

Sunday, June 17th.—A glorious, bright, sunny day indeed. The fourth great trial of endurance began to-day, and a bombardment of great violence is to precede the assault, which being made on the anniversary (to-morrow) of Waterloo, is to be evidence to all the world of the *entente cordiale* which reigns.

At daylight when I awoke there was an ominous silence. Nature seemed to hold her breath, and then suddenly a big gun rang out the signal, and the crash began which with no intermission shook earth and heaven for twenty-four hours.

At noon the troops collected in the camping-ground of their respective divisions to hear prayers read, and a curious sight it was to see these men, who were so soon to be engaged in the deadly struggle, listening to the words of peace, while the cannon shook the earth on which they stood and filled the air with thunder!

The view of Sebastopol in the evening was very grand. High in the air a thick pall of smoke hung over it, while immediately beyond the city a long strip of sea was lit up with a lurid light, which dimly revealed the fleet at anchor beyond. Flash after flash waved along the lines of cannon, and the air was filled with a sulphurous smell. Through the black cloud the shining shells moved tremulously along, sometimes singly, but more frequently in brilliant masses, and the loud report with which they exploded sounded high above the roar of the cannon. From either flank Congreve rockets ascended with a shriek which drowned for a time every other sound, and shot in long beams of light across the sky. Then the variety of sound produced by the various species of projectile was curious—the sharp whistle, like the twang of a crossbow, caused by some, and the singing-sawing note produced by others. Some produce a noise exactly like the rush of a locomotive, and appear to fill the whole upper air, while others are but little heard till their quick sharp note sounds close to

your ear. The night between the 17th and 18th was one in which every one was awake and in anticipation. Men were grave, and though attempts were made to appear at ease, it was but too evident that a dread seriousness hung over and oppressed all. I felt a most oppressive weight on my heart, a catch in the breath, an awe as if some fearful catastrophe was overhanging me. One could discern, however, throughout it all, a determination to succeed, yet a clear knowledge of the difficulties and of the sacrifice required.

There were many cowards, who tried by every expedient to be taken to the hospital. They came with pale perspiring faces and complained of all sorts of assumed ailments. We had to be inexorable. Every man was required, and even then we would be terribly short. One man—a noted coward—turned away with a look of abject despair, saying, "O God! then I shall surely fall!" He did not, however, for he managed to crawl up early, assisting a less fortunate comrade. It is at such a time under such circumstances that those who had so ordered their lives as to be ready for either fate (and there were many such) had the pull.

The hospitals were cleared, the ambulances arranged, and the night passed in making preparations. No one doubted the success of the attack, and many made appointments to meet afterward in the city who did not live to know of our repulse.

As Lord Raglan and his Staff rode past, just before dawn, his name was passed along the crowd in a whisper. The passage down to the *mêlée* of the "forlorn hope," or anyhow of those who represented that intrepid body, and finally the Guards and Highlanders, who had been brought up to lead or support the last great rush, made one's blood flow back to the heart with a very unpleasant feeling. On all the eminences around groups of spectators could be indistinctly seen through the gray mist, all gazing in anxious expectation on the devoted city. Slowly the dawn spread over the landscape, and with its first faint streaks the firing redoubled. The veil which concealed the town slowly rose, and was carried

seaward by the morning's breeze. Rapidly the whole scene became unfolded. Below us lay the city, purely white and beautiful; the harbor beyond was like a lake of quicksilver, reflecting the rays of the rising sun; and beyond, the dark masses of the enemy could be seen covering the northern shore. From daybreak onward, no imagination can portray, nor pen describe, the scenes which took place! It was war in its most fearful and repulsive features. War is, in truth, one of the few things in which the reality far exceeds any idea which can be formed of it, or any description which can be given of it.

None but eye-witnesses can conceive such a scene as that which took place before Sebastopol on the 18th of June! The air above the works of the enemy was filled with living shells, whose explosion left in the atmosphere little knots of pure white smoke, and along his parapets the great round shot struck thick as hail. At half-past three in the morning the assault began by the advance of the French against the Malakhoff. The musketry now began to rattle on both sides, and for a length of time there was one long cordon of fire kept up along the lines of attack and defence. Then the fleet began to join in the cannonade, and their fire was so rapidly delivered as to sound like the continued roll of great drums. Conflagrations burst out at three several points in the town, and completed a scene which resembled more nearly one's conception of hell than anything the world contains. Amid all the storm the Russian flag waved from the ruins of the Round Tower; sometimes it was concealed by the smoke, and the cry passed along that it was down, but

a puff of wind would clear the atmosphere, and reveal it again fluttering free above the swaying battle.

That flag was the barometer of the fight, and will long be remembered from the anxiety with which we watched it. The wounded soon began to pass to the rear. First came a man with his arm bound up, and evidently glad to escape at so light a sacrifice; then a young naval officer was carried past on a stretcher; and before long there followed ambulances full of men covered with blood and dust.

From where I was stationed I could see the dense masses of the attacking columns advance up the slope; then the torrents of grape which met them would obscure their ranks for a moment, and hardly a man would be seen to remain. I at one time saw a body of men, many hundreds strong, so completely swept away by one discharge that only a few of the rear rank remained when the iron storm went past! The dead and dying could be clearly distinguished lying in piles on the hillside, and over their prostrate bodies fresh troops crowded on to meet the same fate. Many a manly heart and nervous arm went down in the deadly struggle on that green hillside! No valor availed; the cannon's force was greater than the strength of man. How many ardent hopes were extinguished, how many home circles destroyed, and lives rendered miserable by the havoc of that hour, none can tell, no more than they can imagine the bodily agony or the grief for home and friends which was there endured. What would be the value of what is called "glory" if weighed on the field of battle and among the dead?—*Good Words.*

THE DIGNITY OF AUTHORSHIP.

"It has been the fate of *Blackwood's Magazine* to secure more genuine attachment from its contributors than any other literary organ has ever had—the same sort of feeling which makes sailors identify themselves with their ship, rejoicing in the feats which they attribute somehow to her own person-

ality, though they know very well what is their individual share in them—and entertaining a generous pride in the vessel which would be but a paltry feeling were it translated into a mere self-complacence as to their own achievement. I hope this is being kept up in the younger generation; it certainly

was very strong in the past." So writes Mrs. Oliphant in what was appropriately enough her last book—the history of the house of Blackwood. It is equally characteristic of her and of *Maga* that within the last few years some of her best work, "Tales of the Seen and the Unseen," was published anonymously in the familiar pages. Few magazines would have cared to sacrifice the attraction of Mrs. Oliphant's name; few authors of her rank would have chosen to be undistinguished in a publication since the modern fashion of signatures has come to be usual; but the thing was done, no doubt, for very old-fashioned reasons, and chiefly for the honor of the ship. Those who were responsible for the conduct of the magazine wished, it may be assumed, to excite public curiosity, and they thought that it could best be done by anonymous publication. They believed, in short, more in the work than in the name. And Mrs. Oliphant, on her part, had the boldness to attempt an experiment which Lever and Bulwer Lytton in the less business-like days of authorship tried in the desire to see how far the public valued their work on its own merits. All this is foreign to the whole spirit of authorship and publishing nowadays, which is becoming principally a trade in names. Any of the dozen well-established novelists can sell his work years before a line of it is written. He contracts to furnish at such a date so many thousand words at so much per thousand. Nothing is specified as to the quality of the article; there must be merely so many thousand words, which can be sold to the world as authentic John Smith or Mary Brown. Magazines are valued not by the number of good articles which they contain, but by the parade of familiar names on the title-page; and consequently they lose all personality in themselves, they command neither fidelity nor attachment. The object of every author is to secure a following for himself, which he can practically transfer with him from one publication and one publisher to another, for the constancy of the public bestows itself on men now, not on periodicals; the individual waxes, and

the magazine is less and less. There is no reason under the new conditions why an author should have any more feeling for the periodical in which his work appears than a Sheffield manufacturer would feel for the fortunes of some cutler in Bond Street. So long as there are cutlers enough to sell his wares and purchasers ready to buy them, who cares for the middleman?

A good many pæans have been sung over the increased dignity (and profits) which accrue to authorship from this direct relation between author and public. We are old-fashioned enough to doubt if the change is wholly for the better; and we are by no means convinced that authors are better off than they were. No man has ever earned so much by literature as Scott did; and few minor poets are even so moderately fortunate as Hogg, who made £250 by his first volume of verse—a sum which certainly did not come up to his expectations. However, this is an aspect of the matter which we do not care entering on to-day; we merely desire to consider the question of dignity. Authors nowadays claim to be simply the servants of the public, if indeed we may, without offence, attribute to them so humble a relation. They are no longer employed by publishers; it is the author who is good enough to employ the publisher. As to being enrolled by an editor into a regiment or body of men, organized under a sort of discipline to act for common purposes, that is a tradition of the bad old days; it is degrading the free author into the position of a journalist or common hack. The modern author writes for posterity, and bitter indeed is his complaint and fierce his resentment if the editor should attempt to alter a line of his inspired effusion. On the whole, he is right; for in a signed contribution there is no good reason that he should have his work spoilt by some one else—still less that he should receive credit for some one else's emendations. The editor's rôle is being rapidly reduced to one of mere acceptance or rejection, and in our judgment the public suffers. The only things which still influence popular opinion seriously are the anonymous journals which represent the intelli-

gence, not of one man, but of a picked body of men who are made to pull together. Practically, anonymous writing is limited nowadays to newspapers. We have come far, indeed, since the days of the country squire recorded in the Tennyson Memoirs, who declared that the *Quarterly* was the best book in the world next to God's Bible. Neither *Quarterly* nor *Edinburgh* now advocates any definite policy; and *Blackwood's Magazine* itself, though it keeps more of its old character than any other publication, has fallen far from the days when it was the recognized organ of the Tory party. Many things have brought about this change; but the result is that the man who wants seriously to affect public opinion by writing is almost bound to become a journalist. If the publicists who wrote, say, in the *Fortnightly* or *Nineteenth Century*, wrote not under their own name, but as part of an anonymous crew working the ship, very likely the magazine would not sell. But in the old days Wilson or Lockhart writing in *Blackwood*, Macaulay or Sydney Smith writing in the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, made themselves felt as no man can do to-day, though they surrendered in some measure their separate individuality. In the quarterlies, indeed, there prevailed a bad system, which ultimately alienated the best men from them, of interpolating into a man's work views which were not his, and expressions which in many cases were hateful to him; indeed, it is amazing that any one should have endured what, for instance, Macaulay had to put up with in this way. He endured it, no doubt, because the privilege of writing for the *Edinburgh* was in those days a great and real privilege. To an intelligent man power is the greatest of all temptations, and the old-fashioned journals could and did offer that as the principal incentive to write. The first Mr. Blackwood expressly stated that although he made a principle of giving prompt and liberal payment for whatever he published, he never would hold out money as the inducement to any

man of ability to write. He believed fervently in his magazine, and declined to go into the market and bid against others. If an able man wanted to say his say in *Maga*, he should say it and receive the usual payment; if he preferred to say it elsewhere, he might get higher terms, but Mr. Blackwood was confident that many people would sooner write for him—as Bulwer Lytton said he would sooner write—for fifteen guineas than for an inferior paper and get fifty.

Well, we have changed all that. A novelist nowadays sells his work to the highest bidder; a regular mart has organized itself and regular agents are employed to do the chaffering, consequently since authors no longer choose the company in which they will appear, one is apt to see really good work heading a string of the most promiscuous tag-rag and bobtail. Not merely that, but even conscientious artists—one need only mention Mr. Kipling and Mr. Hardy—have consented to alter their productions to make them acceptable in serial form. Imagine what Tennyson's remarks would have been if some one had offered him extra money to put a "happy ending" to "Maud," leaving him free to set himself right with the world by a subsequent issue of the true version. Such a proceeding seems to us more humiliating than the necessity to write any number of dedications to complaisant patrons. As for the people who are not novelists, and cannot convert their signatures to the same extent into cash, they may gain, no doubt, a more rapid and general notoriety by the habit of signing whatever they write; but for the real reward of thought or dialectic vigor in magazine work which is the power to influence other minds, they are far worse off than were the gentlemen who, with not inferior talents, consented to sink their own personality in the collective unity of some organized and disciplined body of opinion. Free-lances may be very fine fellows, but it is drilled soldiers who win battles.—*Spectator*.